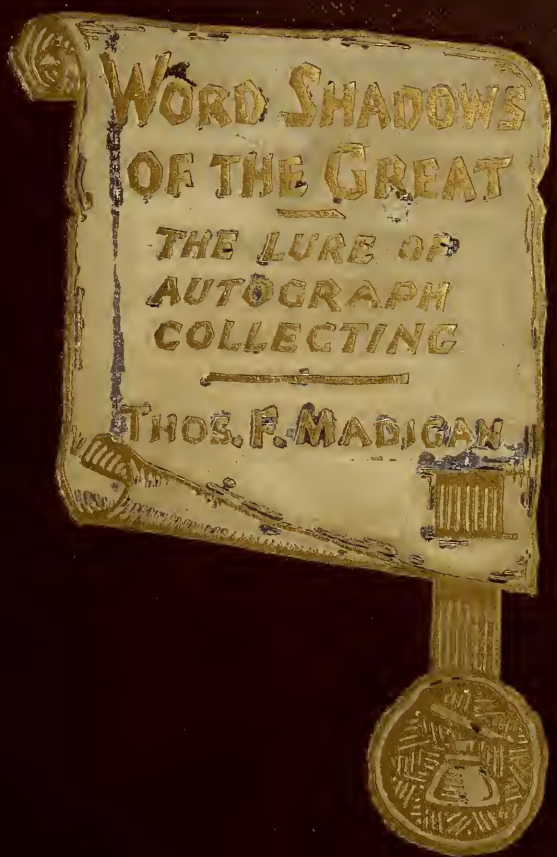
WORD SHADOWS
OF THE GREAT
THE LURE OF
AUTOGRAPH
COLLECTING
THOS. F. MADIGAN

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...then and the
...and I have ...
...y. I do not know ...
...a passage, and must
...which. You are pleased to ...

Madam,
Your most humble servant
Sam: Johnson

...shore!
...soul hath spoken!
...bust above my door!
...take thy form from off my door!"
...Raven "Nevermore."

...ting — still is sitting
...chamber door;
...demon's that is dreaming,
...his shadow on the floor;
...floating on the floor
...— nevermore.

...A. Poe.

...d pardons — In
...lebrian ...
... fraudulent ...
...ty class, I forgot
...cuse me.
...more formal acknowledg-
return of the ...,
My Dear Sir,
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

...ha...
...diff...
...ation;
very a...
the ten...
...by

...e Mansion,

Washington, Dec 20th 1863.

not attempt to retract
e emancipation pro-
or shall I return to
person who is free
f that proclamas-
y of the acts of

Abraham Lincoln

19th Feby 1773

four pounds two
t of a debt due
Levi Sheftall
mands

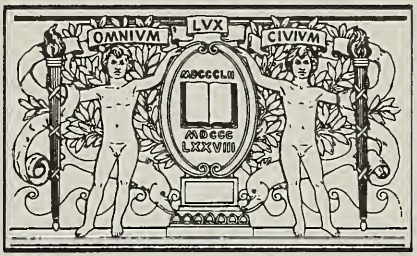
Button Gwinnett

...ouse
...of
...th

away (it is su...
and they said their
asleep) will like some
and be grateful for the
show me. I bid you
your faithful
W M Tha...

...ple
...s to Wm Bo...
With much Respect
Your most humble Se...
B Fran...
...erat...

The hazer...
Dr Court
Yr Most Ob...
Hble Serv...
G Wash...



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WORD SHADOWS OF THE GREAT

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Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives, that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here, have, thus far, so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

The first draft containing the words "under God," as delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg Battlefield Cemetery, and as used in the standard version of the great address. One of the most precious and valuable American historical documents extant. Transcribed by President Lincoln for the Sanitary Fair, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Union soldiers and sailors, held in New York in the winter of 1863-64.

WORD SHADOWS OF THE GREAT

The Lure of Autograph Collecting

By THOMAS F. MADIGAN

WITH FORTY-ONE REPRODUCTIONS IN
HALF-TONE AND TWELVE IN LINE

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
NEW YORK MCMXXX

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Apr 24 1930
K

Printed in the United States of America

To

My Wife

EDITH

IN APPRECIATION OF HER NEVER-FAILING
SYMPATHY AND HELPFULNESS THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD xiii

CHAPTER I—THE INTIMATE HOBBY 3

A Gift for the Mikado—Goethe and Poe on the Significance of Autographs—Jefferson on Prohibition—Webster as a Critic of Puritan Traits—The Difference Between the Autograph Collector and the Autograph Fiend—Growing Interest in Autograph Collecting—From $1,000 to $19,500 in Ten Years—What Determines Value—Influence of the Typewriter—The Definition of an Auotgraph.

CHAPTER II—SOME NOTABLE COLLECTORS AND THEIR COLLECTIONS 19

The "First Autograph"—Alba Amicorum—Pioneer American Collectors—The J. Pierpont Morgan Collection—The Henry E. Huntington Collection—The Alfred Morrison Collection—Other Notable Collections—Two Interesting Autograph "Finds"—World War Autographs—The Rare Autograph of Edith Cavell—Lee's Tribute to His Army and to "Stonewall" Jackson—Franklin's Epitaph—His Charming Letter to a Little Girl on the Death of Her Pet Squirrel—Fulton and Edison.

CHAPTER III—SAINTS AND SINNERS 43

How and What to Collect—Specialization versus Generalization—Autographs of American Composers—A Private's Letter Describing a Battle More Valuable Than a General's Letter to His Tailor—Private Bacheller Describes the Battle of Saratoga—The Last Letter of Father Damien, the Martyr of the Lepers—Cardinal Mundelein's Collection of Autographs of Saints—The Rare Autographs of John Wilkes Booth and Mrs. Surratt—Famous Love Letters—Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

CHAPTER IV—HOW DO YOU KNOW IT IS GENUINE? . 63

The Fabrications of Robert Spring—The *Affaire Vrain Lucas*—Forged Autographs of Button Gwinnett and Others—The Ubiquitous Galignani-Byron Facsimile—The Hahn-Lincoln Lithograph—Other Facsimiles Which Masquerade as Originals—Mistaken Identity—A Responsible Dealer the Collector's Best Protection Against Spurious Autographs.

CHAPTER V—AMERICANA—COMMON AND PREFERRED 78

The Trend of American Collecting—Colonial Celebrities—John Eliot, Roger Williams, Cotton Mather, William Penn—The Perfect American Collection: the Generals of the Revolution—Rarities of the Group—The Value of Illiteracy

PAGE

—General Putnam's Reply to Sir Henry Clinton—"Mad Anthony" Wayne Deserves His Sobriquet—John Paul Jones Tells of the Fight Between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis"—Traitor vs. Spy—Naval Autographs—Civil War Autographs—Rarities Among Them—The Fascinating Story of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth—John Brown's Last Letter.

CHAPTER VI—FIFTY-SIX WHO HUNG TOGETHER . . 104

The Signers of the Declaration of Independence—Some Facts Regarding the Most Important Transaction in American History—The Declaration of Independence Signed on August 2nd—Thomas Lynch, Jr., and Button Gwinnett—Their Careers and the Reason for the Rarity of Their Autographs—Sales and Prices of Lynch and Gwinnett Autographs—Early Collectors of the Signers—Other Rare Signers—Obscurity Equals Rarity—Relative Scarcity of the Signers from the Rarest to the Commonest—John Hancock's Letter Transmitting the Declaration of Independence—Thomas McKean's Letter Recounting What Occurred in Independence Hall on the Occasion of the Signing—Price Records of Sales of Four Great Collections of Signers—Jefferson Defends His Authorship of the Declaration of Independence.

CHAPTER VII—OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE INK-WELL 129

Hawthorne on Autographs—A Love Letter of John Tyler—Jackson's Disparagement of William Henry Harrison—Roosevelt Resents an Aspersion on the Rough Riders—Jefferson Declines to be a Candidate for a Third Term—Taylor Expresses Indifferenec as to the Outcome of the Impending Presidential Election in Which He Was the Successful Candidate—Monroe Is in a Receptive Mood as to the Presidency—Years Later He Defends His Conduct in That Office—His Last Will and Testament—McKinley's Prophetic Letter—Six Remarkable Letters of Abraham Lincoln—Cleveland's Profession of Faith—Washington Sets Forth the Principles of the Farewell Address.

CHAPTER VIII—THE POMP OF POWER 158

Napoleon's, the Most Sought For of European Historic Autographs—His Famous Letter to Louis XVIII—Through Marshal Savary Napoleon Courts the Favor of "les belles Russes"—Empress Marie Louise's Wifely Letter—Wellington Describes the Battle of Waterloo—"Bony Is Now Off to America"—The Metamorphosis of Napoleon's Signature—Relative Rarity and Profusion of His Autograph at Various Periods of His Career—English Royal Autographs—Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, Charles II—French Royal Autographs—Charles VII to Louis Phillipe—The Female of the Species is Rarer Than the Male—The French Revolution—The Rare Auotgraph of Charlotte Corday.

CHAPTER IX—AMERICAN LITERARY AUTOGRAPHS . . 177

An Awakening Interest—The Autographs of Edgar Allan Poe, Herman Melville, Lafcadio Hearn, Bret Harte, Walt Whitman and Others Considered—A Characteristic Letter of Mark Twain—Eugene Field's Amusing Letter to Marie Jansen, the Actress—Autographs of American Dramatists—The New England Group—Thoreau to Emerson on Henry James, the Elder—Emerson's Word Picture of Carlyle—Characteristic Letter of Nathaniel Hawthorne—Longfellow's Letters to His Friend, Sam Ward—Poetical Quotations—Bryant on "Thanatopsis,"

PAGE

CHAPTER X—ENGLISH LITERARY AUTOGRAPHS . . 203

Charles Dickens', the Most Universally Desired of English Literary Autographs —William Makepeace Thackeray's Autograph, Scarcely Less Eagerly Pursued —His Letter to a New York Boy—His Two Styles of Handwriting—The Autographs of Dr. Johnson and the Members of His Circle—Oliver Goldsmith's, One of the Rarest of English Literary Autographs—Swift, Defoe, Fielding and Other Eighteenth Century Literary Autographs—The Rare Autograph of Robert Burns—The Autographs of the Great Triumvirate, Byron, Shelley and Keats—Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, and Other Autographs of the Early Nineteenth Century and of the Mid-Victorian Period—Charles Lamb Makes His Will—His Commonplace Book—Oscar Wilde's Brilliant Letter to a Critic of His Plays.

CHAPTER XI—THE LESSER LIGHTS 224

Quality vs. Quantity—The One Hundred to One Shots—The Autographs of Minor Literary Lights—Joseph Rodman Drake, Rarest of American Literary Autographs—Samuel Woodworth, Author of "The Old Oaken Bucket"—Dr. Clement C. Moore, Author of "'Twas The Night Before Christmas"—The Various Sets: Presidents' Cabinets—Continental Congress —Signers of the Constitution—Justices of the United States Supreme Court —The Oldest Perpetuating Line of Autographs: the Popes of the Roman Catholic Church—A Great Collection of Papal Autographs—Extra-Illustrating or Grangerizing Considered—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett's Invocation.

CHAPTER XII—AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR'S BAEDEKER 244

An Autographic Hall of Fame—One Hundred Representative Celebrities, Fifty American and Fifty European—Effect of Condition on Value—Repairing and Restoration of Damaged Autographs—The Process of Inlaying Explained—Various Methods of Keeping Autograph Collections—Other Questions of the Neophyte Autograph Collector Answered.

CHAPTER XIII—TWO GREAT AMERICAN MANUSCRIPTS 256

The Autograph Manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's World-Famous Poem "The Raven" Is Brought to Light—Interesting Facts Regarding It—The Autograph Manuscript of Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" Is Purchased—Its History, Significance and Value—Facts Concerning the Address—"The Battle Was Less Important Than the Speech."

APPENDIX—THE AUTOGRAPHS OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES 271

A Consideration of the Autographs of the Presidents from Washington to Hoover, Inclusive, Their Relative Rarity and Profusion, the Character of Their Handwritings and Their Values in Various Forms.

INDEX 293

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Autograph Manuscript of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Thomas Jefferson Gives His Opinion on the Liquor Problem in a Remarkable Autograph Letter Signed 6

One of the Few Autograph Letters of President Harding Written During His Presidency 16

Benjamin Franklin's Epitaph 18

Original Document Bearing the Rare Autograph of Edith Cavell . 32

General Robert E. Lee's Tribute to His Comrades in Arms of the Confederate Armies and to General Stonewall Jackson . . . 36

Rare Autograph Letter Signed of Stephen Collins Foster 46

Autograph Manuscript of "Dixie" 56

Lord Nelson's Letter to Lady Hamilton. First and Last Pages . . 62

The Concluding Lines of an Authentic Autograph Letter of George Washington 64

Forged Autograph of Washington by Robert Spring 64

Authentic Autograph of Button Gwinnett 72

Forged Autograph of Button Gwinnett 72

Autograph Letter Signed of Captain John Paul Jones to Thomas Jefferson. First and Last Pages 88

Original Document in the Handwriting of General William T. Sherman 94

Autograph Document of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth 98

John Brown's Last Letter 102

John Hancock Transmits the Declaration of Independence Two Days After Its Adoption 120

Thomas Jefferson on His Religion. A Remarkable Autograph Letter 128

Andrew Jackson Attacks William Henry Harrison in a Remarkable Autograph Letter 132

Zachary Taylor Promises the Country "An Honest Cabinet" . . . 138

A Remarkable Holograph Manuscript Extract from a Speech Made by Abraham Lincoln During the Douglas Campaign, 1858 . . 144

A Magnificent Autograph Letter of Abraham Lincoln 150

Autograph Letter of George Washington, Wherein He Sets Forth the Principles of His Famous Farewell Address. First and Last Pages 156

Napoleon's Historic Letter Warning Louis XVIII Against Returning to France 158

FACING PAGE

Letter Signed by Napoleon as Emperor with an Unusually Fine Bold Signature 166
Emerson on Carlyle. First and Last Pages of a Remarkable Autograph Letter 188
Original Document Signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, Patrons of Columbus, dated the Year of the Discovery of America, 1492 192
Autograph Letter of Robert Burns to His Friend, Robert Ainslee . 202
Autograph Letter Signed of Lord Byron 218
A Magnificent Inlaid and Jewel Binding by Riviere 236
Original Survey and Plat Made by George Washington in His Eighteenth Year 242
The Extremely Rare Autograph of Raphael Sanzio De Urbino . . 248
The Only Known Autograph Manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's Immortal Masterpiece, "The Raven." First and Last Pages . . 258
Lincoln's Last Check 272

LINE ILLUSTRATIONS IN TEXT

PAGE

Edison Quotes Gray's "Elegy" Incorrectly 41
Document Signed by Button Gwinnett, Rare Signer of the Declaration of Independence 111
Cartoon Occasioned by the Publication of a Sheet of Scribblings by President Hoover 135
An Illustrated Autograph Letter from the Pen of Eugene Field . . 185
Autograph Stanza of Longfellow's Poem, "A Psalm of Life" . . 198
Autograph Stanza of Holmes' Poem, "The Chambered Nautilus" . 201
Autograph Letter of William Makepeace Thackeray in His Vertical Style of Handwriting 206-207
Autograph Manuscript of Charles Dickens 209
Humorous Autograph Letter of William Makepeace Thackeray in His Slanting Style of Handwriting 213

FOREWORD

Time was, and not so many years ago, when a writer on autograph collecting prefaced his book with an apology, a plea in defense of his hobby. To-day, it seems to me, the only apology that is in order is for the inadequacies of the present volume. Certainly, the collector of 1930 feels no necessity for explaining his penchant for autographs. Possibly it is because there are now so many of him. There is strength in numbers. And although I have attempted this recital of the pleasures of autograph collecting primarily for those who have not experienced what one collector has called the "most gentle of emotions," I venture to hope that it may not prove uninteresting even to those already within the fold.

For the benefit of the neophite collector, I have dwelt at some length on the fundamentals; and perhaps some of the autographic "high spots" here recorded will not be unappreciated by the collector who has long since passed the tyro stage. Assuredly, he will be interested to read, in the light of present-day problems, what Thomas Jefferson had to say on the prohibition question in his day. Washington, Webster, Lincoln, Napoleon, Dickens, Thackeray are but a few of the others who speak in these pages through their autographs. When did writer ever before have such collaborators? With two or three exceptions, all the letters and documents quoted have been or are now in my possession. Some of them have been previously published; many others have not.

And so I present my brief for this most fascinating hobby—autograph collecting. May its pleasant paths be trod by many new pilgrims.

T. F. M.

New York, N. Y.,
January 15, 1930.

"These ink-stains, which in the imperfection of language we have called words—these WORD SHADOWS then, are latent living powers, which, could they again be uttered by the lips which perished long ago, would subdue, as eloquence ever does, the hearts of all within their reach, and even in their silence still possess a strange charm to penetrate and stir the deepest feelings of those privileged to read them."

—Charles Reade

WORD SHADOWS OF THE GREAT

CHAPTER I

The Intimate Hobby

A Gift for the Mikado—Goethe and Poe on the Significance of Autographs—Jefferson on Prohibition—Webster as a Critic of Puritan Traits—The Difference Between the Autograph Collector and the Autograph Fiend—Growing Interest in Autograph Collecting—From $1,000 to $19,500 in Ten Years—What Determines Value—Influence of the Typewriter—The Definition of an Autograph.

When a group of prominent Japanese representing the Japanese residents of New York set out to procure a gift for the Emperor Hirohito on the occasion of his coronation in 1928, they were confronted with a difficult task. For not only from the millions of his faithful subjects in Nippon itself but from Japanese and friends of Japan the world over, a deluge of gifts of great variety was bound to pour in. Their problem was to obtain a gift that would be at once appropriate and distinctively American, and one that would not be likely to be duplicated from any other quarter. Radios were suggested, books were considered, many other ideas proposed, but all were in turn rejected as not fulfilling the requirements. Being apprized of this situation, I suggested to a member of the committee that a collection of autographs of the Presidents of the United States, appropriately bound with a series of portraits, might be a happy solution of the problem. Such a gift would be distinctively American and would not be likely to be duplicated.

Thus it came about that I had the privilege of forming the splen-

did collection of autographs of the Presidents of the United States which now reposes in the library of the Mikado, the gift of the Japanese of the city of New York. This is but one of many indications of the growing interest in autographs, of the increasing appreciation of their significance. Ten years ago the use of autographs for such a purpose would not have been considered. Today the whole world knows or is rapidly learning the sentimental, cultural and historical import of autographs.

It was Dr. Johnson who said that a man's letters are the mirror of his heart, that in his letters "his soul lies naked." And after nearly twenty-five years of daily contact with autograph letters of the great—and near-great—I am convinced that he knew whereof he spoke. Rusting papers, rusting inks—out of the ebb and flow of the years, autographs move ceaselessly across my desk, and the hearts of men that once moved in gorgeous orbits beat in them still.

The inclination to collect and to treasure a great man's letters is a very natural one. By no other means can our favorite heroes—statesmen, soldiers, authors, actors—yes, even our favorite saints—be brought so close to us. By no other means are they so clearly revealed to us in all the intimate details of their public and private lives. At times the revelation may be bewildering, even painful—heroes are seldom made of the stuff that the old school of sentimental, legend-making historians would have us believe. But though the autograph letters that filter out of the past may sometimes detract from the luster of a great name, more often they increase our reverence for it. They are the true living word shadows of the great. Through them we see their authors, perhaps for the first time, in a natural light, revealed by their own pen strokes.

"There can be no doubt," said Goethe, "that the handwriting of a man is related to his thought and character, and that we may thereby gain a certain impression of his ordinary mode of life and conduct.

"As I personally possess a considerable collection of autographs and often take occasion to examine and reflect upon them, it seems to me that every one who directs his thoughts to this subject may succeed in taking several steps in the right direction, which may lead to his own improvement and satisfaction, if not to the instruction of others."

Edgar Allan Poe, who happily escaped the ironic fate of living to see manuscripts which he had to beg editors to buy for a pittance sell for fabulous sums, was himself fascinated by autographs. "Next to the person of a distinguished man of letters," he wrote, "we desire to see his portrait; next to his portrait, his autograph. In the latter, especially, there is something which seems to bring him before us in his true idiosyncrasy—in his character of scribe."

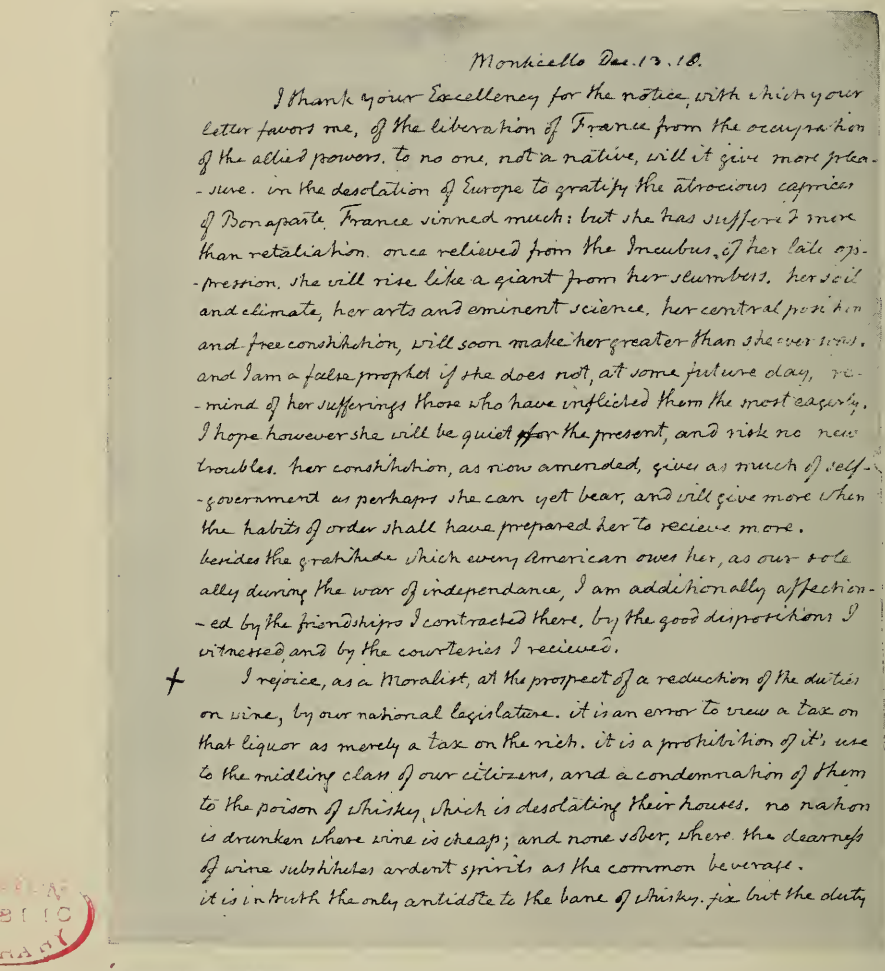
During my peregrinations in the field of autographs, not less than a quarter of a million letters and documents of famous men and women have passed through my hands. Most of them were interesting, many fascinating, many of great literary and historic significance. Some of them were of such importance that they influenced the course of history. Others might have done so had their contents been disclosed at the time they were written. Veritable chapters of history are such documents; and to this day, when fresh material occasionally emerges from dusty hiding places, it is still grist for the front page.

Consider a few of the important papers I have recently possessed: Benjamin Franklin's own copy of his instructions for

negotiating the treaty with Great Britain which terminated the Revolution; Napoleon's defiant letter to Louis XVIII warning the exiled monarch that if he returned to France he would have to march over the bodies of 100,000 men; Washington's letter on the foreign policy of the United States in which he set forth the principles of the Farewell Address; Jefferson's letter declining a third term as President, giving his reasons for so doing, foremost among them "the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor"; the autograph manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's world-famous poem, "The Raven"; the autograph manuscript of Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address.

The letters of some of the sages of the past are often remarkable in their application to present-day problems, which would seem to prove that what was sound sense one hundred years ago should still be good sense to-day. Among the papers of Baron de Neuville, French Minister to the United States, which I recently purchased, I came across a letter of Thomas Jefferson in which the great democrat set forth his views on the prohibition question. This extraordinary letter reads in part:

> I rejoice, as a Moralist, at the prospect of a reduction of the duties on wine by our national legislature. It is an error to view a tax on that liquor as merely a tax on the rich. It is a prohibition of its use to the middling class of our citizens, and a condemnation of them to the poison of whiskey, which is desolating their houses. No nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober, where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage. It is in truth the only antidote to the bane of whiskey . . . and who will not prefer it? Its extended use will carry health to a much enlarged circle. Every one in easy circumstances (as the bulk of



Monticello Dec. 13. 18.

I thank your Excellency for the notice, with which your letter favors me, of the liberation of France from the occupation of the allied powers. to no one, not a native, will it give more pleasure. in the desolation of Europe to gratify the atrocious caprices of Bonaparte. France sinned much: but she has suffered more than retaliation. once relieved from the Incubus of her late oppression, she will rise like a giant from her slumbers. her soil and climate, her arts and eminent science, her central position and free constitution, will soon make her greater than she ever was. and I am a false prophet if she does not, at some future day, remind of her sufferings those who have inflicted them the most easily. I hope however she will be quiet for the present, and risk no new troubles. her constitution, as now amended, gives as much of self-government as perhaps she can yet bear, and will give more when the habits of order shall have prepared her to recieve more. besides the gratitude which every American owes her, as our sole ally during the war of independance, I am additionally affectioned by the friendships I contracted there, by the good dispositions I witnessed, and by the courtesies I recieved.

† I rejoice, as a Moralist, at the prospect of a reduction of the duties on wine, by our national legislature. it is an error to view a tax on that liquor as merely a tax on the rich. it is a prohibition of it's use to the middling class of our citizens, and a condemnation of them to the poison of whiskey, which is desolating their houses. no nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober, where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage. it is in truth the only antidote to the bane of whisky. fix but the duty

THOMAS JEFFERSON GIVES HIS OPINION ON THE LIQUOR PROBLEM IN HIS DAY IN A REMARKABLE AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED

It is addressed to Baron de Neuville, and is dated from Monticello, December 13, 1818.

at the rate of other merchandise, and we can drink wine here as cheaply as we do grog: and who will not prefer it? it's extended use will carry health and comfort to a much enlarged circle. every one in easy circumstances (as the bulk of our citizens are) will prefer it to the poison to which they are now driven by their government. and the treasury itself will find that a penny apiece from a dozen is more than a groat from a single one. this reformation however will require time. our merchants know nothing of the infinite variety of cheap and good wines to be had in Europe; and particularly in France, in Italy, and the Graecian islands: as they know little also of the variety of excellent manufactures and comforts to be had any where out of England. nor will these things be known, nor of course called for here, until the native merchants of those countries, to whom they are known, shall bring them forward, exhibit & vend them at the moderate profits they can afford. this alone will procure them familiarity with us, and the preference they merit in competition with corresponding articles now in use. Our family renews with pleasure their recollections of your kind visit to Monticello, and joins me in tendering sincere assurances of the gratification it afforded us, and of our great esteem & respectful consideration

Th: Jefferson

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THOMAS JEFFERSON'S LETTER TO BARON DE NEUVILLE

Page two

our citizens are) will prefer it to the poison to which they are now driven by their government.

The gifts of public office which the people of New England bestowed upon Daniel Webster might have been fewer and his fame less secure had his letter, written in 1826 to Charles B. Haddock, a professor at Dartmouth College, been made public during his day. But only recently did it come to light, to disclose Webster in the rôle of a shrewd critic of Puritan traits:

In regard to the moral character of our ancestors, the settlers of New England, my opinion is that they possessed all the Christian virtues but charity; and they seem never to have doubted that they possessed that also.

And nobody would accuse their system or their practice but of one vice, and that was religious hypocrisy, of which they had an infusion, without ever being sensible of it. It necessarily resulted from that disposition, which they cherished, of subjecting men's external conduct, in all particulars, to the influence and government of express rule and precept, either of Church or State.

That always makes hypocrites and formalists. A man thought it an act of merit, under the blue laws of Cont. [Connecticut], not to walk within ten feet of his wife, on their way to Church; as some parents now-a-days think it a merit to restrain their daughters from a village dance.

One is just as sensible and has as much to do with religion as the other. Indeed it is the universal tendency of strong religious excitement, a tendency of our infirm nature, growing out of our weakness and our vices, to run into observances and make a showy merit of external acts.

Our excellent ancestors did not escape the influence of this propensity, but they had so many high and pure virtues that this spot

should not give offense. They were a wonderful people. This very failing of which I have spoken so leaned to unite in them the virtues of decision, sense of duty, and a feeling that will have no compromise with what it thinks wrong, that I forgive them.

The determined spirit, with which they resisted every approach to what they thought evil, was of itself a great virtue. "Of itself it is harmless, but it leads or may lead to evil." This was their answer, and perhaps there is something in it; but then it may be said of almost everything. The vice of the argument, as an argument, is that it proves too much.

Eating, drinking, conversation all fell equally under its condemnation . . ."

That letter alone might have blasted Webster's political ambitions. But twenty-four years later, after Webster had delivered his famous Seventh of March speech, Whittier, the Quaker poet, wrote "Ichabod," a scathing attack on the statesman, in which he charged him with betrayal. The speech, and Whittier's poem, destroyed whatever hope Webster may have had for the presidency.

It is always interesting to speculate why autograph treasure-trove of this sort frequently remains undiscovered for so many years—why manuscripts of such superlative interest as those of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and Poe's "Raven" should not have found their way to an eager market at an earlier date. What strange force of gravity withholds them for so long?

Pride of possession is one of the reasons. It has kept locked many an ancestral chest laden with autographic treasures, and still does so. Sometimes the repository itself is forgotten until it is opened by the merest chance in the process of ransacking a cellar or garret. It is then that I am approached with the familiar

introduction: "In looking over some old papers, I found these letters. . . ." And from those sources are dislodged Washingtons, Franklins, Gwinnetts, Lincolns, Dickenses, Thackerays, Poes —moldy (or, by preference, not moldy), souvenirs of many of the departed great.

Again it may be that a decline in family fortunes requires that long-cherished heirlooms be brought into the open market. Sometimes autographs of unusual rarity and interest come to light through the widespread publicity that attends active competition in a particular field of collecting, with resulting high prices. Witness, for instance, the several finds of Button Gwinnett autographs during the past few years. But the strangest of the many curious explanations that have been advanced by vendors of autographs as a reason for selling occurred in a letter which I recently received from a woman in the Middle West, requesting that I make an offer for a document signed by President Lincoln. "It belongs to my grandmother," she wrote, "and we do not know the value of it, but her reason for wanting to sell it is to get a burial plot and pay her funeral expenses." The value of the document, merely a military commission, would not have been sufficient to secure for its owner more than a very humble funeral.

Men have been collectors since Noah gathered his doubly complete set of animate life into the ark, and probably before. And who does not collect something these days—whether it be pipes, paintings, books, coins (as distinguished from currency), chairs, fire-arms old and new, bottles, samplers, stamps, stones, precious and otherwise, and so on without end? I am convinced, however, from years of observation, that autographs surpass all other collected and collectible things in their pleasurable and cultural possibilities, that they are most catholic in scope, that they continue

to hold the interest of the collector as do few other hobbies, and, finally, that they have possibilities of eventual financial profit to the collector or to his heirs that are possessed by few other forms of collecting.

The collecting game is a progressive malady. Once the restless demon, of autograph collecting particularly, takes possession of him, the acquisitive ambition of the collector becomes limited only by his purse. The world owes much to the collector; without him there would be fewer museums and fewer libraries.

Let me define here the difference between the genuine autograph collector and the autograph fiend, or "autograph hunter," as they call him in more polite English circles. Collector and fiend are as the poles apart. The one is an understanding, sympathetic student of the great, past and present. The other is almost exclusively a scourge of the heroes of the front page. The first requires intelligence, judgment and money. The second need possess nothing more than nerve (of which he must have plenty), a certain shrewdness in getting through police-lines, and courage enough to say: "Please sign on the dotted line."

To be sure, each gets what is in the broadest sense an autograph. But the autograph hunter, whose tribe Horace Greeley dubbed the "mosquitoes of literature," gets for nothing what is generally valueless, and his bargain-hunting usually brings only anguish to the celebrity upon whose hapless heels he is treading. Pity poor Longfellow! "Yesterday I wrote, sealed and directed seventy autographs," reads an entry in his journal.

They are a shrewd lot, these autograph bandits, as one newspaper writer called them, and the tricks they play and the ruses they contrive in order to part a celebrity from his autograph are amazing. Letters pretending kinship or admiration, threatening

law suits, clamoring for money for things never sold, and paying for goods never bought are just a few of their tricks.

For years there lived luxuriously in Paris a knave who touched the hearts of some of the greatest men of his day by writing to them that he would commit suicide unless they dropped a word of encouragement for his despairing soul. When the words of encouragement came, as they frequently did, supported by signatures of commercial value, he forthwith repaired to a collector or dealer and translated them into cash. And there was the guileful gentleman from New Mexico who, setting himself up as a pretentious literary society, proceeded to notify contemporary celebrities that they had been elected honorary members, and would they please submit one or two of their better known original manuscripts for preservation in the society's archives.

For many years these camp-followers of genius pestered the Presidents of the United States, who, probably, because they felt that it was part of their duties to oblige every one, honored nearly every request for an autograph that they received. The canny Calvin Coolidge, however, seems to have put a stop to this mass production, and Mr. Hoover is apparently intent upon following the precedent.

It was none other than the gentle Tusitala, who, when demands for his autograph taxed his patience, once wrote, "To the devil with autograph hunters," but even he finally succumbed. From Samoa he wrote this charming letter:

> For the one civil autograph collector, Charles R.:
>
> You have sent me a slip to write on; you have sent me an addressed envelope; you have sent it to me stamped; many have done as much as that. You have spelled my name right; and some have done that. In one point you stand alone; you have sent me the

stamps for my own post-office, not the stamps for yours. What is asked for with so much consideration I take pleasure to grant. Here, since you value it, and have been at such pains to earn it by unusual attentions—here is the signature,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

There were a few, like George Eliot and Ruskin, who turned away these supplicants. There were others, like Thackeray, Dickens and Poe, who treated them considerately, perhaps realizing, however great their resistance, that to refuse would only invite a more wily attack to which they would sooner or later succumb.

The shrewd Ruskin fell at a sly stroke. One of the autograph hunters, knowing Ruskin's dislike of a certain conventicle, wrote to him asking a contribution for a church. To which Ruskin replied:

Starve and go to heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging—I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for. And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sandpit—or in a coal hole first?

This fragment of an Achilles' heel was duly sold for a substantial sum.

But by no means have all authors expressed annoyance, real or pretended, at autograph hunters. In quite a different vein wrote Charles Godfrey Leland, humorous dialect poet and author of the famous Hans Breitmann ballads. "It is all gammon," he wrote, "when authors and 'such like' say that they are bored by autograph hunters. Between you and me it is all my i. There isn't a soul among them all, my dear Sir, who isn't delighted at being asked

for his 'autocrat' and most of them when applied to are in the habit of mentioning it afterwards 'in society'—over their beer *et ciderer* and so forth. The Lord knows I give you mine with feelings of unalloyed delight." Leland then obligingly appends his signature in three different forms.

The past few years have witnessed a widespread growth of interest in the field of autograph collecting, with a resultant phenomenal increase in values. This awakened interest has come about, it seems to me, in somewhat paradoxical fashion. It was generally supposed that high prices made for restricted collecting. Yet it has been the record prices that a few rare autographs have brought at public sales that have done more to stimulate interest in autograph collecting than all the propaganda of collectors and dealers combined. Now that interest has been aroused and the demand for important autographs created, the question arises as to how real and how permanent is this interest; in short, whether the prices of the past few years will be maintained. In the nearly twenty-five years in which I have been in contact with autograph collecting and collectors I have sold tens of thousands of letters and documents, have watched the growing interest in autograph collecting and have bought and sold autographs at steadily rising prices during all that time. And one fact stands out impressively. The so-called high prices of twenty, of ten, of five years ago were always regarded by some as absurd, while others went confidently ahead, bought "at the market," and to-day have collections that it would be impossible to duplicate at any price. Such a collection is that of J. Pierpont Morgan. To form a collection of equal importance to-day would be beyond the power of money. It would be an unattainable goal for the simple reason that the material is no longer available. Slim indeed to-day would be the chances of

a collector capturing such treasures as the manuscripts of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Dickens' "Christmas Carol," Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which are now in the Morgan Library.

Twenty-five years ago a Washington or a Lincoln letter could be had for $50 or less. The same letters fetch ten or fifty times as much to-day. There is ample reason for the increased prices, which, a few years hence, will seem just as low when compared with present values as the prices of a few years ago seem to-day. Every year witnesses a diminution of the available supply of fine autographs and a corresponding increase in demand for them. Public institutions and private collectors are steadily absorbing them, while new collectors are appearing by hundreds annually. Indeed, few values seem as permanently secure as those of the autograph letters and manuscripts of the men who have written their names large upon the pages of history and literature.

I could cite numerous instances of phenomenal increases in autograph values. One of the most striking is that of a letter of Edgar Allan Poe which was sold for $19,500 in the dispersal of the Jerome Kern collection in January, 1929. It was a splendid letter, referring, as it did, to Poe's most famous poem, "The Raven," and to his most notable prose work, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." I sold the letter about ten years ago for slightly less than $1,000, which, at that time, was a fair estimation of its value. When Mr. Kern's collection went under the hammer I was prepared to pay more than ten times the price at which I had originally sold the letter to recapture it. I was not unaware of the bullish movement in the autograph market—"the upward trend," as the financial writers say. But I was too sanguine. A brief excerpt from this splendid letter follows:

Were all my tales now before me in a large volume and as the composition of another—the merit which would principally arrest my attention would be the wide diversity and variety. You will be surprised to hear me say that (omitting one or two of my earliest efforts) I do not consider any one of my stories better than another. . . . The loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination—and for this reason only, "Ligeia" may be called my best tale.

There is one British opinion which I value very highly—Miss Barrett's [Mrs. Browning]. She says: "This vivid writing! This power which is felt! The Raven has produced a sensation—'a fit horror' here in England. . . . I hear of persons haunted by the 'Nevermore.' . . . Our great poet, Mr. Browning, author of 'Paracelsus,' etc., is enthusiastic in his admiration of the rhythm." Would it be in bad taste to quote the words of Miss B. in your notice?

Perhaps the letter is worth the price it brought. I am inclined to believe it is. After all, it is one of the best letters Poe ever wrote and is particularly remarkable for the fact that in it he has himself evaluated his two most conspicuous works. Poe's may be said to cap the pinnacle of American literary autographs. Not only are his letters and manuscripts very scarce, but there is no figure in American literature, past or present, whose autographs are more keenly sought after or have higher value.

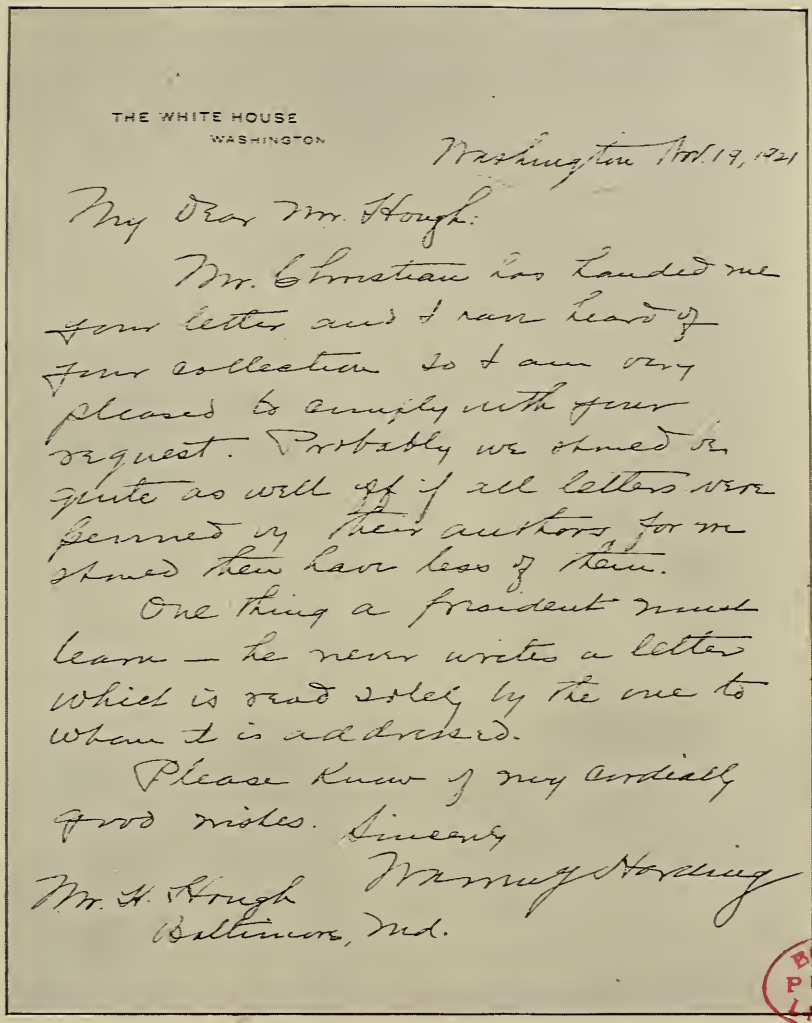
Still, I should not like to give the impression that I believe that the high prices of recent years are always justified. As in the case of all rising markets, there is a tendency to overdo, to let acquisitiveness run ahead of judgment. Undoubtedly some of the record-breaking peaks that have been reached are out of line with true values. This is particularly the case where there is a vogue for a single name of only moderate repute. Witness the case of O.

Henry. A decade or so ago there developed a widespread craze for the short-story writer's first editions and for his autographs. Prices skyrocketed, but the boom was short-lived. A recession followed to a point where prices were in more proper ratio to the value of greater names. After all, O. Henry's fame, while considerable, can hardly be compared with the universal appeal of Dickens, Thackeray, Poe or of many other names one might mention. I do not imply that O. Henry's fame is insecure—rather that it does not possess the unquestionably durable quality of the others. All of which may cause one to wonder as to the permanence of the high values that are at present attaching to the autographs of certain contemporary literary lights.

Breadth of appeal, permanence, significance—these are the factors that make for desirability and value in an autograph. In collecting, therefore, let your motto be, hitch your wagon to a star.

Not always, not even generally, is age an important factor in judging value. Rarity's the thing, along with significance. Many of the celebrated men and women of the past must pay, in terms of collectors' hero-worship, for their prodigality of correspondence. The autographs of many great men still living and others barely departed from this earth may yet be numbered among the rarest. Already the letters and manuscripts of some of them command higher prices than those of many of the celebrities of a century ago.

Strange but true it is that holograph letters of Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Adams are more numerous and less valuable than equally important letters of Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson and Harding. This is due in part, of course, to the telephone, the telegraph, fast transportation and other modern means of communication which to a large extent have



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Washington Nov. 19, 1921

My Dear Mr. Hough:

Mr. Christian has handed me your letter and I am heard of your collection so I am very pleased to comply with your request. Probably we owned to quite as well off if all letters were penned by their authors for me owned them have less of them.

One thing a President must learn — he never writes a letter which is read solely by the one to whom it is addressed.

Please know of my cordially good wishes. Sincerely

Warren G. Harding

Mr. A. Hough
Baltimore, Md.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

ONE OF THE FEW AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF PRESIDENT HARDING WRITTEN DURING THE SHORT PERIOD OF HIS PRESIDENCY

"One thing a President must learn—he never writes a letter which is read solely by the one to whom it is addressed."

—Warren G. Harding

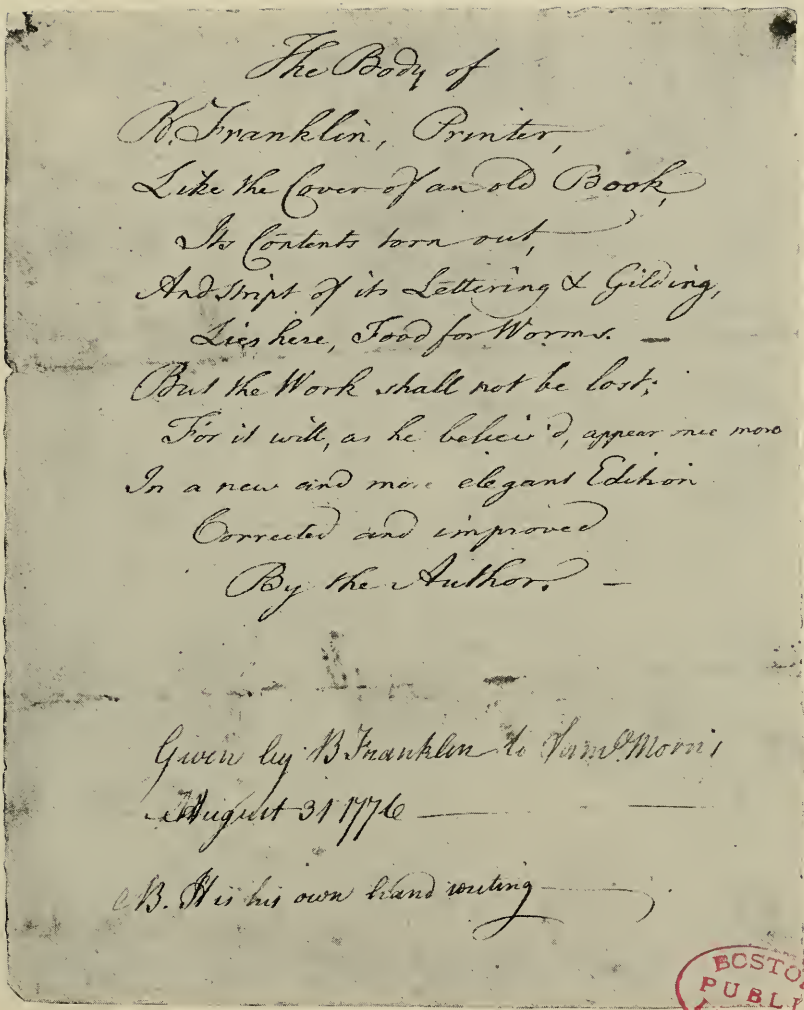
supplanted written correspondence, but it is principally due to the typewriter, which has almost, if not entirely, superseded the pen. Autograph collectors seem to be about the only class that has not benefited by the sweep of progress. And it is scarcely necessary to observe how the machine age has affected and will increasingly affect the collecting not only of letters but of manuscripts as well, for publishers and editors frown upon manuscripts in long hand. The late President Harding is a striking example of the change wrought by these new conditions. Dead less than ten years, he is already regarded as the rarest of the Presidents in full autograph letters. About a year ago one of his letters, not of outstanding importance, was sold at auction for more than $1,000. "Probably we should be quite well off," he himself wrote in a splendid letter which I recently acquired, one of the few I have seen entirely in his own hand, "if all letters were penned by their authors, for we should then have less of them. . . . One thing a President must learn—he never writes a letter which is read solely by the one to whom it is addressed."

There is already a great dearth of autographic material of celebrities of the twentieth century. Who knows but in the years to come science may entirely eliminate the necessity for the effort of writing? In looking over my own correspondence I am forcibly impressed with the absence of handwritten letters. Among the men of international prominence with whom I have corresponded—statesmen, authors, financiers, prelates, industrialists—the number who have written their own letters is amazingly small. Two I recall who scrupulously attended to the niceties of the epistolary art: George Barr McCutcheon, of cherished memory, as distinguished a collector as he was an author, and the late Edwin W. Coggeshall, founder of the Lawyers

Title & Guaranty Company, and for nearly half a century a keen Dickens collector.

We may nevertheless snatch a bit of encouragement from the passing of the holograph. Time, the great leveler, will undoubtedly render the poverty less acute by submerging a goodly percentage of the contemporary great—not an immediately satisfying hope, perhaps, but a predictable one.

Between the present and the past there exists no more intimate personal connection than an autograph letter. It is the living symbol of its author. It is the most vital souvenir one may have of those polite unhurried days when time had small cash value and letter-writing was not a lost art. The hat Napoleon wore requires documentary proof for the acceptance of its genuineness —no man now living saw him wear it. There are in existence at least three pens said to have been used by Lincoln in signing the Emancipation Proclamation. Likewise there are preserved no less than three suits of clothes said to have been worn by him at the time he was assassinated. How shall we know which of these were his mortal habiliments? But an autograph is, in a sense, self-proving, of which more will be said later. It is the vital product of the hand and the mind, even of the soul, of the writer. It is the most authentic intimate link between the present and the greatness of the past. Men of fearless hearts, of splendid talents, of devoted action and incorruptible integrity live and breathe again in the time-stained sheets they handled and on which they inscribed their thoughts.



The Body of
B. Franklin, Printer,
Like the Cover of an old Book,
Its Contents torn out,
And Stript of its Lettering & Gilding,
Lies here, Food for Worms. —
But the Work shall not be lost;
For it will, as he believ'd, appear once more
In a new and more elegant Edition
Corrected and improved
By the Author. —

Given by B Franklin to Saml. Morris
August 31 1776 —

N.B. His his own hand writing —

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH

Autograph Manuscript of the famous epitaph made by the great patriot, statesman, philosopher. It has additional interest from the fact that it was written in 1776, the year of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Samuel Morris, to whom the manuscript was presented by Franklin, was a distinguished Philadelphia patriot.

CHAPTER II

Some Notable Collectors and Their Collections

An Autograph

O'er the wet sands an insect crept
  Ages ere man on earth was known—
And patient Time, while Nature slept,
  The slender tracing turned to stone.

'Twas the first autograph; and ours?
  Prithee, how much of prose or song,
In league with the creative powers,
  Shall 'scape Oblivion's broom so long?

—James Russell Lowell

The "First Autograph"—Alba Amicorum—Pioneer American Collectors—The J. Pierpont Morgan Collection—The Henry E. Huntington Collection—The Alfred Morrison Collection—Other Notable Collections — Two Interesting Autograph "Finds" — World War Autographs—The Rare Autograph of Edith Cavell—Lee's Tribute to his Army and to "Stonewall" Jackson—Franklin's Epitaph—His Charming Letter to a Little Girl on the Death of her Pet Squirrel —Fulton and Edison.

It is not for me to question the priority of Lowell's antediluvian A.L.S.* There is no doubt that autographs are of ancient origin, but somehow I don't like to feel that the first autograph was written by an insect. I prefer to imagine one of those primitive ape-like men chalking pictographs on the walls of his prehistoric

* The following abbreviations are in general use among autograph collectors and dealers and some of them will be encountered in this volume: A.L.S.—Autograph

cave—telling the story of the hunt or the battle and supplying material for ethnologists and historians to wrangle over thousands of years later.

The "first autograph" was probably a pictograph; for it was by means of the crude symbolism of picture-writing that primordial man first recorded names, events, and whatever else he wished to remember—a practice that survives to the present day among the American Indians and savage peoples in many parts of the world. From the pictograph was slowly evolved the syllable, or combination of pictographs, and later the alphabet. The hieroglyphs of Egypt, the cuneiform writing of Assyria, and Chinese writing with its multitude of characters are all developments of the pictograph.

The first actual letter writing was probably done in hieratic script, a simplified form of hieroglyphics used by the Egyptian priests. One of these crude early alphabets was taken over by the Greeks and gradually adapted to their own more highly developed speech.

While there is no record of an autograph shop on the Appian Way, we do know that manuscripts in various forms were treasured by the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans. Pliny and Cicero are said to have collected autographs after the

Letter Signed, the entire letter in the handwriting of the person signing it; L.S.—Letter Signed, the body of the letter written by a secretary or person other than the individual signing it; A.D.S.—Autograph Document Signed, a legal, commercial, or other form of document as distinguished from a letter; D.S.—Document Signed; MS.—Manuscript; n. d.—no date; n. y.—no year; 4to.—quarto; 8vo.—octavo; 12mo.—duodecimo; pp.—pages.

According to the Encyclopædia Britannica: "Autograph is a term applied by common usage either to a document signed by the person from whom it emanates, or to one written entirely by the hand of such person (which, however, is also more technically described as *holograph*), or simply to an independent signature." The word *holograph*, however, is in more general usage in England than among American collectors.

manner of their day, and it is in the writings of the Roman Suetonius that the word *autograph* first occurs.

As early as three centuries before Christ the practice of writing was widespread, and the first actual autograph letters and documents which we are aware of to-day date from about that time. I refer to the papyrus documents which have been brought to light in Egypt and which date from the Ptolemaic and Roman periods of Egyptian history.

Of course it is only in a very limited sense that these early manuscripts can be referred to as autographs. The writers are impossible of identification; down to the fifteenth century of the Christian era, in fact, autographs in the modern sense are a very uncertain quantity. Many of the documents of the Middle Ages that are extant are very difficult to identify with any degree of positiveness. A few exceptions are documents of sovereigns bearing the royal signature or sign manual—a monogram consisting of one or two strokes, the bodies of the documents being written by official scribes. There are also a few other instances, such as a charter at Canterbury said to have been written by Dunstan, of which there is a duplicate in the British Museum, both of which, however, may be copies. There are also, among the Cottonian MSS., autograph writings of Matthew of Paris, English chronicler of Henry III's reign. And most notable of all, there are the famous Paston letters—the correspondence of the Paston family of Norfolk (fifteenth century)—among which are many autographs of historical personages of the time.

It is the Alba Amicorum of the latter half of the sixteenth century, however, that mark the beginning of autograph collecting in the modern sense. These were little oblong pocket volumes which men and women of quality and learning, especially students

and members of the universities, carried about and in which they obtained the signatures of their friends, frequently accompanied by a motto or other significant inscription. It was in one of these little Alba that the poet John Milton wrote:

> In weakness I am made perfect.
>
> To that most learned man and my courteous friend, Christopher Arnold, have I given this, in token of his virtue, as well as my good will towards him.
>
> JOHN MILTON
>
> London.
> A. D. 1651, Nov. 19.

The age of autographs may be said to begin with the period of modern history—about the middle of the fifteenth century. From that time onward autographs of celebrated personages in every sphere of life are procurable—with certain notable exceptions. And in the quest of these latter lies the supreme thrill of collecting.

Autograph collecting in the United States dates from the early part of the nineteenth century. The reason for this late start is obvious—a nation as new as the United States finds its great mostly among contemporaries. The collecting spirit early animated the breast of Dr. William E. Sprague, a Presbyterian dominie of Albany, who died in 1876 secure in the knowledge that he was the first great American autograph collector. When at an advanced age he went to his well-earned rest his collection numbered ninety thousand items, and was by far the finest that had ever been assembled in the United States up to that time.

Dr. Sprague's enthusiasm was contagious. The indefatigable Israel K. Tefft of Savannah, Georgia, began to unearth marvelously fine autographs in the South. Robert Gilmore, a Baltimore

merchant, passed up and down the country buying autographs where he could. He was one of the most farsighted of early American collectors. When he returned from a journey to Europe early in the nineteenth century he astonished the nation by admitting he had spent thirty thousand dollars abroad on paintings and autographs. There was also Louis J. Cist of Cincinnati, a banker by profession and a collector by avocation. In value and importance his collection of autographs ranked second only to Sprague's. And there was the incomparable Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett of New York, who set a thus far unbroken record by forming four complete sets of autographs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. It has been estimated that he spent $200,000 in building his collections—the equivalent in our day of many times that amount.

Following Dr. Emmett's death I was called upon by his estate to appraise his autographs. The greater part of his collection had been acquired by the New York Public Library several years before, but the Doctor had retained many interesting pieces, the most important of which was the original minutes of the trial of his famous ancestor, the Irish patriot, Robert Emmett.

There are many of what might be called super-collectors in America to-day, and their accomplishments more than merit comparison with those of the collectors of past years. I may be permitted a brief reference to a few of the outstanding collections formed since the beginning of the present century. Any comprehensive consideration of them would be beyond the scope and capacity of a single volume.

The names of the elder J. Pierpont Morgan and the late Henry E. Huntington come instantly to mind. The autograph collections they formed are surpassingly great. Commentators have

long since exhausted the supply of superlatives on them. I shall stand on the statement that if the most industrious collector in the world were to start out to-day with unlimited funds he would be unable to duplicate either of these collections. Why? For the simple reason that autographs of equal importance are no longer available anywhere at any price.

Consider a few of the treasures of the Pierpont Morgan Library: the original manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost" just as it was sent to the printer (only a portion of it in Milton's hand, as he became blind early in the task of composition and had to dictate the bulk of the work); Jonathan Swift's letter offering "Gulliver's Travels" to his publisher; the original manuscript of Samuel Johnson's "Life of Alexander Pope"; the original manuscript of Robert Burns's "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night"; the original manuscript of Alexander Pope's "Essay on Man"; the original drawings by George Cruikshank for Dickens's "Oliver Twist"; the original sketches by Hablôt K. Browne for "The Pickwick Papers"; the original manuscript of Keats's "Endymion"; the original manuscript of Bulwer-Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii"; the original manuscripts of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and "The Cricket on the Hearth"; the original manuscripts of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and "The Virginians"; the original manuscript of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; the original manuscript of Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray."

And so on the list continues, seemingly without end. In reading it, one almost loses one's sense of values. Here is a collection that is undoubtedly one of the greatest in the United States if not in the world. Who would be so rash as to attempt to approximate its value in terms of dollars? There comes a point when

such treasures, perpetually preserved for the public weal, are impossible of measurement by financial equivalents. One can only say that they are almost literally priceless. The extraordinary fact is that this great collection was accumulated over a span of three decades. In a quiet way, the elder Morgan began it and, before his death, had assembled one of the most important libraries ever formed by an individual collector. The able Miss Belle Da Costa Greene, whom Mr. Morgan made his chief librarian, now directs this great library, all its acquisitions of books and manuscripts passing through her hands. From time to time during many years I have had the pleasure of adding important autographs to the Morgan collection.

One must approach the Henry E. Huntington collection with a feeling akin to reverence. Here is an extraordinary achievement. It is more than a collection. It is rather a score of magnificent individual collections merged into one. In size it is so vast that a small army of librarians has as yet succeeded in cataloguing only a small part of it. For instance, the Huntington Library has massed in its archives the combined papers of the Grenville, Temple and Bridges families, which date from the year 1150 to 1910. In this collection alone, known as the Stowe collection, are approximately eight hundred thousand items.

In the Huntington Library also is the Ellesmere collection, the thirty thousand items of which compass the breadth of English history and literature, containing splendid letters of Sir Francis Bacon and his wife, Lady Alice Bacon, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh and the English kings. There is also in the Huntington Library the Huntingdon collection, which numbers forty thousand pieces and which includes the archives of the Hastings family from the twelfth to the nineteenth century. In

this great collection are autographs of Voltaire, Samuel Pepys, Sir Thomas More, Lord Chesterfield, and the kings and queens of England from the time of Henry VII.

The Pizzaro-La Gasca collection, one of the most recent Huntington acquisitions, is an almost priceless unit in itself. It embraces papers and documents concerning the Spanish invasion and occupation of Peru from 1537 to 1580, with splendid autographs of Pizarro, Charles V and Philip II of Spain, Pedro de Valdivia and Pedro de la Gasca. The twelve thousand items in the Montagu collection include the correspondence of Elizabeth Montagu and of other English celebrities—Samuel Johnson, Beau Brummell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, James Oglethorpe and William Pitt.

In what are described as "miscellaneous literary collections" in the Huntington Library may be found the names and letters of practically every literary celebrity of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, foreign as well as English; here, too, are some thirty English manuscripts of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries from the hands of Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Hoccleve, and others. The sheer mass of material, let alone the excellence of individual units, is overwhelming. There are five hundred letters of Dickens, four hundred letters of George Washington, two hundred letters, documents and manuscripts of Abraham Lincoln (as well as sixty-eight letters of Mary Todd Lincoln), three hundred and fifty Thomas Jefferson items, three hundred and forty letters and documents of Ulysses S. Grant. Nor is this by any means all. Leslie E. Bliss is the competent director in charge of this stupendous library.

I had the pleasure of a most interesting interview with the amiable bibliophile and man of affairs who formed this great

library, Henry E. Huntington, shortly before his death. I visited him at his beautiful home set among his orange groves at San Gabriel, California. On my way to his room on the second floor I paid my respects to Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and other great English masterpieces which hung on his walls. The great financier sat comfortably in a huge easy-chair from which he might look out over his sloping lawns and sweet-smelling groves. He was then approaching his seventy-seventh year and was very feeble, but illness had not impaired his geniality nor his interest in collecting, and he spoke with enthusiasm of recent acquisitions and of his plans for the library.

The late Alfred Morrison of Fonthill, Wiltshire, England, assembled what was unquestionably one of the most extensive and valuable autograph collections ever brought together by a single private collector. He spent the greater part of the last thirty-five years of his life in its formation. With remarkable perseverance and perspicacity he drew upon the accumulations of dealers as well as from the more than threescore notable collections that came into the market during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. When the collection was finally dispersed at auction at Sotheby's in London in 1917, 1918 and 1919 it filled two hundred and four portfolios, one hundred bound volumes and many miscellaneous parcels.

The release of this mass of treasure was a boon to collectors the world over. It was the greatest dispersal of its kind that had ever taken place. It was a pity that most of the sale took place during the World War, an inauspicious time. The importance of the collection may be judged from the fact that despite this handicap, it realized £53,144, approximately $265,000.

One of the most important single groups of autographs in the

Morrison collection was the correspondence of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, to which I refer elsewhere. The greatest single item in the Morrison collection was, I imagine, the last letter that Mary, Queen of Scots, ever wrote—a letter addressed to her brother-in-law, Henry III, King of France, written five hours before she laid her head on the block at Fotheringhay. There was also a letter that George Washington wrote to his first love, Sally Fairfax, in 1758, telling her of his attachment for the widow Custis, whom he married a year later. There was Boswell's pocket notebook in which he had hastily entered his peripatetic conversations with Doctor Johnson. There were original letters and manuscripts in the collection of nearly all the great names in British and French history and literature. And, side by side, in cruel irony, were two magnificent documents from Robespierre's merciless hand, the first a letter to Danton, in 1793: "Je t'aime plus que jamais et jusqu' à la mort"; the second, a year later, his damning indictment of Danton. No collection of autographs even approaching the Morrison collection in importance has since been offered, nor is it likely that there ever will be.

Many great collections have recently found their way into public libraries and universities where they will remain, unless some unexpected disaster occurs, until doomsday. And many other collections are headed in the same direction. It has become a custom of the times for many wealthy collectors to bequeath their collections to the public good, as a permanent monument, rather than have them dispersed and the labor of years of collecting dissipated.

Nevertheless many important collections have been sold within recent years. The voluminous autograph collection and library of William F. Gable, the fruits of forty years' effort, went under

the hammer in 1925. The Americana collection of the late James H. Manning of Albany was sold in 1926 at public auction. And the sale of the splendid library formed by Jerome Kern, the composer, which included many autograph letters and manuscripts, was the auction sensation of 1928-9. But the trend as a whole, particularly in the case of opulent collections, is toward permanent preservation rather than the auction room.

The constant removal of important autographs from the open market, working in conjunction with rising prices and increasing competition among collectors, has had a pronounced effect upon collecting. Particularly it has created a new type of collector—the specialist. The day of the omnivorous collector is forever gone. His successor is the collector who concentrates on a single subject. Even a passing glance must show how this type of collector now dominates the collecting game. There are the Lincoln collectors, of whom in America there are probably more than of any other particular subject; Washington collectors, Dickens, Poe, Thackeray, Napoleon collectors, collectors of Signers of the Declaration of Independence, collectors of Presidents of the United States.

Many important collections of Americana are in the making, among the most notable being those of A. C. Goodyear of Buffalo and Lloyd W. Smith of New York. Among the collections of Signers formed in recent years are those of John W. Garrett of Baltimore, now American Ambassador to Italy; of Frederick S. Peck of Providence, Rhode Island; of Robert C. Norton of Cleveland, whose father before him was an enthusiastic collector of Napoleonana, and of Kenyon V. Painter, also of Cleveland.

The widespread interest in autograph collecting resulting from the publicity given sales of autograph collections and published

accounts of the acquiring of important and valuable autographs by private collectors and public institutions has led to a wide dissemination of knowledge of autograph values. As a result, the day of great autograph finds is about past. The modern Dr. Raffles * is unlikely now to pick up in a book shop the original account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the casual traveler, however keen-eyed, is not likely to discover a Boulogne merchant wrapping fish in the remnants of Boswell's forty years' correspondence with Dr. Temple. The public is now too thoroughly educated to the value of autographs. Attics, old cedar chests, out-houses and family vaults have been pretty thoroughly ransacked in search of hidden treasures. What is described as a great find to-day is usually only the bringing to light of a letter or document that has been inconspicuously, but none the less carefully, preserved for years by a family thoroughly conscious of its worth. Such El Dorados usually come high.

Sometimes, of course, in the purchase of large collections, items of unusual value come to light when the collections are carefully examined; but such cases are the exception. Private individuals (as distinguished from dealers) more often overestimate than underestimate the value of old letters and documents in their possession. Truth to tell, finds are more often made among the stocks of dealers than elsewhere, and not infrequently they are made in the auction room. I recall an episode whereby I profited unexpectedly which occurred at an auction sale about ten years ago. Among the items catalogued was a letter described as having been written by Pope Pius VII. As I had been interested for several years in papal autographs I examined the piece and, to my surprise, discovered that it was not the Pope's autograph, but that

* Rev. Dr. Raffles of Liverpool, pioneer English autograph collector.

of Lord Byron, who at the time the letter was written was temporarily residing at the Vatican. It was signed with Byron's somewhat illegible initials, "N. B." and was written in Italian. The cataloguer had mistaken the monogram signature for the sign manual of the Pope, being confirmed in the error by the Vatican date line of the letter. There being no competition, the letter was knocked down to me for two dollars. I promptly sold it for one hundred dollars, which was somewhat less than its market value.

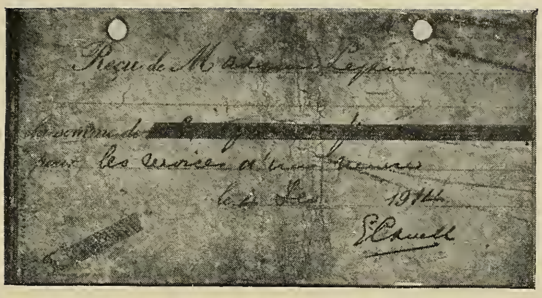
On another occasion I fared even better. Again the scene was an auction room, and the *tour de force* in this case was a volume of Eugene Field's poems—"With Trumpet and Drum," if I remember rightly. The catalogue stated that in the volume, which had been rebound, were inserted sundry facsimile reproductions of several of Field's poems. This seemed rather unusual. It occurred to me that the "facsimiles" might conceivably be original manuscripts. My surmise was correct. The alleged reproductions were actual autograph manuscripts of some of Field's best known poems, including "Little Boy Blue." They were written in India ink, which the poet frequently employed, and this, with the smooth appearance of the Japan paper on which they were transcribed, contrived to give them, at first glance, the appearance of printed reproductions. No hunter ever bagged his quarry with greater satisfaction than was mine in capturing this choice volume. The value of the find may be judged from the fact that John McCormack, the Irish tenor, who made "Little Boy Blue" one of his favorite ballads, had paid several thousand dollars for a copy of the poem in Field's handwriting a few months before. But such instances are rare and, naturally, are high spots in one's memory.

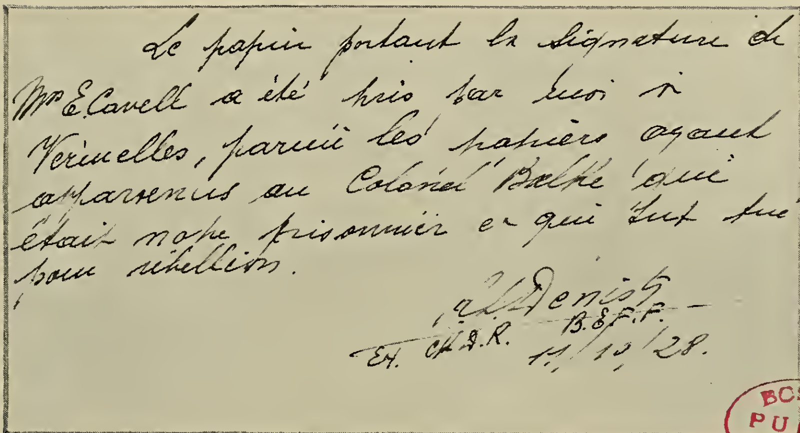
The game of autograph collecting keeps virtually abreast of

the times from the historical and literary viewpoint. A group of modern historical autographs that has been engaging the attention of collectors for the past ten years with increasing ardor is that which includes the outstanding personalities of the World War. There is a considerable demand at present for the autographs of the great leaders, such as Foch, Joffre, Haig, Hindenburg and Pershing. Now is the time to collect them. Certainly they will never be any easier to obtain than they are to-day.

The romantic figures of the World War, as of all wars, are already collectors' desiderata. They include Guynemer, Sergeant York, Lord Allenby, Major Whittlesey of the "Lost Battalion," and a score of others. Perhaps the rarest and most eagerly sought among them is that of Rupert Brooke, the British soldier-poet, who died at sea en route to Gallipoli. He was only twenty-eight years old, just at the threshold of his genius. Rare and much desired, too, are the autographs of Joyce Kilmer, killed in action on the Ourcq in 1918, whose poem "Trees" continues to keep his memory green, and John McRae, author of the most famous poem of the World War, "In Flanders Fields."

Early one evening in the winter of 1928, as I was preparing to leave my office, the door opened and an unusual looking visitor entered. At a glance I saw, or imagined I saw, that he was not a collector, although there are no hard and fast rules of identification. This man was tall and lean; his cheeks were tanned and seamed with many lines, apparently the result of much exposure to the weather. There was something about his clothes that seemed to indicate they were not his customary attire. I took him to be a foreigner, possibly a sailor in "civies." And as it turned out when he introduced himself, he was both—a Belgian skipper





Le papier portant la signature de Mme E. Cavell a été pris par moi à Vermelles, parmi les papiers ayant appartenus au Colonel Bulke qui était notre prisonnier et qui fut tué pour rébellion.

R. L. Denisty
Ex. Cpt. D.R. B.E.F.F.
11/10/28.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

ORIGINAL DOCUMENT BEARING THE RARE AUTOGRAPH OF EDITH CAVELL, ENGLISH MARTYR NURSE OF THE WORLD WAR, FEBRUARY 4, 1914

With memorandum concerning the history of the document by the Belgian officer from whom the autograph was obtained:

"The Paper bearing the signature of Mrs. E. Cavell was obtained by me from the papers which belonged to Colonel Bulke who was our prisoner and who was killed for mutiny.

R. L. Denisty
Ex. Cpt. D.R. B.E.F.F.
11/10/28"

commanding a freighter, which had reached New York the day before.

"Do you mind," he asked, in excellent English, "if I look around a bit?"

"Not at all," I replied.

For a while he idled about the shop inspecting the framed autographs displayed on its walls. Then abruptly he came to my desk, thrust his hand into his coat pocket and brought out a small piece of paper.

"This perhaps may interest you," he said. A few sentences in French were written on it: "Feb. 4, 1914. . . . Received 400 francs for the services of a nurse. : . . Edith Cavell."

"Is this," I asked, "the signature of Edith Cavell, the English nurse?" The lean Belgian smiled.

"It is," he replied.

"Where did you get it?" He smiled again.

"From the German officer who killed her!"

Interesting, if true, as the saying goes. "But was not that officer himself killed about the time of the Armistice?" I asked. I am always on guard against these too casual autograph finds. "You were, I presume, fighting with the Belgians?"

"The answer to both is yes," he replied.

"Then how did you . . . ?"

"You want to know," he interrupted, "how I came upon this piece of paper. Well, I obtained it from the German officer." He shrugged his shoulders. "I was with him when he died. I was in charge of the men who killed him. With my own hands—" he paused. Then he finished abruptly: "Well, he is dead. That is enough."

I bought the autograph, one of the very few that have survived

the British martyr nurse, and with it came a story I am not likely to forget. The story may be true or it may not. Certainly it is fantastic—but so are many true stories. The Belgian did not seem to be the sort of man who is given to romancing. He gave his confidence reluctantly; he established his identity with his passport and other documents. He had been decorated by various European governments. Romantic tales have lain behind other autographs, but I know of none more dramatic than that attaching to this slip of paper which came to my hands indirectly from the executioner of Edith Cavell.

Whatever may have been the accuracy of the story, I soon ascertained by comparison with Cavell signatures of known genuineness that the autograph on the scrap of paper which I had acquired was authentic.

Edith Cavell was found guilty by a German court martial of having aided wounded French and British soldiers, made prisoner by the Germans, to escape across the Dutch frontier. One morning she was taken out of the prison in Brussels, led before a firing squad and shot. This was in 1915. The circumstances of her death shocked the world.

"Shortly before the Armistice was signed," the Belgian said, "we captured the German officer who commanded the unit which carried out the sentence of the court. He was inclined to be boastful and readily admitted his part in the affair. Altogether he was a disagreeable person. I was in command of the detachment which had this officer in custody. We had a great deal of difficulty with him. He resisted our regulations for prisoners and finally grew so rebellious that in an untimely row he was killed.

"Among his effects, which I was commissioned to examine, I found this piece of paper. He had apparently kept it for three

years. Just why I don't know. I have preserved it for more than ten years—for a reason you may understand. I have carried it all over the world with me." I purchased this autograph because it was a rare souvenir of one of the most tragic personalities of the World War.

Autographs have a habit of appearing in strange places and in divers fashions. One never can foretell what treasure the morrow may bring forth. The present as well as the past yields its historical, its dramatic, its human mementos in the form of autographs of famous characters. What more touching memento of one of the beloved leaders of the "Lost Cause" could be had than this letter of General George E. Pickett, whose heroic charge at Gettysburg was the high water mark of Confederate hopes, written seven years after Appomattox to Harvey Hough, one of Pickett's aides-de-camp during the war:

> Do you recognize the handwriting? Ah, me, how much of it you have had to copy in the days when hope was still uppermost in our hearts. I, however, long ago ceased to pour out my soul in useless laments. We used always, even to the "last gasp" at Sailors' Creek, meet the enemy boldly and now that we have another and more formidable enemy to encounter, poverty, it will not do to sit down quietly and be captured. So you will observe, Harvey, by the heading of this latter [Washington Life Insurance Co., Gen. Geo. E. Pickett, General Agent] that your old chief is doing what they say Mrs. Dombey would not do, "making an effort" to keep the wolf from the door. After years of skirmishing with said wolf, I have at last obtained the agency for the State of Virginia for the Washington Life. My salary is not sufficient to live on, but, if successful, it will in time increase. But all depends on success.

It was only a few weeks ago that the most inspiring auto-

graph souvenir of the Confederacy that the years have thus far yielded came into my possession. It was a letter, a truly magnificent letter, in the handwriting of the great leader of the Confederate armies, General Robert E. Lee, written shortly after the battle of Chancellorsville, at the zenith of Lee's and of Confederate success. In it he pays a splendid tribute to his comrades in arms, the soldiers of the Confederacy, and refers touchingly to his greatest lieutenant, his "right hand," he himself called him, General Stonewall Jackson, who had led his gray hosts into battle for the last time two weeks before.

Camp Freds., 21 May, 1863.

My dear Sir:

I cordially thank you for the kind sentiments expressed in your note of the 9th Inst. & heartily unite in your commendation of this Army. The country cannot overestimate its worth. There never were such men in any Army before, & there never can be better in any Army again. If properly led they will go anywhere & never falter at the work before them. Since it has pleased Almighty God to take from us the good & great Jackson, may he inspire our Commanders with his unselfish devoted & intrepid spirit, & diffuse his indomitable energy through our ranks. Then indeed we shall be invincible & our country safe.

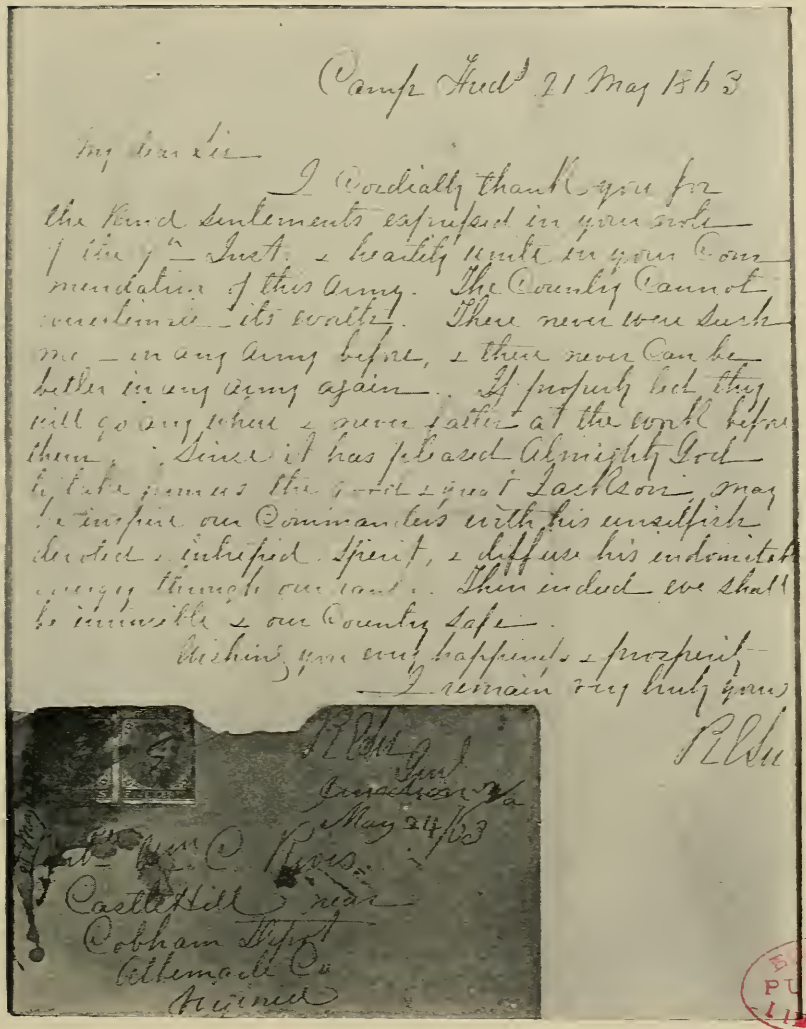
Wishing you every happiness & prosperity

I remain

Very truly yours,

R. E. Lee

One of the most charming and significant letters that it has ever been my good fortune to find came from the pen of Benjamin Franklin. Between its whimsical lines the wisdom of Poor Richard was clearly reflected. The year 1772 found Frank-



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Wishing you every happiness & prosperity

I remain very truly yours

R E Lee

Genl
Lexington Va
May 24/63

Capt. Wm C. Rives
Castle Hill near
Cobham Depot
Albemarle Co
Virginia

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE'S TRIBUTE TO HIS COMRADES IN ARMS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES AND TO HIS GREATEST LIEUTENANT, GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON

General Jackson had been killed two weeks before at the Battle of Chancellorsville. Autograph Letter Signed, May 21, 1863.

lin in London exerting all his great abilities to prevent a rupture between the Colonies and the mother country. While his methods were conciliatory, his independence of character and the candor with which he told unwelcome truths earned the intense dislike of George III and his friends, who regarded Franklin as striving to undermine the royal authority in America. At the same time, on the American side, many of the most radical of the patriots believed Franklin's efforts at mediation as much too conciliatory.

During this stressful period, Franklin found time to write to Miss Georgiana Shipley, a young daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, on the death of her pet squirrel, which had been sent to her from America as a gift from Mrs. Franklin.

"London, 26 September, 1772.

Dear Miss:

I lament with you most sincerely the unfortunate end of poor Mungo. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled far, and seen much of the world. As he had the honor of being, for his virtues, your favorite, he should not go like common skuggs, without an elegy or epitaph. Let us give him one in the monumental style and measure, which, being neither prose nor verse, is perhaps the properest for grief; since to use common language would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

EPITAPH

Alas! poor Mungo!
Happy wert thou hadst thou known
Thine own felicity.
Remote from the fierce bald eagle,

Tyrant of thy native woods,
Thou hadst nought to fear from his piercing talons,
Nor from the murdering gun,
Of the thoughtless sportsman.
Safe in thy wired castle,
Grimalkin never could annoy thee.
Daily wert thou fed with the choicest viands,
By the fair hand of an indulgent mistress;
But, discontented,
Thou wouldst have more freedom.
Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it;
And wandering,
Thou art fallen by the fangs of wanton, cruel Ranger!
Learn hence,
Ye who blindly seek more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels or daughters,
That apparent restraint may be real protection
Yielding peace and plenty
With security.

You see, my dear Miss, how much more decent and proper this broken style is, than if we were to say, by way of epitaph:

Here Skugg
Lies snug
As a bug
In a rug.

And yet there are people in the world of so little feeling as to think this would be a good enough epitaph for poor Mungo.

If you wish it, I shall procure another to succeed him; but perhaps you will now choose some other amusement.

Remember me affectionately to all the good family, and believe me ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN"

This letter is the more interesting when it is recalled that it was at the home of Bishop Shipley, the bereft Georgiana's father, at Twyford, that Franklin, in 1771, began writing his autobiography, which was at first intended as a letter to his son, William Franklin, then Governor of New Jersey. The Mungo epitaph was acquired from me by William Smith Mason of Evanston, Illinois, whose Franklin collection it now adorns.

Better known than his elegy on Mungo, is the epitaph Franklin wrote for himself at the age of twenty-three. Indicative of the philosophy of the great statesman, and reminiscent of the printers' trade, it is said to have been prompted by an illness from which he had some apprehension he would not recover:

The Body of
B. Franklin, Printer,
Like the Cover of an old Book,
Its Contents torn out,
And Stript of its Lettering & Gilding,
Lies here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost;
For it will, as he believed, appear once more
In a new and more elegant Edition
Corrected and improved
By the Author.

The version given is that of the manuscript in Franklin's own handwriting, which, on August 31, 1776, he presented to Samuel Morris, Philadelphia patriot, who took an active part in Revolutionary councils. But one other autograph copy of the epitaph is

known to exist. That is in the Mason collection. The copy in the Franklin papers in the Library of Congress is not in Franklin's hand. The manuscript which is herein reproduced was acquired from me by Richard Gimbel, in whose notable collection it now reposes in the city of Philadelphia, Franklin's adopted home, the scene of his labors, and his final resting place.

Like the Union Jack, the sun never sets on autographs or autograph collectors. I have found and sold autographs in all parts of the globe. I once purchased an interesting collection in Bangkok, Siam. Another important collection came to me from Moscow. I have had occasional requests for my catalogues from Japan and have a collector-customer in India.

The grab-bag of autographs yields no end of surprises. There may be humor, such as this quatrain from the pen of William Cobbett, distinguished British political writer of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, publisher of *Porcupine's Gazette,* sent on February 5, 1798, to "Good Master Young":

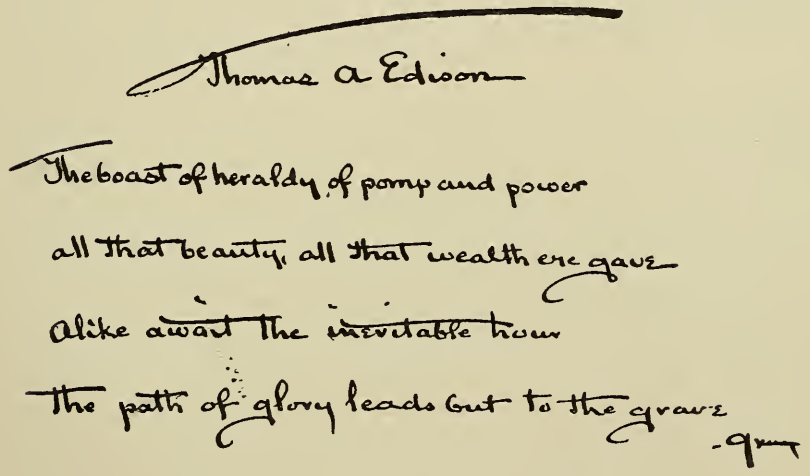
I can not send the whole amount,
With Christian patience watch and wait;
Take fifty dollars on account
And give the bearer a receipt.

Sometimes an autograph tells the story of the financial difficulties to which great geniuses are prone. Such a letter is that written by one of the great men of modern times, Thomas A. Edison, who, at the age of twenty-eight, on November 11, 1875, thus addressed Albert B. Chandler—it was the year before Edison set up his batteries and test-tubes at Menlo Park:

"A. B. C. ~~D~~.

~~Have you any idea? Of course you have? Do you think Of course you think~~ What I am trying to say grammatically is, can you pay one of the smallest of my bills tomorrow? If you can't it won't work any extraordinary hardship with me, but if you could, I think under the benign influence of the comely greenbacks, this beautiful world of ours would enhance in beauty, new wonders in the never ending evolution, revolution and cycloidical transformation of things inorganic into things organic would become conspicuously apparent to my optical nerves.

EDISON



EDISON QUOTES GRAY'S ELEGY INCORRECTLY
An Interesting Autographic Souvenir of the Great Inventor

Here is a twenty-four-page notebook entirely in the handwriting of a great American inventor of an earlier day, young Robert Fulton, in which he details his plans for a steamboat long before the keel of the *Clermont* was laid. "Experiments and calculations of propelling boats with steam engines," he calls it, and

it is illustrated with quaint sketches by the inventor which are not quite up to his standard as an excellent portrait painter. This is his daring prophecy in the summer of 1802: "High speeds of ten and twelve miles an hour may be reached in the future."

These are but a few of the thousands of autographs that have passed through my hands since I made my début as an autograph dealer more than twenty years ago. It was in 1907 that I began my apprenticeship with my father, the late Patrick F. Madigan, who had been for many years a bookseller in New York City and in the northern part of the State. About 1909 he began to deal extensively in autographs and my experience in this field dates from that time.

CHAPTER III

Saints and Sinners

How and What to Collect—Specialization versus Generalization—Autographs of American Composers—A Private's Letter Describing a Battle More Valuable Than a General's Letter to his Tailor—Private Bacheller Describes the Battle of Saratoga—The Last Letter of Father Damien, the Martyr of the Lepers—Cardinal Mundelein's Collection of Autographs of Saints—The Rare Autographs of John Wilkes Booth and Mrs. Surratt—Famous Love Letters—Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

I have often been asked, "What is the best way to go about autograph collecting?" The best advice to the beginner, it seems to me, is that a good autograph collection is made much as one assembles the units of a sound financial investment. I do not use this comparison as a means of putting autograph collecting on a strict financial basis, because if autographs hold no sentimental or cultural appeal for the would-be collector I should certainly advise him to stick to preferred stocks and bonds. But I do mean that the collector, since he is, after all, devoting some portion of a presumably hard-earned capital to his hobby, should use as much intelligence and discretion in acquiring autographs as he does in purchasing securities. The latter must be gilt-edged; why not the former also?

The investment analogy must not be pushed too far, however, because in one essential detail the field of stocks and bonds and the field of autographs are as the poles apart. In the former the

wise investor wants diversification. In the latter the intelligent autograph collector wants exactly the opposite. His collection must be, or at any rate should be, aimed toward a specific group —assuming that he lacks the time or means, as most people do lack one or the other, or both, for completeness in everything.

It is obvious that a collection of autographs, say of the Presidents of the United States, with each President represented by a letter of some historic or personal significance, will have more lasting interest than a potpourri of miscellaneous autographs. Likewise such a collection is stronger intrinsically as an ensemble than a miscellaneous gathering of unrelated material. Contents are of primary importance in a collection of autographs, just as in an individual letter. A collection of mere signatures of authors, soldiers, statesmen and other classes of celebrities generally has no other significance than as examples of their penmanship. With few exceptions, routine and colorless documents are of little more importance—the sole justification for preserving them is that they are souvenirs. Letters that have significant contents, however, are actual pages of history and biography. The collector who has any share in preserving them and passing them on to succeeding generations is a benefactor to posterity.

The autograph collector has a real obligation to future generations in that he is custodian without portfolio, as it were, of historic treasures. The letters and documents of his collection have come down through the years and may survive for centuries to come. Consider what a source of pleasure and inspiration it is to possess original letters of Washington, Napoleon, Lincoln! They are treasures to-day and will be treasured even more to-morrow. Of how few of our physical possessions can this be said? The best advice I can offer to the beginner is to concentrate rather

than to diffuse, to specialize rather than to generalize. It is more prudent to form a collection of, let us say, English and American *belles lettres* than to accumulate odds and ends spread over all history and literature—a collection, in short, that has a bit of everything but is strong in nothing.

The beginner in autograph collecting need not necessarily plunge at once among the rarities. If literary names attract him he may, for example, begin by forming a collection of the great American humorists, which would include Mark Twain, Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Eugene Field and Finley Peter Dunne—none of them expensive. Or, if he is a lover of music, he may collect the autographs of famous composers and musicians, possibly with special emphasis on American composers or song-writers, such as Stephen Collins Foster, Samuel W. Woodworth, Daniel E. Emmett, Edward MacDowell and Victor Herbert. Joseph Muller, of Closter, N. J., who has formed such a collection in the intervals between his journeyings to distant ports, has made a really extraordinary assemblage of American musical autographs. The letter of Stephen Foster which he possesses is the most interesting example of this excessively rare autograph I have seen. It came to me from descendants of Foster's correspondent. To judge from the number of his autographs that have made their appearance during the past quarter of a century, it is no exaggeration to say that Gwinnett's autograph is common compared with Foster's.

Stephen Collins Foster was born not on the banks of the Suwanee River but in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1826. The first of his famous songs, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," was composed when he was sixteen. Within a short time his melodies were heard everywhere, and to this day they preserve their imperishable popu-

larity. At the presentation of the motion picture "The Covered Wagon" I was surprised to hear the strains of "O Susannah" employed as a refrain in one of the most effective pieces of incidental music that has yet been written for the movies. This was interesting to me not only because of the Foster melody, but also because the score was the product of the pen of Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, who is an enthusiastic collector of autographs of celebrated composers.

Foster died before he was thirty-eight, but he produced over one hundred and twenty separate compositions, a great number of which were tremendously successful. Hundreds of thousands of copies were printed of "O Susannah," "Nelly was a Lady," "Old Black Joe," "Nellie Bly," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Folks at Home." Eminent vocalists introduced them at concerts both in America and abroad, and the words were translated into as many foreign languages as a modern best seller. "Old Black Joe," which he brought out in 1861, was the last of Foster's negro melodies. Thereafter he shaped his haunting tunes to sentimental ballads. But never did he duplicate the success and popularity that came with "Old Folks at Home," of which nearly one million copies were quickly sold, and for the privilege of singing which in public the celebrated Christy's minstrels paid the then astonishing sum of $500.

Foster's songs, destined to be so beloved and so enduring, brought him a degree of fame but little or no monetary reward, and he died in poverty. He was a versatile man of culture, a linguist of some attainments, and a respectable water colorist. His lyrical serenade, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," is one of the most beautiful compositions of its kind ever written by an American.

Cincinnati May 25, 1849

Mr. Wm C. Miller

Dear Sir

I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 21st inst. and to give you what information I can touching the subject of your inquiry.

I gave manuscript copies of each of the Songs "Louisiana Belle" — "Uncle Ned" — & "Oh, Susanna" to several persons before I gave them to Mr. Peters for publication, but in neither instance with any permission nor restriction in regard to publishing them, unless contained in a letter to Mr Peters accompanying the m.s. of "Uncle Ned" although of this I am doubtful. Mr Peters has my receipt for each of the Songs.

The only information which I can give you in regard to dates, as my memory does not serve me, must be in copying the years named on the title-pages of the Cincinnati publications, from which I infer that "Louisiana Belle" was Copy-righted in 1847 — the others in 1848.

If I see Mr. Peters (who lives in our city) I will give you further information in regard to the letter which I wrote him. I have the honor, sir, to subscribe myself

Very Respectfully Yours

Stephen C. Foster

PUBLIC LIBRARY

RARE AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED OF STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

Author of "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," and other famous songs, referring to "O Susannah!", "Uncle Ned," and "Louisiana Belle," May 25, 1849.

I may have dwelt overlong on Foster. My purpose has been to show the manner of men and names and in some degree the opportunities latent in rather untrodden fields of collecting. Such autographs as Foster's have rarity and interest, and compared with what collectors must pay for more sought-for material in the more actively prospected fields, these autographs may be said to be on the bargain counter.

Emma Willard is another interesting personality among the early American lyricists. Few have heard her name, but every one has heard her song. She was a poet of note in her day. But "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," I venture to predict, will be a challenge to basses, good, bad and indifferent as long as vocal cords survive. Not long ago the manuscript of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" came into my possession. It is now in the Muller collection. It is dated July 14, 1831, aboard the good ship *Sully*. It was on that vessel, after a violent storm, that Emma Willard wrote her famous song. She was one person at least who went to sea before writing about it. As she lived to a ripe old age and was a prolific letter writer her autograph is neither scarce nor of much value, although the manuscript of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" is quite another matter. On the other hand Foster's autograph, either in letters or manuscripts, is extremely rare. Few of his letters and fewer still of his manuscripts have made their appearance in the autograph market; and still they do not as yet command high prices.

Although the prestige of the writer is undeniably a substantial factor in the determination of autograph values, it is by no means absolutely essential. Observe these two letters that one Nathaniel Bacheller wrote to his wife. Who was Bacheller? You will not find his name in history, nor did he ever write a song. He was

just one of the hundreds of New Hampshire farmers who took their horses from the fields, fetched their flint-locks from the kitchen, and galloped away towards Saratoga to block the thrust of Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne's invaders.

"Letters are appendices to history," Bacon wrote, "the best instructors in history, and the best histories." An old gray mare took Bacheller from his quiet pastures into the maelstrom of war, and these two casual "appendices" that he contributed to history, the first written a few days before the Battle of Bemis Heights and the second shortly after American riflemen had forced Burgoyne into desperate retreat, are more vivid than the historian's scholarly résumé of the Battle of Saratoga could ever be. They are more interesting and more significant, and incidentally more valuable commercially, than letters of General Gates or General Burgoyne on topics of no special import. A private's letter describing a battle in which he took an active part is more valuable than a general's letter to his tailor.

Militiaman Bacheller's two letters were addressed to his wife at East Kingston, New Hampshire. The first describes the Battle of Stillwater, a lively prelude to the general engagement:

Dear Wife,

I am well and hope these lines find you and our children all well. The old mare brought me up well through thick and thin. A worse road Nature never formed than it was from the river to Bennington. . . . There was a fight between the main armies. Our army lost three field officers and about 270 men killed, wounded and missing; and about twice times that number of the enemy. . . . We hear the ground was disputed inch by inch and that there was a set of field pieces taken and retaken five times by the parties of each side, being reinforced, but at length ours were masters of the

field. There is something serious nigh at hand; they tell us of cutting off Burgoyne's retreat to Tyc [Ticonderoga] by the boats being destroyed at Lake George, but I doubt much of it. The militia are coming in very fast. . . .

The "something serious nigh at hand" that Militiaman Bacheller sensed was nothing short of the critical Battle of Saratoga—one of the decisive battles of history. Presently it was all over. General Gates and his militiamen were in command of the field, and Bacheller, on October 14, 1777, found time to tell the "little woman" about it.

. . . The cannon were there playing very briskly upon the enemy's lines at the river, which continued all day, which the enemy returned very warmly but did our party little damage, excepting wounding one general officer and one fine man. [Was there ever a private in any army who did not draw the same distinction?] At night the fire ceased and in the morning General Gates received a letter from the murdering General Burgoyne that he and all his forces had left their lines and carried off all except three hundred wounded and sick and desired General Gates to take good care of them, a very poor booty indeed but we were obliged to accept it.

The same morning we were ordered to turn all out and march, but it came on so rainy that the General said it would kill all the men, and ordered us not to march. But our camps were such as that we had as good as march all day in the rain as to be in them for their covering was nothing but bushes. The rainy day a number of us went over the ground where the Grand Battle was fought . . . Where our men took the artillery the dead lay as thick on the ground over a large piece as ever I saw rock heaps lay in a field where it is extremely rocky . . . an awful sight to behold. . . . God grant I may make a wise improvement of such an awful scene.

> The tenth day the whole army was ordered to strike their tents and march after the enemy. Unhappily for our men we did not have any tents to strike, but that of them that was well enough marched. . . . Some imagine that the enemy will come to terms honorable to our side as the army has got them surrounded on all sides and volunteers are hourly coming to our assistance. . . .

These two letters were recently sold for $250. It would be an excellent pair of Gates or Burgoyne letters that would command as much. As for Private Bacheller, after his two epistolary contributions to history he disappeared, let us hope astride the old gray mare, headed for wife and home.

In autograph collecting as in most things the spectacular, the radical, the extreme always command attention. As there is usually something of each of these characteristics in the sinner and in the saint as well, that is probably the reason that their autographs have such an appeal for those of us whose feet are set in uneventful ways. The letters of the typical "man in the street" excite no one. There are too many of him. There is nothing of contrast or color about him. Among the few personalities of modern times who, though uncanonized, deserve the halo of the saint, must be placed Father Damien, the martyr of the leper colony of Molakai, who shut with his own hand the door of his sepulcher. He died of the dread disease whose victims he had labored so valiantly to aid.

Father Damien, the name in religion of Joseph de Veuster, was born at Tremeloo, near Louvain, Belgium, on January 3, 1840. In his nineteenth year he entered the novitiate of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary at Louvain, an order familiarly known as the Picpus Fathers. In 1863, while still in

minor orders, he went as a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, taking the place of his brother, who had been prevented from going by illness. He arrived in Honolulu in March of the following year and shortly afterwards was ordained. His fervid zeal and robust constitution soon distinguished him among his fellow missionaries and both in Hawaii and later in Molakai he not only administered the consolations of religion, but also rendered the natives medical services and bodily comforts as well. With his own hands he built their chapels and houses, made their coffins and dug their graves.

It was in 1873 that Father Damien, hearing of the pitiable condition of the lepers on the Island of Molakai, volunteered his services, with the sanction of his bishop, to those afflicted with the loathsome disease. On this bleak rocky island there had grown up a leper settlement where the Hawaiian Government had segregated the sufferers. There these unfortunates were left to live or die with little or no medical attention, often without even the necessities of life. When Father Damien, moved with pity for their plight, came to live and work among them there were 600 lepers on the island. "As long as the lepers can care for themselves," wrote the superintendent of the Board of Health to Bishop Maigret, "they are comparatively comfortable; but as soon as the dreadful disease renders them helpless, it would seem that even demons themselves would pity their condition and hasten to their relief."

For a long time Father Damien alone brought to the lepers the succor of which they were in such woeful need. After twelve years of his charitable ministrations, dressing their ulcers, comforting the dying, burying the dead, replacing the wretched hovels of the days before his coming with decent houses, giving them a

proper water supply, he at length discovered in himself the symptoms of leprosy. Nevertheless, assisted at this period by two other priests and two lay brothers, he continued his heroic work until March, 1888, when he became helpless from the ravages of the disease and died shortly afterwards, having given fifteen years to the service of the lepers.

It was Robert Louis Stevenson who first turned the eyes of the world toward this obscure and hideous vineyard when he wrote his superb philippic against Father Damien's detractor, the Rev. Dr. C. M. Hyde, a Presbyterian minister of Honolulu. In his famous "Open Letter" Stevenson brilliantly vindicated the memory of the apostle to the lepers. He had visited Molakai shortly after Damien's death and what he learned and saw there caused him to take up his pen against Dr. Hyde. "The point of interest in Damien," wrote Stevenson, "which has caused him to be so much talked about and made him the subject of your pen and mine, was that in him his bigotry, his intense and narrow faith wrought potently for good and strengthened him to be one of the world's heroes and examplars. It was his part by one striking act of martyrdom to direct all men's eyes to that distressful country. At a blow and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public."

"The scene of Damien's labors," writes Graham Balfour in his "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," "is one of the most striking places in the world. A low promontory, some three miles long, with a village upon either side of it, lies at the foot of a beetling precipice, that shuts it off from the remainder of the island to which there is no access except by a most difficult bridle-track. Hither, since 1865, have been sent all persons in the group who are found to have contracted leprosy, and here they are tended by

doctor and priest, by officers and sisters and nurses, until they die. Who can do justice to such a place, to such a scene? Here Stevenson spent a week, and afterwards wrote a fragmentary and incomplete account of his visit. The best record of it is contained in the letters written at the time to his wife, and shortly afterwards to James Payne and Mr. Colvin. The description of his landing cannot be omitted. 'Our lepers were sent (from the steamer),' wrote Stevenson, 'in the first boat, about a dozen, one poor child very horrid, one white man leaving a large grown family behind him in Honolulu, and then into the second stepped the sisters and myself. I do not know how it would have been with me had the sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy; I turned round to her, and said something like this: 'Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome. I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed to me; I thank you for myself and the good you do me.' It seemed to cheer her up; but indeed I had scarce said it when we were at the landing-stairs, and there was a great crowd, hundreds of (God save us!) pantomime masks in poor human flesh, waiting to receive the sisters and the new patients.'"

Without doubt Damien wrote few letters and it is not unlikely that many of those which came from his pen during the leper colony days were destroyed by the recipients. Through a very unusual chain of circumstances, the only two letters of Father Damien that, as far as I know, ever made their appearance came

into my possession. As a result of my having sent a donation toward the reconstruction of a school at Malines, Belgium, which had been destroyed during the World War, I made the acquaintance of Reverend Sister Ignatius, a venerable religious, who had personally known Father Damien in Belgium before he had gone to Hawaii, and from her I obtained these two striking letters. One of them, written to his mother before he had contracted the disease, tells of his work among the lepers. The other, a beautiful letter, a relic of a saint, it might well be called, was addressed to Sister Ignatius herself, tells of his contracting leprosy, and seeks news of his family which, as families are wont to do, somehow failed to appreciate the magnitude of his sacrifice. In all probability this was Father Damien's last letter:

Sister Ignatius:

With gratitude and thanks I endorse all that good Brother Joseph says to you. Do try to have a word to say to my brother, Father Pamphile, and to my nieces. They treat me as if they were ashamed of my having caught this disease. As a result of nursing the lepers I have become a leper myself and I strive to bear bravely the terrible burden, which the good God has seen fit to lay upon me. Pray for me and tell Father Pamphile that I hope to hear from him and from the family very soon.

Yours very gratefully,

J. Damien de Veuster

Little more than a month after this letter was written Father Damien died, but his name will forever live as one of the world's great martyrs. The letter has added interest, an American interest, from the fact of its bearing also a message from another hero of the Molakai colony, Brother Joseph Dutton, a Vermonter and a

veteran of the Civil War, who, upon hearing of Father Damien's work, terminated his prosperous mundane affairs in the United States and joined the priest on the pathetic bit of earth in the Pacific. Three years after Brother Joseph had come Father Damien died. Now an octogenarian, he is still carrying on the work. Since he touched foot on the island nearly forty years ago he has never left it.

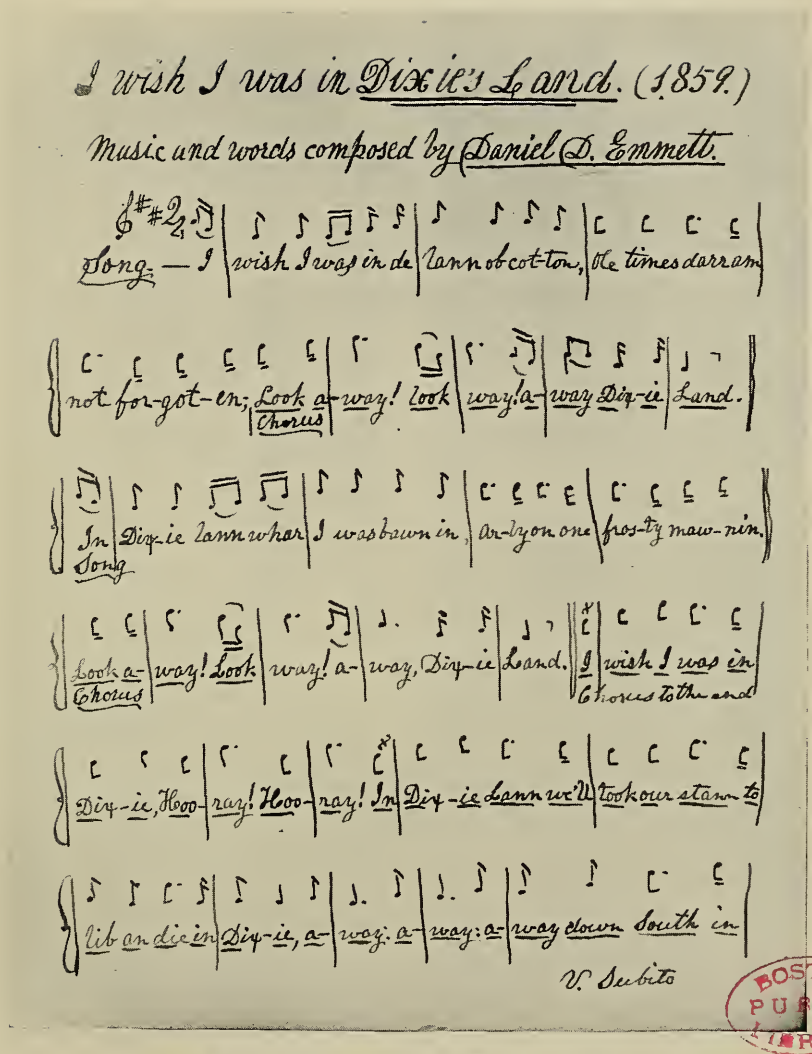
To many it will come as a surprising revelation that letters of the saints are procurable. Perhaps I should say were procurable. For although I have brought to light many of them during the past twenty years, they have recently come to be what the French call "presque introuvable."

No consideration of autographs of the saints can be complete without reference to the remarkable collection formed by His Eminence, Cardinal George W. Mundelein, of Chicago, in the gathering of which I had no small part. Consisting of over three hundred letters, practically all of them A.L.S. of saints, canonized and beatified, it is unquestionably the most important and extensive collection of its kind in the world, with the possible exception of that in the Vatican archives. The collection is contained in some forty volumes and includes several examples each of such notable figures in Church and world history as St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis de Sales, St. Charles Borromeo, Pope St. Pius V and St. Paul of the Cross. The gem of the collection is a letter of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, who died in 1591 at the age of twenty-three. This extremely rare and precious letter is addressed to his mother. The collection also includes an excessively rare letter of St. Teresa, founder of the Order of Discalced (barefooted) Carmelite Nuns, a truly great woman, who died in the year 1582. There are also letters of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi and of two

of the recently canonized saints, Peter Canisius and Gabriel of the Sorrowful Mother. Included also in the collection are more than eighty letters of the Blessed Cardinal Bellarmine, famous theologian and scholar, soon to be canonized, whose writings are said to have influenced Benjamin Franklin.

Turning from the saints to the sinners one finds no scarcity of "damaged souls," whose derelictions won for them a niche in history and therefore a place in the autograph collector's cabinet. Of course, the name of John Wilkes Booth stands out in unenviable prominence. The man who slew Lincoln is one of the desirable villains—paradoxical thought—in the autographic rogues' gallery. For letters of his are of great rarity and they fetch a considerable sum of money. There is an unusual reason for this. Following the assassination such was the public wrath against the conspirators, such the hue and cry raised, that persons in any way connected with Booth or his associates were in danger of being implicated. As a result a wholesale destruction of his letters undoubtedly followed. There is no doubt that many of his former friends, horrified by his deed, destroyed any memento of his in their possession. This supposition alone can explain the disappearance of his correspondence; for he was a great matinee idol in his day and his "fan" mail must have been considerable.

Consequently, the autograph of John Wilkes Booth presents a problem to the collector of Lincolniana. In twenty years I have seen but three or four of his letters. One of them is before me as I write. A more interesting example, however, I sold several years ago. It was an erratic letter, written, as I remember, from St. Joseph, Mo., about 1863, and its contents well reflect Booth's cracked-brained proclivities. Its several pages dealt almost ex-



AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF "DIXIE"

The celebrated Southern air, "I Wish I was in Dixie's Land" entirely in the handwriting of its author, Daniel D. Emmett. Following the song is a note by Emmett regarding its history, as follows:

"'Dixie's Land' was composed for the famous Bryant's Minstrels of New York in the Spring of 1849 and, through their effective rendition, it became immensely popular and was ultimately chosen as the Southern National Air."

clusively with a misfortune that had befallen him. He related that on a bitter cold day as he was riding on the stagecoach, the vehicle struck a hole in the road and his whisky flask was jolted from his pocket. Even as the actor jumped out to rescue it, the wheels of another coach following rolled over the container and crushed it. In an endeavor to save its contents, Booth wrote, he sank on his knees in the snow and endeavored to retrieve as much of the precious fluid as he could with his lips.

Rarer even than Booth's is the autograph of Mary E. Surratt, at whose boarding house it will be recalled Booth and his fellow conspirators plotted the assassination of Lincoln. She "kept the nest where the egg was hatched," they said. Drawn into the mesh of the conspiracy by sheer mischance, sealing her fate through her own stupidity, Mrs. Surratt stands as the most pathetic figure among all those who were involved in the terrible tragedy of the 14th of April, 1865. It would be difficult to obtain a more striking picture of this unfortunate woman than that which she gives of herself in a letter I now possess. It was written shortly before she went to live in Washington where, in greatly reduced circumstances, she began keeping the small boarding house on H Street which was destined to become the rendezvous of Booth and his associates. The letter is addressed to her parish priest and seeks his assistance in procuring employment for one of her sons in order to remove the boy from the evil influence of a besotted father. Mrs. Surratt mentions her other son John, who was also implicated in the plot and who escaped to Canada and thence to Europe, whence he was brought back to the United States to be tried in 1868. Mrs. Surratt was hanged with three other conspirators on July 7, 1865. Needless to say, her autograph is of the utmost rarity. In fact, I know of but one other

ever having made its appearance. A brief quotation from this pathetic letter follows:

Surrattville, Md.

Dear Father:

Knowing your kind & feeling heart I will entrude on you with a few lines to beg a favour of you which I pray may be in your power to do. As Mr. Surratt will not send Isaac to chool [sic] and I have sent him as long as I have any means, I must now put him to doing of something to get his liveing and it seems impossible to get him a place in Washington. I was advised by a friend to write to you, as it was more likely you could get him a place in some good house, or some other place you would think fit for him. O, I hope, dear Father, you will try and get him something to do as it will be so much better for him to be out of the sight of his Pa, as he is drunk all most every day & I fear there is but little hope of his ever doing any better. O, I could not tell you what a time I see on this earth. I try to keep it all from the world on account of my poor children. . . .

Of much commoner occurrence and, therefore, less valuable is the autograph of Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. During the months that he was in jail while Garfield fought vainly for life, Guiteau carried on a voluminous correspondence. I have had many of the letters that came from his incoherent pen during that period. Guiteau, who was a lawyer of a sort, had always been in the habit of writing such letters, and prison bars did not abate the practice. There is one in my files at this moment addressed to the venerable editor of the New York *Herald,* James Gordon Bennett, whom Guiteau had sued for libel. In it he demands that the editor stand forth and "face the music," and more to the same effect.

Turn now from the bitter to the sweet, from the shadows to the sunlight. All the world, proverbially, loves a lover. And all the world, as a consequence, loves love letters, and the more famous the lovers the greater the interest. From the autograph collector's point of view it is a pity that more love letters of famous men and women have not survived. Such letters, amorous word shadows of the great, are on the whole quite scarce. Letters tied up with pink ribbon seem to be less durable than documents of a more prosaic character. But here and there a famous correspondence has survived, one of the most notable being that of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, which was recently presented to Wellesley College by Miss Caroline Hazard, former president of that institution, as a memorial to Alice Freeman Palmer. After the death of the Brownings' son in 1913 these letters were sold at auction in London for £7,500. The price recently paid for them is understood to have been between $75,000 and $100,000. The correspondence between the Brownings is represented almost in its entirety by this collection. It dates from January 10, 1845, to September 18, 1846, the last letter written the day before they left London for Italy, a few days after their secret marriage. Afterwards, it is said, they were never separated and therefore exchanged no letters.

Few, very few of the letters that passed between Napoleon and Josephine have come within range of the collector's power of acquisition. I can imagine no more intriguing souvenir of the "little corporal" than one of his fervid letters to his new wife written during the Italian campaign, after one of his brilliant victories, perhaps by campfire light, protesting his love and urging his indifferent bride to come to him.

Then there is, of course, the celebrated Nelson-Hamilton cor-

respondence which went under the auctioneer's hammer in 1917 when the famous Morrison collection was dispersed. This remarkable correspondence comprised more than one thousand letters and documents including upwards of two hundred of Lord Nelson, and scores of letters of Lady Hamilton, Sir William Hamilton, Charles Greville and others.

Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton show in almost every line the depth and intensity of his passion. Those written to her about the time of the birth of Horatia leave no doubt that he considered himself to be the child's father, but by a curious clumsy attempt at deception, they are addressed to "Mrs. Thompson" and refer to "her child." In an autograph codicil to his will, dated May 25, 1779, Nelson leaves Emma two gold boxes set with diamonds, "as a token of regard and respect for her eminent virtues," and this bequest is confirmed in 1801 with an addition of three thousand pounds. Sometimes Nelson shows himself furiously jealous, particularly when there is a possibility of Lady Hamilton meeting the Prince of Wales, whom he denounces in most uncourtly fashion.

The most remarkable of Lady Hamilton's letters are those addressed to Greville, the earliest being written in 1782. They are full of ill-spelt complaints of ill-requited love and ungrammatical assurances of undying constancy; later on both spelling and grammar improve, bearing witness to Emma's docility and Greville's patient tuition, but the sentiments remain much the same until she becomes Lady Hamilton, when they assume the decorum befitting a lady of title.

There are also many letters from Sir William Hamilton to Nelson, the early letters chiefly on political questions, the later about domestic arrangements, the last of all being a rather pitiful

protest against the position Sir William was made to occupy in his own house. In short, every phase, every incident almost, of their relations is illustrated in these letters upon which, as Captain Mahan remarks, "must necessarily be based such account of Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton, as, unfortunately, cannot be omitted wholly from a life so profoundly affected by them."

A few of Lord Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton have passed through my hands, the most recent of them being the letter quoted in part below:

Amazon, Dungeness,
October 3, 1801.

My Dearest Emma:

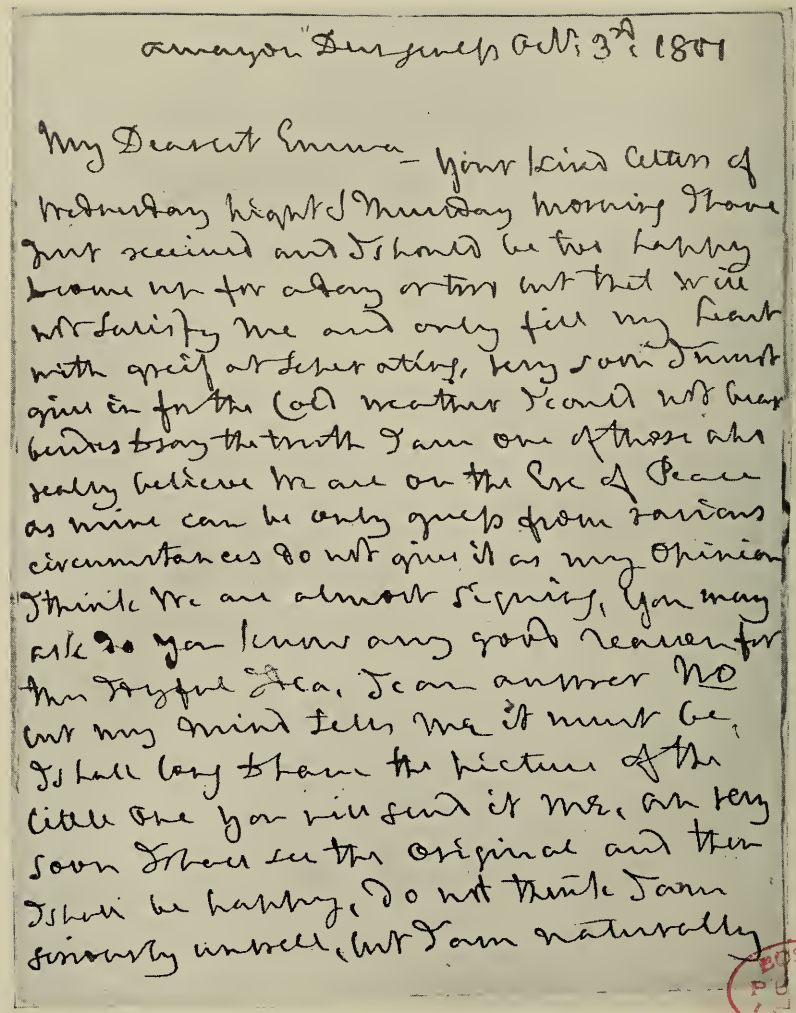
Your kind letters of Wednesday night and Thursday morning I have just received, and I should be too happy to come up for a day or two, but that will not satisfy me and only fill my heart with grief at separating. Very soon I must give in, for the cold weather I could not bear; besides, to say the truth, I am one of those who really believe we are on the eve of Peace. As mine can be only guess from various circumstances, do not give it as my opinion. I think we are almost signing. You may ask, do you know any good reason for this joyful idea. I can answer, No; but my mind tells me it must be. I shall long to have the picture of the little one; you will send it to me; but very soon I shall see the original and then I shall be happy. Do not think I am seriously unwell, but I am naturally very low. What have I to raise my spirits? Nothing. The loss of my friend, the loss of Parker. The Surgeon recommends me to walk on shore, but that I can not do, we lay so far off, and surf. And what is to become of my business? But it can not last long. What you want with the Heraldry I know not. They are devils for running up a bill. I shall not agree to Sir William's keeping house whenever I come. That is impossible.

I hope Mr. Haselwood has done everything to get you into the possession, and for the rent and management I give all up to you. To say, my dear Emma, how much I love, honor and respect your virtues is impossible. The impatient world may be damned as they deserve. Would to God Sir William had staid at Deal. He would have beeen happier with his friends than his great relations. I wonder not at his desire to return and I know all attempts will be made to get up. You know what I mean. But be firm and true to your trust. You keep it in trust for me, and if such a misfortune was to happen that it was got hold of, I believe it would kill me. But I know your care of my interest. I can not write Mr. I. today. I have had a letter from Mr. Turner. He has got the gout, and desires his kind regards. I have had rather a begging letter from Norwich, but I can not at present do anything, for I have nothing. But my Emma, for Heaven's sake never do you talk of having spent any money for me. I am sure you never have to my knowledge and my obligations to you can never be repaid but with my life.

Ever, forever, your faithful till death,

NELSON & BRONTE

Make my kindest regards where proper. Captains Sutton, Bedford, and Gore all enquire after you. Is there any images standing in the grounds? Gore says there is. If so, you will take them away. They look very bad. Oh, God, that I was but with you this moment, Patienza. Pray is our Belmonte dead at Baden? Tell me.



Amazon Dungeness Oct. 3d 1801

My Dearest Emma — Your kind letter of Wednesday night & Thursday morning I have just received and I should be too happy I come up for a day or two but that will not satisfy me and only fill my heart with grief at leaving, very soon I must give in for the Cold weather I could not bear besides to say the truth I am one of those who really believe we are on the Eve of Peace as mine can be only guess from various circumstances do not give it as my Opinion I think we are almost signing, You may ask do you know any good reason for this Joyful Idea, I can answer NO but my mind tells me it must be, I shall long to have the picture of the little One you will send it me, as very soon I shall see the original and then I shall be happy, do not think I am seriously unwell, but I am naturally

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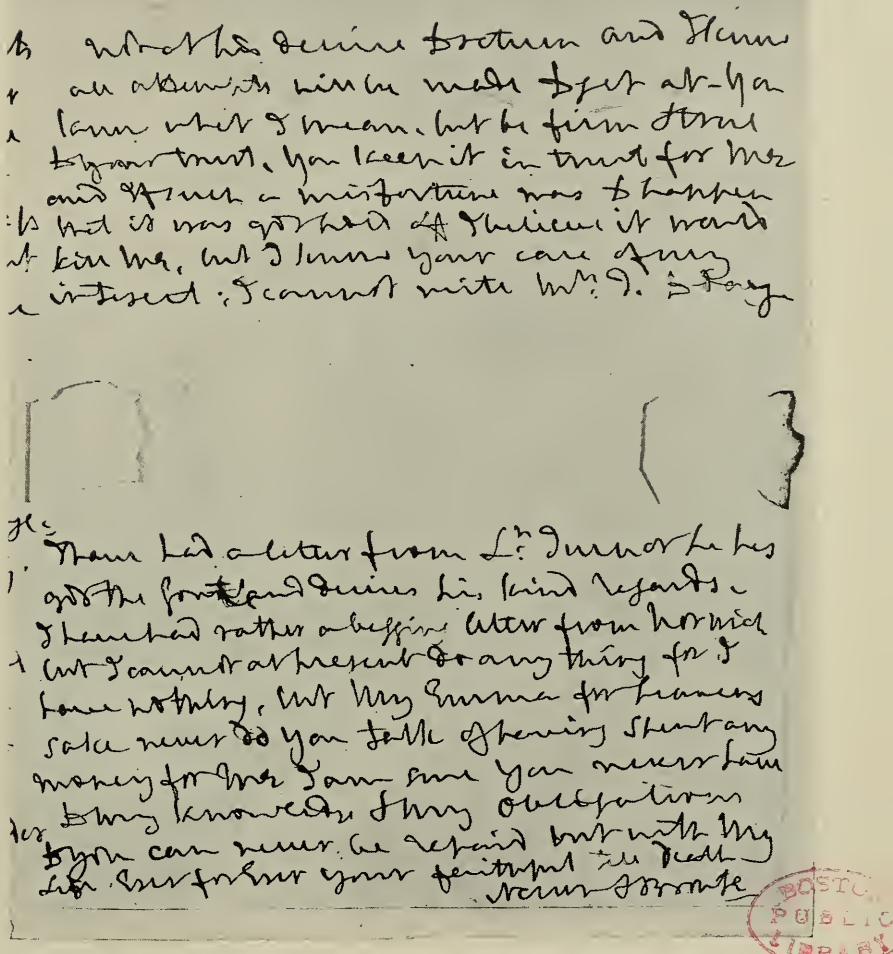
LORD NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON. AN INTENSELY INTERESTING AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED

from the pen of the great English naval hero. It was written on board his ship, "The Amazon," off Dungeness, October 3, 1801.



LAST PAGE OF LORD NELSON'S LETTER TO LADY HAMILTON

CHAPTER IV

How Do You Know It Is Genuine?

The Fabrications of Robert Spring—The Affaire Vrain Lucas—Forged Autographs of Button Gwinnett and Others—The Ubiquitous Galign. ni-Byron Facsimile—The Hahn-Lincoln Lithograph—Other Facsimiles Which Masquerade as Originals—Mistaken Identity—A Responsible Dealer the Collector's Best Protection Against Spurious Autogra 'hs.

In the year 1813 there was born in England a child named Robert Spring, who was destined to make his mark in the world through a singular dexterity in simulating the handwriting of great men. This artful swindler achieved the distinction of winning a place for himself in Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography, the only rogue—at least so labeled—in that six-volume work.

His biography is lamentably vague. Of his life in England before he came to the United States little or nothing is known. He settled in Philadelphia about 1858, tried his hand at bookselling, and chanced to obtain a few important American historical autographs. This minor success put an end to the career of Spring, the bookseller, and initiated the career of Spring, the forger.

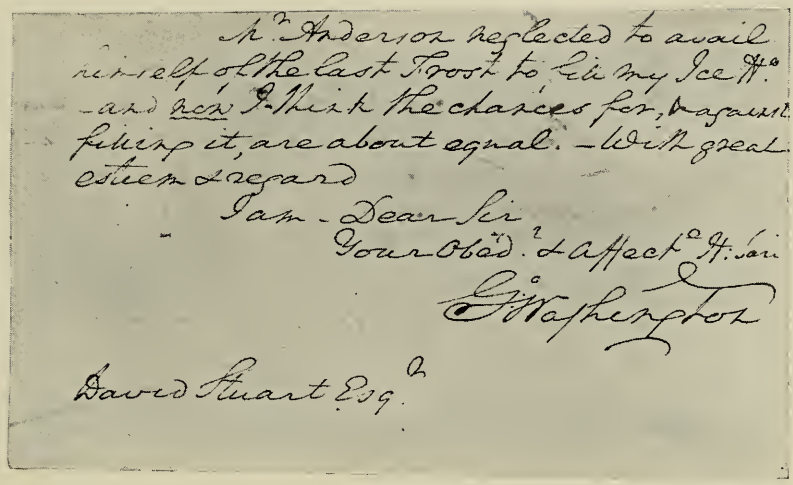
He found no difficulty in selling the autographs and proceeded to meet fresh demands by manufacturing a new supply. He began in a small way, limiting himself to easily counterfeited signatures until he became more skillful. The lack of any knowl-

edge of autographs on the part of his customers and his own clever penmanship were an irresistible combination for his rascality, and before long he was turning out "Washingtons" and "Franklins" with a felicity that might have been envied by those gentlemen themselves. By making use of paper of the correct age and marketing his product in England and in Canada, where his customers were not familiar with the autographs of famous Americans, he avoided detection for several years and brought his "art" to high perfection before his downfall.

The Civil War played into his hands. England, sympathizing with the Confederacy, was interested in Southern military heroes, and many requests for their autographs came to Spring. He obliged with intriguing ingenuity. Assuming the name of "Fanny Jackson," daughter of Stonewall Jackson, he represented that poverty alone constrained "her" to part with "her" possessions. Pity the poor British investors, already scuttled by Confederate bond salesmen, now stocking up with Robert Spring's counterfeit autographs! After a varied career that carried him into Canada and England and obscured him under a dozen aliases, Spring died in Philadelphia in 1876—but his forgeries go marching on.

Judging from the many specimens of his handiwork I have seen, there is no doubt that he was a skillful penman; but he was lacking in imagination, or else the demand for his spurious productions was so brisk that he never had time to concoct new copy. Time and again the identical documents appear. His favorite was the following:

> Permission is granted to Mr. Ryerson, with his negro man, Dick, to pass and repass the picket at Ramapo.
>
> Go. Washington



Mr. Anderson neglected to avail himself of the last Frost to fill my Ice Hº. — and now I think the chances for, & against filling it, are about equal. — With great esteem & regard

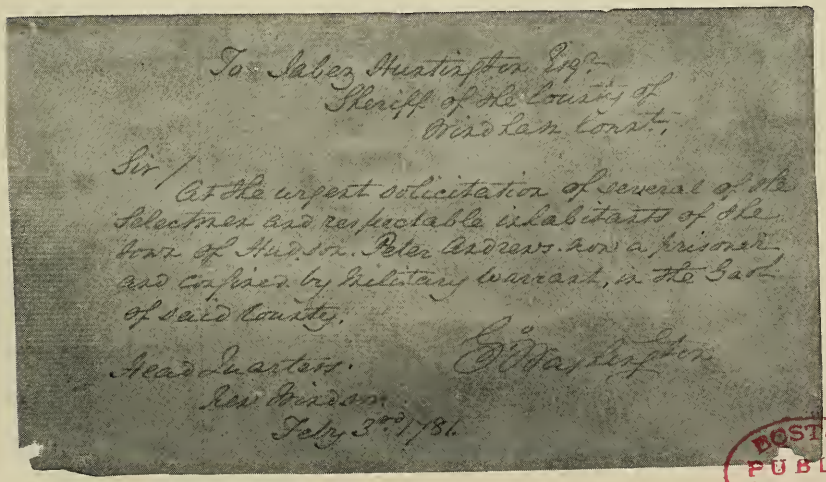
I am — Dear Sir

Your Obedt. & Affectº. H. Sarr

G. Washington

David Stuart Esqr.

THE CONCLUDING LINES OF AN AUTHENTIC AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, SHOWING HIS FREE-FLOWING, BOLD SIGNATURE



To Jabez Huntington Esqr.
Sheriff of the County of
Windham Count.

Sir/

At the urgent solicitation of several of the Selectmen and respectable inhabitants of the town of Hudson. Peter Andrews now a prisoner and confined by Military warrant, in the Gaol of said County.

G. Washington

Head Quarters.
New Windsor.
Feby 3rd 1781.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

FORGED AUTOGRAPH OF WASHINGTON BY ROBERT SPRING

Note the small writing, characteristic of nearly all of Spring's forgeries. Also observe the very faulty, hesitating capital "G" of the signature and many similar evidences that the letter was drawn rather than written.

Heaven knows how many times the indefatigable Spring caused "Mr. Ryerson and his negro man, Dick," to pass the picket at Ramapo—so often, I am sure, that the two might have constituted the first important traffic jam in American history. Times without number during the past twenty-five years this identical Spring forgery has been offered me, and invariably the owner has insisted that the precious document had been in the possession of his or her family for fifty years or more. I have never doubted the claim for a moment—as Spring died more than fifty years ago.

Although it cannot be gainsaid that Spring's Washington forgeries are rather well executed, nevertheless, when examined with care and compared with genuine autographs of Washington, their falsity becomes evident. A striking characteristic of Washington's handwriting is its unfailing firmness. The letters and words are continuous, free flowing, quite rapidly executed, the strokes bold and unhesitating. This is particularly observable in the capital "G" of the signature, whereas in the Spring model the "G" is wavering and faulty, drawn rather than written. Moreover Spring, conscious of the difficulties of his craft, purposely perpetrated his forgeries in letters smaller than Washington customarily employed, for the reason that, being smaller, they were more likely to pass inspection, since their faults did not stand out so plainly. This reduction also had the advantage of lending itself more readily to quantity production.

Curiously, Spring's own autograph is a rarity to-day. I have seen but two of his letters, both of which are now in my possession. One is dated from Baltimore, August 27, 1863, and with it he sends his correspondent, one William S. Herriman of Brooklyn, an autograph letter of Martin Luther, "which please accept as a present." Beware the Greeks bearing gifts! Spring had prob-

ably produced the Luther letter the night before, allowing time for the ink to dry. This Herriman was apparently a good customer, for a short time later Spring sent him two checks signed by Washington, his "specialties," for which he charged $10 each. These Washington checks seem to have sold well, for Spring, to impress his client with the bargain he was getting, added, "I sent several of these checks to England and received for all sold Five Pounds Sterling." Toward the end of his life Spring spent a good part of his time being arrested, pleading contriteness and getting caught all over again. He finally died in poverty.

The name of Spring does not stand alone in the roster of forgers of autographs. There have been others, more or less clever than he, and there probably will be others still, though fortunately the likelihood of their succeeding is decreasing as the legitimate traffic in autographs becomes, from the point of view of dealer and collector alike, more and more an exact science. It is doubtful, for instance, if any forger will ever equal the success of M. Vrain Lucas, if only for the reason that it is unlikely that so ingenious a rogue will ever again encounter so gullible a victim as M. Michel Chasles. The tale has often been told, but it is so amusing, so interesting, so astonishing in some of its aspects, that it will bear a brief retelling. The narrative of "l'affaire Vrain Lucas" reads more like a chapter from the writings of a French romancer than the actual account of the machinations of an amazing charlatan.

About the middle of the nineteenth century Vrain Lucas, a Frenchman of middle age and respectable education, tempted by the high prices then being paid for autographs, hit upon what he believed to be a simple method for making a fortune. And so it proved—as long as his luck lasted.

There also lived in France at that time a distinguished mathe-

matician, Michel Chasles, who was also widely known as a collector. To him came Lucas with a preposterous but persuasive yarn. Lucas was provocatively mysterious. He knew of a magnificent collection that would delight the scientist. It had belonged to the Comte de Boisjourdain who, emigrating to America in 1790, had been lost at sea. His collection of autographs had been rescued, however, and returned to France more than fifty years later, and now Lucas was empowered to sell it. M. Chasles was interested. Indeed, he would be a willing purchaser of some of the documents if they turned out to be as important as M. Lucas had represented. That was all the encouragement Lucas needed. Presently he was manufacturing autographs on a magnificent scale, surpassing anything that the most ambitious forger had ever before attempted. Within a period of eight years he turned out no less than twenty-seven thousand "priceless" pieces, and M. Chasles, who was not given to haggling, paid 140,000 francs for them!

Rascal though he was, Lucas certainly was not what a later generation would call a piker. The greatest names intrigued his pen. Would M. Chasles like a letter from Dante, Shakespeare, Luther, Cervantes, Spinoza? Very well, he would have it on the morrow. Or, perchance, he would rather have a letter of Judas Iscariot to Mary Magdalen; from Alcibiades to Pericles; from Attila, from Mahomet, or a passionate epistle from Cleopatra to Cæsar, or even a letter written by Lazarus after his resurrection. M. Chasles had only to evince the least interest and the tireless Lucas stood ready to assuage his slightest autographic whim. It seems almost incredible that Chasles, a scientist of reputation, could have fallen a victim to such a preposterous swindle. His advanced age may to some extent account for his simplicity. At

all events, he seems to have had complete faith in his "agent" up to the moment of the latter's exposure.

The unmasking of Lucas came abruptly, although the suspicion of certain of Chasles' colleagues in the French Academy of Sciences had already been aroused. With great ceremony the scientist had laid before the Academy letters from the famous Pascal to Sir Isaac Newton purporting to claim that Pascal, not Newton, was the discoverer of the law of gravitation. A tremendous discovery in itself, if true. The world of science was stirred with controversy. In the end the argument shifted to the authenticity of the letters. The blow fell when the English scholar, Sir David Brewster, showed that Newton was a lad of eight when Pascal supposedly took him so brusquely to task.

All in all, it was a sad experience for M. Chasles, and he was so thoroughly chastened, so eager to have done with the whole dreadful affair, that he at first refused to make public the name of his "benefactor." But in the end he submitted to the wishes of his friends, and early in 1870 Lucas was tried and convicted of swindling, for which he was sentenced to two years in jail and fined 500 francs. Thus ended one of the most celebrated hoaxes in history. It was indeed a weird affair. For although Lucas stooped to the transparent artifice of browning his productions against a lamp flame to give them the semblance of age, he had no compunctions against using paper manufactured by the mills of Angoulème, whose water mark stood forth boldly in it. And as if that were not obvious enough, he had Cleopatra indite her rapturous letters to Cæsar in modern French!

Of far greater pretensions intellectually than Spring or Lucas were the two noted Englishmen, William Henry Ireland of the Shakespeare forgeries, and Thomas Chatterton, the poet-forger.

Chatterton, of course, is hardly in the same class with the others, since he at least wrote beautiful and original poetry and was not attempting to obtain money under false pretenses. There were also the Scotchman, Alexander Howland Smith, and the young Englishman, George Gordon Byron, who, pretending to be a natural son of the poet, offered to an unsuspecting world alleged manuscripts and letters of Lord Byron and his friends. But most of them were careless charlatans and they all, sooner or later, came a cropper. Even an inexperienced collector, who took reasonable precautions, need not have been misled by them.

More insidious, however, are some of the modern rogues who are limiting themselves to forging names in books and on otherwise authentic documents. They studiously avoid the pitfalls into which their less ingenious predecessors stumbled. Their practice is to take a genuine document of the Revolutionary period, for instance, and add to the authentic signatures already on the document a forged signature of Washington, Franklin, or some other famous and desirable character. Or they will forge the signature of Button Gwinnett or Thomas Lynch or Abraham Lincoln on the flyleaf or title-page of a book. Most of the forgeries that I have seen in recent years have been in this form. They are a menace to the unwary collector, and the only protection he has against them is the advice and guidance of responsible experts and dealers, whose reputations are known to be reliable and whose judgment is authoritative. This last is as important as the first, for if the vendor of autographs be merely honest and not by experience qualified to pass judgment on the authenticity of an autograph, then the collector can never be sure that the autograph he treasures may not be merely one of his dealer's mistakes. Of course, reputable dealers will immediately make restitution if an

autograph turns out to be not as represented, but this is usually poor satisfaction.

There are good and bad forgeries, so to speak. There are those that only the most competent experts can establish, and there are others that a novice can easily detect. The recent bull market in Gwinnetts and Lynches has encouraged the impostors, and of late there have been many attempts to put over forged examples of their signatures. Not long ago a very doubtful Gwinnett and Lynch were offered for sale at auction, but their authenticity was challenged and they were withdrawn.

The new collector should remember, however, that the expert is rarely fooled and, I say it without qualification, the collector who deals with a competent and responsible dealer need have no fear. He is assured of adequate protection; and nowadays, with a rising autograph market, this is a very important kind of insurance.

Autographs have this unique advantage over most collected things—paintings, for example. An autograph is either an original, or it is not. There is seldom any middle ground of opinion. It is quite possible to line up a dozen experts who will declare that an ancient canvas is the work of a certain master, and then to muster another dozen equally competent and conscientious authorities to swear that the master never saw it. Experts have Bertillonized the handwriting of celebrities almost as accurately as they have their finger prints. There are characteristics of a man's handwriting, peculiarities of style, arrangement, even punctuation, that challenge the most painstaking imitation. The ink must be of a certain tarnish and its corroding effect on paper during long years cannot be successfully simulated. The paper is always an important consideration and the actual text of a

forged letter or document is not infrequently the key to its genuineness. Somewhere in the equation the forger invariably stumbles and his whole fabrication collapses on the slightest error.

Always beware of great bargains in rare and valuable autographs unless you have had a competent expert pass upon their validity. Few honest men are stupid enough to try to sell for a few dollars what is worth hundreds. There is bound to be a darky somewhere in such an autographic woodpile. Above all things, shun the near treasures that are offered "as is" unless you are fond of playing one hundred to one shots. "As is" when applied to autographs means simply selling for something what is worth nothing.

From the forgeries let us pass to the facsimiles which have frequently been a source of vexation to the autograph collector. There are lithographs or other forms of reproduction masquerading, generally unwittingly, as genuine autographs. There is one that turns up at every point of the compass, and so regularly does it appear, and from such a variety of sources, that I have considered the possibility of forming an International Society of Galignani Facsimile Owners to meet annually on April 1st. The latest member appears to be a school-teacher from Texas. She, herself, brought the letter all the way to New York; it was far too valuable to entrust to the mails. As she proceeded to remove the wrappings in which the letter was carefully protected, I ventured to inquire: "Is it by chance addressed to a gentleman named Galignani?" "Why, yes," she replied, puzzled. "How did you know?" "Because," said I, sadly, "it always is."

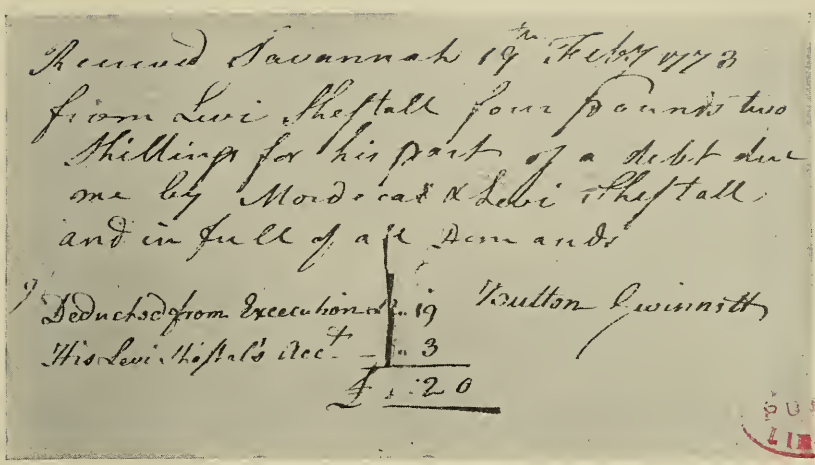
Galignani was Byron's Paris publisher, to whom on April 27, 1819, the poet wrote from Vienna a most interesting letter denying that he was the author of the poem, "The Vampire." When

Galignani brought out, in 1827, "The Works of Lord Byron, including his Suppressed Poems, Complete in one Volume," he had the letter lithographed and inserted the facsimile in the volume as an illustration.

The facsimile was easily removed and no doubt in time many of them fell loose. They were excellently made. At first glance they seemed to be genuine, and in later years, when their origin was either forgotten or unknown, these facsimiles came to be regarded by their owners as original Byron autographs. The years have imparted to the paper and to the printing a mellow, brown tone, and the uninitiated may well be pardoned for mistaking them for genuine.

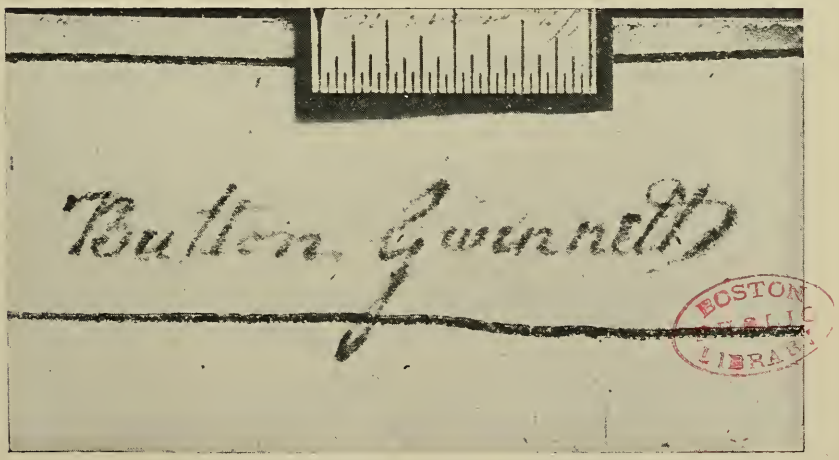
What the Galignani facsimile is to Byron's autograph, the Hahn facsimile is to Lincoln's. This Hahn letter has a fascinating history. Its peregrinations have been as extensive as those of the Galignani, and the distress it has caused its many owners has been no whit less. Like most good things, the original Hahn letter died young, but its wicked facsimile progeny seem to be imperishable.

Following Union occupation of Louisiana, after the capture of New Orleans, President Lincoln appointed Michael Hahn first free-state governor of Louisiana. The question of negro suffrage was a perplexing problem there, and Lincoln wrote a trenchant letter to Governor Hahn on the subject, concluding with the splendid line: "Keep the jewel of Liberty within the family of Freedom." There is no doubt that Lincoln wrote such a letter or that Governor Hahn received it, and there is also little doubt that Hahn had a lithographed facsimile of Lincoln's letter made for distribution among his friends. This was not an unpraiseworthy thing to do, but it appears that the Governor did not



AUTHENTIC AUTOGRAPH OF BUTTON GWINNETT

A magnificent example of the rarest and most sought-for of American historical autographs. Savannah, February 19, 1773.



FORGED AUTOGRAPH OF BUTTON GWINNETT

From the title-page of a book.

always make it clear that it was a facsimile and not the original that he was presenting; in fact, it would seem that he handed out the facsimile with all the virtuous generosity of a man relinquishing a treasure and thus gave his friends the impression he was presenting them with the original.

So the Hahn letter is forever rising to the surface of the market, like a hungry trout to a fly. It turns up regularly in the press in various parts of the country. Recently it was reported to have been found in a pile of rubbish on a Southern plantation; it is a pity it was disturbed. Until fact rudely pricks the bubble, the finder preens himself in the headlines. I confess it, I once had a narrow escape myself. In 1927 I received a letter from Melbourne, Australia. The writer, who described himself as an old Southern gentleman, declared he had been a friend and neighbor of Governor Hahn. More than fifty years ago, before he moved to Australia, so the letter went, Governor Hahn had presented him with the original letter Lincoln wrote, and with it, a testimonial by the Governor himself as to its authenticity. Would I, he inquired, wish to consider purchasing it. Who could say no? At last I was on the track of the original Lincoln-Hahn letter itself. We exchanged several cables and each reply tended to confirm the belief. I instructed the owner to forward the letter to the New York representative of the Bank of Australia, with a promise that as soon as I had examined it I would make a liberal cash offer.

In due time the representative of the bank notified me that the letter had arrived, and with high hopes I sallied forth to examine it. But it was just my old friend the facsimile. Not even its long journeyings to strange lands had changed its false whiskers.

Years ago a somewhat similar experience befell me. A lady in

Richmond wrote me that she had a letter written by Lincoln quoting at length from the Second Inaugural Address. If true, this was an important find. By the next post I replied that, as I had soon to visit Washington, I would come on to Richmond, and would she please hold the letter until I had an opportunity to see it.

Needless to say, I did not lose much time in making my appearance at the address she gave. She dwelt in a small, rather inaccessible suburb of Richmond, several miles outside the city, and it was mid-afternoon when finally I knocked at her door, introduced myself, and received the dire intelligence that the letter had passed me on its way into Richmond. Not thinking that I would be South so quickly, she explained, she had sent the letter to her sister in Chicago, who wished to show it to a Lincoln collector there. Resourcefulness is a quality with which an autograph dealer must be well equipped. I had the happy inspiration to ask her how she had sent the letter. She replied that she had shipped it in a trunk. "A trunk?" I asked, in astonishment. "Yes," she answered, "you see the trunk belonged to my sister. Since I had to return it anyway I tucked the letter inside and thus saved the postage." My hopes were revived when she added that she had sent the trunk by donkey cart, piloted by a negro servant, to the Richmond freight station that morning. Knowing something of the Southern negro's indolence, and a bit more about a donkey's mileage possibilities, I believed I could overtake the trunk. So, obtaining an order from the lady authorizing me to open the trunk, and accompanied by her young son, I set forth in pursuit of the elusive letter. More than realizing my expectations, we reached the station at least half an hour before donkey

cart, negro and trunk pulled in—and in less time than it takes to tell it I was examining a perfectly good facsimile.

A few years ago I went on a long but far from unenjoyable wild goose chase into Ireland. This time a Goldsmith letter was the decoy—and a Goldsmith letter is a *rara avis* indeed. I had corresponded with the owner of this "letter" over a period of several months, and it was with high hopes that I finally reached her quaint thatched cottage in the little town of Athlone. But again I was doomed to disappointment. Once more it was only a lithographed facsimile of the original. I am never discouraged by such experiences. Often I have found a rich enough prize at the end of the trail to repay me for an occasional fruitless quest.

Mistaken identity is still another of the potential causes of collector's indigestion, but a bit of judicious observation will save many regrets. The signature of Charles Dickens, Jr., frequently masquerades as that of his distinguished father. The autograph of Oliver Wolcott, Jr., who was Secretary of the Treasury under Washington and John Adams, is sometimes mistaken for that of his father, one of the Connecticut signers of the Declaration of Independence. Although the characteristics of the handwriting of the Wolcotts are closely similar, there is this economic difference: an autograph letter of the father is generally worth ten times, yes, twenty times, as much as one of the son. So make sure that the father's letter is not dated ten years after his death. This is likewise true of Benjamin Harrison, another signer, and Benjamin Harrison, Jr., his son. There are other similar dualities, but these will suffice for examples.

On April 9, 1865, General Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court-house. The following day General Lee issued his famous Farewell Ad-

dress to his devoted Army. Copies of this General Order No. 9, as it was designated in Confederate records, were sent to various corps commanders and other generals of Lee's Army. These copies were written by a secretary and signed by General Lee. Just how many of them were sent is not known, but probably not more than ten or twelve, several of which have survived. About a year ago I had the good fortune to acquire a splendid copy. Needless to say, it is as fine a memento of the great leader of the "Lost Cause" as any collector could hope to obtain.

It is not the original Address, however, of which the collector must be wary, but the numerous copies of it that were issued from the headquarters of the various generals to whom the Order was sent by General Lee. These copies, which are often jealously treasured by their owners, are neither written nor signed by General Lee. They are in the handwritings of secretaries or aides who also signed them. Only recently a gentleman in the South sent me a newspaper clipping wherein was reproduced one of the copies of the Order to which General Lee's name was signed by a secretary. The newspaper article, however, set forth that the document was not only signed by General Lee, but written by him as well. It is safe to say that not more than three or four of the copies of the Address that have come to light during the past ten years were signed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Armies.

It has been the experience of most collectors that familiarity with autographs soon brings with it a degree of knowledge, a feeling for originals, that is by no means to be disdained. The collector himself soon comes to recognize the presence or absence of those peculiarities of graphology which are the hall-marks of genuineness. He learns almost instinctively that an appearance

of slow writing, of hesitating and uncertain strokes, and of retouching in a letter or document are danger signals that cannot be ignored.

But the detection of forgeries, the determination of the genuineness or falsity of an autograph, are subjects over which the collector need lose no sleep. He need but salt his enthusiasm with a grain or two of common sense, he need but place his reliance on a reputable dealer and the chances of his acquiring spurious autographs are almost negligible. The success of an imposture depends more upon the receptive disposition of those who are selected as its victims than upon the chicanery of the cheat. Shakespeare supplies the key to the mystery of such a success: "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it." The best answer to the question, "how do you know an autograph is genuine?," will always be the knowledge that it came from a reliable source.

CHAPTER V

Americana—Common and Preferred

The Trend of American Collecting—Colonial Celebrities—John Eliot, Roger Williams, Cotton Mather, William Penn—The Perfect American Collection: the Generals of the Revolution—Rarities of the Group—The Value of Illiteracy—General Putnam's Reply to Sir Henry Clinton—"Mad Anthony" Wayne Deserves his Sobriquet—John Paul Jones Tells of the Fight Between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis"—Traitor vs. Spy—Naval Autographs—Civil War Autographs—Rarities Among Them—The Fascinating Story of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth—John Brown's Last Letter.

It is something of a paradox that in these days of intense preoccupation with the many distractions and excitements of the machine age, such as air travel, talking movies and radio, the popular trend of American collecting should be in the direction of Colonial and Revolutionary times. On every side one sees evidence of a steadily increasing interest in the things of early America—furniture, art, books and autographs.

But why should not this be so? There is a fine, fresh newness to Colonial and Revolutionary America which time cannot corrode. It was the most picturesque and stimulating period of our national life; and the present national movement aiming toward the rediscovery and rehabilitation of Americana is particularly gratifying to autograph collectors, who gave it impetus many years ago. It is a kind of home industry that cannot be patronized too much.

From the autograph collector's point of view, so many interesting figures trod the stage of American history during the two and a half centuries between the coming of the Pilgrims and the Civil War that it is difficult to know where to begin, what names to collect. Those were years that witnessed the making of the nation and saw its emergence from its first great crisis. And down through those years moved a long procession of notable men—soldiers, statesmen, authors, artists, poets, scientists —men whose lives and works must be forever identified with the coming-of-age of America.

As might be expected, the autographs of celebrities of early Colonial days are generally rare. Consequently they are not very widely collected. There is an interesting psychological fact here. It is obvious that an autograph, if it is to be highly prized and much sought for, must not be too common, but it is equally true, curiously enough, that it must also not be too rare.

John Eliot and Roger Williams are cases in point. So few of their letters have survived, so seldom do they make their appearance in the autograph market, that it might almost be said that they are not collected. Yet when, at long intervals, letters of the apostle to the Indians or of the founder of Rhode Island have come to light there has been little evidence of retarded interest judging by the prices that have been paid for them. The last recorded sale of a letter of Roger Williams was in 1928 when an A.L.S., addressed to Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts, was sold for $7,350. In 1919 a letter of John Eliot was sold for $700. None of his autographs has appeared at public sale since. The fact remains, however, that were letters of Eliot and Williams more numerous there would be a wider interest in them, just as there would be more collectors of Signers of the

Declaration of Independence were the autographs of Button Gwinnett and Thomas Lynch, Jr., not so rare.

The autograph of Myles Standish is one of the rarest and, to my mind, one of the most interesting of early Colonial autographs. When occasionally he did write it was in a bold, broad hand, characteristic of the soldier, but he seems for the most part to have carried his inarticulateness into his correspondence. In 1913, at the sale of the famous autograph collection of the late John Boyd Thacher of Albany, a document signed by Myles Standish went under the auctioneer's hammer for $525. It would probably fetch five times or even ten times as much were it to be offered to-day. Even more uncommon is the autograph of Standish's famous proxy, John Alden. What a prize one of the courtship letters would be—if any were written!

Cotton Mather's autograph is very scarce, although certainly he was not inarticulate. It is occasionally met with in the form of sermons, which he was in the habit of inditing on small sheets of paper in his diminutive print-like hand. Far more plentiful than these, however, are some of the Colonial governors, who in the performance of their official duties signed a great many state papers and public documents, a substantial portion of which are still extant. But, alas, this availability does not apply to all of them by any means. The collector will hunt a long while to find an autograph of John Carver, William Bradford or Edward Winslow of Massachusetts, of Peter Minuit or Woerter Van Twiller of New York, or of Captain John Smith. Few documents and letters did they leave behind them, and such as remain have been incorporated, for the most part, in public and institutional collections.

William Penn's autograph, on the other hand, is fairly plenti-

ful. That industrious gentleman left many documentary mementos scattered over Colonial Pennsylvania. Would that Peter Stuyvesant and Peter Minuit had done as much for New York! Stuyvesant's autograph does occasionally come to light, invariably in the form of official documents of old New Amsterdam, with the famous beaver seal affixed. Rarer still is the autograph of Peter Minuit, who is renowned for the fact that he made the first bargain in Manhattan real estate by purchasing the entire island for sixteen guilders.

It is but a step from Colonial days and Colonial celebrities to Revolutionary times—to those staunch patriots, the generals of the Continental Army, Washington's comrades in arms, who staked their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor on the outcome of the struggle with England. These, to my mind, make the perfect American collection. More than the lawmakers and the diplomats, they symbolize the Revolution. They were the men who made the Declaration of Independence something more than a mere scrap of paper. Rugged, always interesting, frequently brilliant personalities they were, this remarkable group of men who served under Washington, and of all of them it might well be said that their swords were mightier than their pens. As modern biographers are lifting them out of their tombs, blowing the dust away and breathing life into their moldy memories, the collector's preoccupation with them is growing.

It is not my purpose to dwell on the biographical aspects of the generals of the Revolution—the hard-hitting strategist Greene, Washington's ablest lieutenant; dashing Mad Anthony Wayne; the unlettered Putnam, hero of a hundred romantic exploits; the Prussian drill-master, von Steuben; Lafayette, the "Boy General,"

and so on through the splendid line of them, more than a hundred in all. That is the historian's task. I am concerned only with their autographic personalities, so to speak.

There are names in this group that surpass in rarity—but, fortunately, not as yet in price—even the rarest of the Signers. The fact is that values in this group, even among the rarities, have had no great rise. For some reason interest in the Revolutionary generals, except in a few outstanding names, has never been very marked. I can see no reason for it except, possibly, that we, as a nation, shy at things military. Still, I doubt if the generals will long be ignored. In fact, there are indications that the tide has already turned. In the past few years several active collectors have taken up the military leaders of the Revolution.

Curiously, the rarest names among them are those of the foreign officers who gave their services and sometimes their lives to this country—Major General Philip de Coudray, the Frenchman, who arrived on the scene just as the war was closing, and departed too soon to favor us with many letters; de Woedtke, the German, who died in the Northern Campaign; de Kalb, the Frenchman, who gave his life in the Battle of Camden, South Carolina; Pulaski, the Pole, who died while leading a cavalry charge in the assault on Savannah; the Frenchman Rochefermoy, and so on. Here, again, rarity follows the flag of obscurity. The autographs of Schuyler, Clinton, Lafayette, Gates and Sullivan, to mention but a few of the more prominent generals, are comparatively numerous. Of General Rochefermoy I have seen but one autograph in twenty-three years, a document which now forms part of the notable Americana collection of His Eminence, Cardinal George W. Mundelein.

As with celebrities in other fields, early death also makes for rarity in this group. Not only is this true of Revolutionary generals, but of the leaders of other wars as well. But there is among the officers of the Revolution a factor making for rarity that is not often encountered elsewhere. That factor is illiteracy.

It is obvious that if a man was barely able to write, but nevertheless, achieved a degree of fame, his autograph letters are bound to be rare. Three of the most prominent and colorful figures of the Continental Army fall into this category—General Israel Putnam, General John Stark and Colonel Ethan Allen. All were New Englanders; all were born in the cradle of culture but, apparently, all three learned to walk too soon. All three, but especially Putnam and Stark, used a pen only with difficulty. Their spelling was decidedly phonetic. They seldom subscribed their names, and as for holograph letters, I suppose that not more than three or four A.L.S. of Putnam and eight or ten of Stark and Allen have turned up in twenty years.

Consider Putnam, a wizard with rifle or plow, but hopelessly lost with a pen in hand. Fortunately for collectors, he could command the book learning of more lowly placed individuals; otherwise, we might not have even the little of his autograph legacy that we have to-day. Practically all of his few letters that have survived are in the handwriting of aides and bear only his crude, print-like signature.

Still, learning or no, he had a sense of humor and brevity that might have characterized the style of a more cultured craftsman. I recall a letter he wrote in the summer of 1777, a trying one for the patriots. Washington was at Germantown, much disturbed by the puzzling maneuvers of the British fleet, which had weighed anchor and disappeared from New York harbor. Sus-

pecting that a trap was being laid by Admiral Howe to lure the American Army after him and leave the way clear for Sir Henry Clinton at New York to form a junction with the southward-pressing Burgoyne, Washington dispatched a warning to Putnam to be on the alert and assemble his forces at Peekskill.

But an incident had already occurred that placed the wily General, who is said "never to have slept with but one eye," on guard. A spy, sent by Clinton, had been detected gathering information inside the American lines. Never one to let grass grow under his feet, Putnam immediately ordered him put on trial. News of the capture reached the British, and presently a man-o'-war sailed up the Hudson and, under a flag of truce, landed an emissary bearing a letter of protest from Clinton. Sir Henry argued that the officer was not a spy, and should be accorded the rights of all prisoners of war. To which Putnam sent the following reply:

Headquarters,
7th August, 1777.

Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM

P.S. He has, accordingly, been executed.

General Stark, hero of the battle of Bennington, was a soldier of the same mold. He was a comrade of Putnam's, fought with him through the French and Indian Wars, and was only a trifle more dexterous with the pen. I recall a remarkable letter of Stark's that passed through my hands several years ago. It was addressed to Meshech Weare, governor of New Hampshire, and

throws a most interesting light on conditions then prevailing in the Continental Army. It seems astonishing to-day that despite such obstacles the war was won:

> In my last I gave you a hint that the troops were suffering for want of cash. None has yet been paid them by the public, nor can I learn that any is expected; and their hope must now rest solely on the States they belong to for that support, which is absolutely necessary and requisite for a person deeply engaged in the defence of his Country. You certainly know whether Congress have it in their power to supply the troops with money and other necessarys.
>
> If they have, I can not see their policy in keeping it from them. But if they have it not in their power, it is necessary that the States allow some pittance, at least to keep the soul and body together. What must be the feelings of a number of officers who have got leave to go and see their families and not a shilling of money to support their expenses on the road? And if they do go, must assume the character of beggars, a mortifying circumstance enough to a gentleman of spirit and to be genteel and a proper dignity one of his reigning characteristics.
>
> Perseverance has long been their favorite topic and hope almost their only support. But these are now in a manner vanished. Despair has thrown off her veil and stares them boldly in the face. Flattery is no longer necessary; an immediate remedy is their positive demand.

The autograph of the third member of this triumvirate, the intrepid leader of the Green Mountain Boys, Colonel Ethan Allen, is among the rarest and most sought-for of prominent Revolutionary names. In recent years very few of his letters have appeared. Those that have were instantly whisked away into the collections of two or three acquisitive Vermont collectors.

As a result, the value of Allen's autograph has rapidly increased. I remember a very extraordinary letter of his which came my way several years ago. It was written shortly after the dramatic capture of Fort Ticonderoga and disclosed that Allen had obtained information as to the strength of the British garrison by sending a spy disguised as a "chirurgeon" into the fort. I sold that letter for $350 and I suppose it would fetch ten times that amount to-day.

But Putnam, Stark, Allen and the foreign officers are by no means the only Revolutionary military leaders whose autographs are few and far between. There is General Richard Montgomery, who commanded the ill-fated Canadian expedition and fell before Quebec. His autograph is extremely rare. The finest example I ever saw—perhaps it is the most interesting specimen of his autograph extant—was his last will and testament, made in the freezing Canadian wilderness a few days before his death in the assault on Quebec and witnessed by his second in command, Benedict Arnold.

Nathanael Greene is generally considered to have been the ablest, after Washington, of the generals of the Revolution. His letters are moderately scarce. Mr. William L. Clements of Ann Arbor, Michigan, in his renowned library of Americana, has made a remarkable assemblage of Greene's correspondence numbering several hundred pieces.

Among other autographs of Revolutionary generals that are moderately rare but which may be had without a great expenditure of the coin of the realm are Charles Lee, the British-born soldier of fortune, storm center of the Conway Cabal; Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox"; and Daniel Morgan, commander of Morgan's Rifles, hero of the Battles of Saratoga and the Cow-

pens, whose crack riflemen almost annihilated the cavalry of that dashing British officer, General Banastre Tarleton, "The Butcher."

But rarity, as I have already intimated, is not always of primary importance in establishing autograph values. The circumstances under which a letter was written—its historical significance—are a most important factor affecting the price equation. "Mad Anthony" Wayne's autographs, for instance, are not extremely rare, but the following letter fetched $350 in 1927 and is worth considerably more to-day. It is not difficult to understand why. Written less than three weeks before the beleaguered Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, it proposes, with its author's characteristic impetuosity, an assault on the British breastworks. It is addressed—and the identity of the addressee is always a consideration in determining autograph value—to General Nathanael Greene:

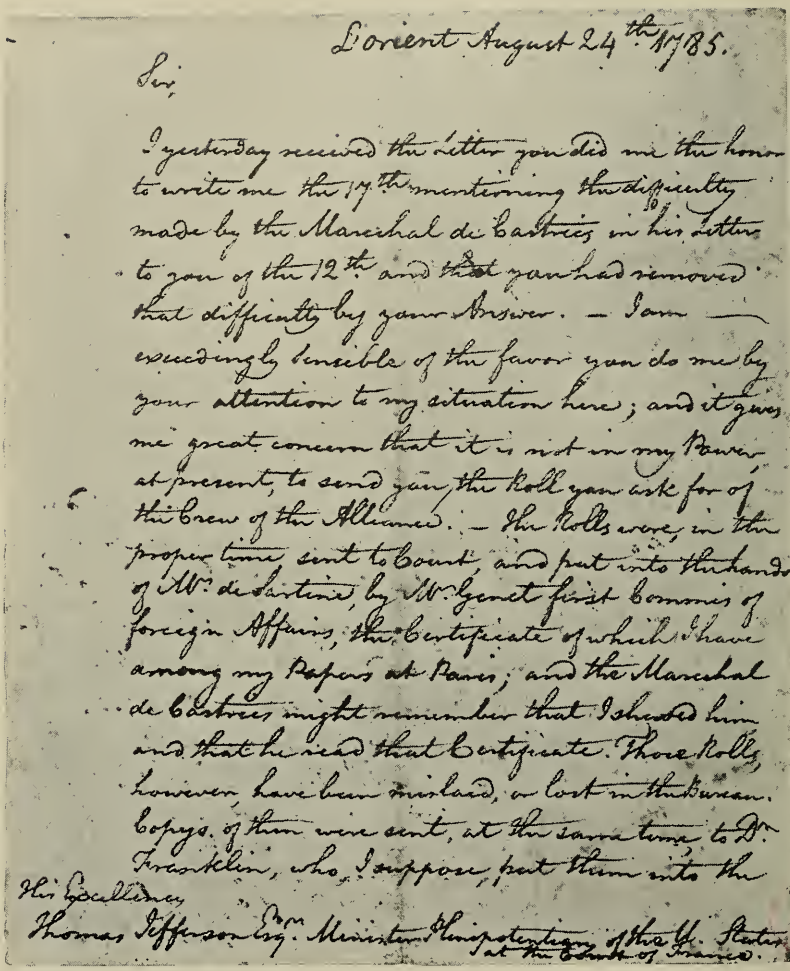
> I don't know what it is, but I have not felt so sanguine on the occasion as the Naval & Land force, sent by our great and good ally, would justify. Probably it may be occasioned by former disappointments, when affairs bore a flattering aspect. The French troops are the finest & best made body of men that I have ever beheld; their officers are gentlemen & I will be answerable for their being soldiers. . . . Unless fortune is extremely unkind, Lord Cornwallis & his army must submit to our combined forces.
>
> However, the arrival of His Excellency, General Washington, with the troops from the Northward, will enable us to complete the Investiture immediately. Could we previously bring his Lordship to an Action, it would very much accelerate his reduction. The Marquis Lafayette, one of the best of Officers & finest of men, has been laid up with a Caitiff fever for some time, which added

to my misfortune [Wayne had been shot in the leg by one of his own sentries] tended not a little to retard this essential business. He is now much recovered, & my wound is in so fair a way that I can mount a horse, & lead my troops in case of emergency.

From Lord Cornwallis's character, it may be possible to tempt him to a field day. I am in hopes His Excellency will put matters in a train for the purpose. Otherwise you may depend upon it that the siege will be very tedious, for the enemy has improved every moment in fortifying and procuring a supply of provisions, etc. . . . You know that I am not of a desponding disposition, and was I to adopt that character at this crisis, I ought to be Damned, but there are a train of eventual Circumstances that I can't help revolving in my mind, all of which make me most anxiously wish his Lordship to play this duet out of the lines, in which case I would risque my soul and body fighting into Yorktown with him & bringing the affair to a summary Issue.

Between you & me, I have but too much reason to wish for the power of Joshua. I certainly would give good man time a holiday until the American colours were displayed over the British lines.

Turning to the naval aspect of the Revolution, the collector's eye at once lights upon the name of John Paul Jones, and rightly, for he was a glamorous figure. His letters are seldom offered for sale. I have had several very interesting specimens, most of them addressed to his friend and patron, Thomas Jefferson. The most remarkable John Paul Jones letter that ever came to my notice, however, was written to his financial backer, Robert Morris. It is difficult to imagine a more fascinating American historical autograph than this one, for it was John Paul Jones's own account of one of the greatest naval duels of history, the fight between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*. It was sold with the papers of Robert Morris, signer of the Declaration



L'Orient August 24th 1785.

Sir,

I yesterday received the letter you did me the honor to write me the 17th mentioning the difficulty made by the Marechal de Castries in his letter to you of the 12th and that you had removed that difficulty by your Answer. — I am exceedingly sensible of the favor you do me by your attention to my situation here; and it gives me great concern that it is not in my Power at present, to send you the Roll you ask for of the Crew of the Alliance. — The Rolls were, in the proper time sent to Court, and put into the hands of M. de Sartine, by M. Genet first Commis of foreign Affairs, the Certificate of which I have among my Papers at Paris; and the Marechal de Castries might remember that I shewed him and that he read that Certificate. Those Rolls, however, have been mislaid, or lost in the Bureau. Copys of them were sent, at the same time to Dr. Franklin, who, I suppose, put them into the

His Excellency
Thomas Jefferson Esqr. Minister Plenipotentiary of the U. States at the Court of France.

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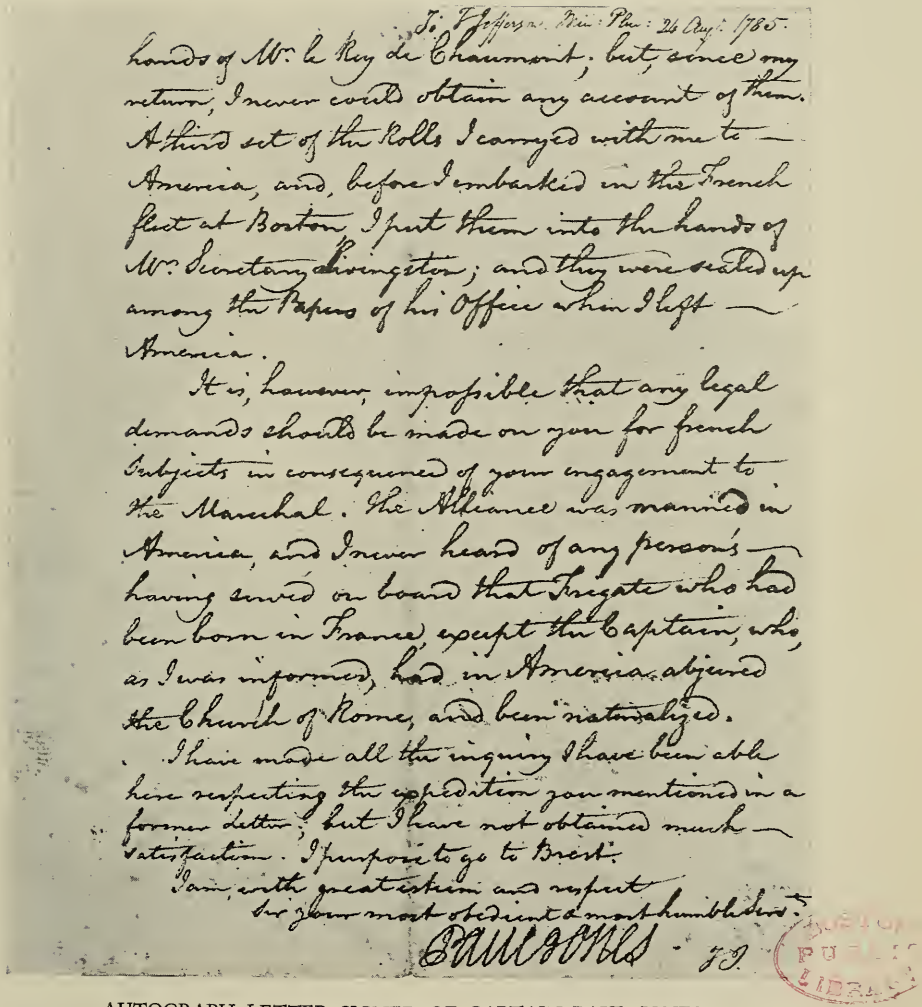
AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED OF CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES TO THOMAS JEFFERSON MENTIONING BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

L'Orient, August 24, 1785.



To T. Jefferson. Min: Plen: 26 Aug: 1785.

hands of Mr. le Roy de Chaumont; but, since my return, I never could obtain any account of them. A third set of the Rolls I carryed with me to America, and, before I embarked in the French fleet at Boston, I put them into the hands of Mr. Secretary Livingston; and they were sealed up among the Papers of his Office when I left America.

It is, however, impossible that any legal demands should be made on you for french Subjects in consequence of your engagement to the Marechal. The Alliance was manned in America, and I never heard of any person's having served on board that Frigate who had been born in France, except the Captain, who, as I was informed, had in America abjured the Church of Rome, and been naturalized.

I have made all the inquiry I have been able here respecting the expedition you mentioned in a former Letter; but I have not obtained much satisfaction. I purpose to go to Brest.

I am, with great esteem and respect
Sir your most obedient & most humble Servt.

Paul Jones. T.J.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED OF CAPTAIN PAUL JONES

Page two

of Independence from Pennsylvania, in the auction rooms of the late Stan. V. Henkels, in Philadelphia, several years ago. The letter is dated from Amsterdam, October 13, 1779:

I have the satisfaction to inform you that I arrived with the remains of my little Squadron on the 3rd Instant, and brought in with me two of the Enemies Ships of War, the *Serapis* of 44 Guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough,* of 20 Guns. I sailed from L'Orient on my late expedition on the 13th of August with the *Bon Homme Richard,* an old East India Man of 40 Guns, the *Alliance* of 36 Guns, the *Pallas,* an armed ship of 30 Guns, the *Cerf,* a cutter of 18 Guns, and the *Vengeance,* an Armed Brigg of 12 Guns, joined by the *Monsieur* and *Grandville,* two French Privateers.

M. de Chaumont, who had something to say to my little Armament, made such wrong arrangements that both the Privateers and Cutter soon separated from me. I established my Cruise from some time on the S. W. of Ireland and proposed to remain there for some time longer had not the Remonstrances of Captain Landais determined me otherwise and thereby lost me the Opportunity of intercepting eight of the Enemies East India Ships which enter'd the port of Limrick three days after I left the Blaskets. I pass'd by the North of Scotland, took some Prizes and was within the Smallest triffle to laying Leith under a heavy Contribution tho' I had then with me only the *Bon Homme Richard,* the *Pallas* and the *Vengeance.*

We alarmed their Coasts prodigiously from Cape Clear round to Hulls, and had I not been concerned with C'ons. of Interest I could have done much. On the 23rd September off Flamborough Head the Baltic Fleet appeared. The action between the *Bon Homme Richard* and *Serapis* was dreadful; an hour from the Commencement I found that I had to deal with a far superior force and the

Serapis, being a much more manageable ship than the *Bon Homme Richard,* I was under the necessity of closing with her. I found means to get the Enemy's Bowsprit over the *Bon Homme Richard's* Quarter, and immediately made him fast to the Mizen Mast. The ships then swang alongside of one another, the Enemies stern being Opposite to our Bow and the Yards being lock'd. In that situation the Action Continued for two hours and a half, both ships being on fire for the greatest part of the time and the *Bon Homme Richard* making as much water as all the pumps could discharge.

At last the *Alliance* appeared, but not to our Assistance; for instead of laying the enemy alongside or of assisting us with Fresh Men, he sail'd round the fired into the *Bon Homme Richard,* even after every tongue had exclaimed that he fired into the wrong ship and I had hoisted a Signal *which could not be mistaken,* he killed a number of our men and Mortally wounded a good Officer. At last the Enemy Struck the English Flagg, but the Victory was too dear. The main Mast of the *Serapis* fell over Board soon after the Captain had delivered me his sword, and the fire Continued unextinguished on board the *Bon Homme Richard* for Eight hours after wards having at last gained its way within a few inches of the Magazine. In short we found it impossible to preserve the good Old Ship, and I endeavored to do it so long that I had only time to save the Sick and Wounded. The *Alliance* contributed to the loss of the *Bon Homme Richard* by hitting her between Wind and Water and under the Water. . . .

Your obliged servant,

Jno. P. Jones

As a postscript indicates, Commodore Jones actually wrote two letters and forwarded them through different channels to assure Morris's receiving at least one. Both the original and the copy

ultimately reached their destination and both were sold as one lot at the Morris sale. They fetched $2,600. Were the sale to be held to-day the two letters would certainly bring five times as much.

While on the subject of military personages of the Revolution, it is interesting to consider the relative autograph merits of Arnold the traitor and André the spy. There is a considerable interest in Arnold's autograph, and naturally letters of the treason period, and particularly those relating to the plot, are most sought after; although I confess I prefer letters of an earlier date, letters that recall Arnold, the fearless soldier of Saratoga or the stout-hearted leader of the heroic winter retreat from Canada. While Arnold's letters of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary date are moderately rare, almost none of his autographs has survived of the bleak and wretched years of exile in England, where he died, wearing, so the legend goes, his Continental uniform, and murmuring: "God forgive me for ever putting on another." In fact, I do not recall ever having seen a letter of that period, although it is possible they exist; for, beset by financial difficulties, Arnold undertook many ventures in England, such as the outfitting of privateers, and must have carried on a considerable correspondence.

Far more rare is the autograph of the man whose life he destroyed with the blighting of his own—the unfortunate Major André. Occasionally André's letters come to light, and when they do there is seldom any lack of enthusiasm among collectors to acquire them. Indeed, the discovery of a few of André's personal papers at Halifax more than seventy-five years after they were removed from New York at the British evacuation of the city in 1783 is generally ranked among the important autograph

finds. A friend of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett chanced to arrive at the home of a relative just in time to see the latter kicking a stack of papers, dumped from a great chest, into an open fire. Dr. Emmett's friend rescued what papers he could from the flames—perhaps a dozen in all—and sent them to the venerable dean of autograph collectors, who keenly appreciated their worth.

There exists to-day, outside the Library of Congress, where are preserved André's letter to Washington requesting that he be shot instead of hanged, and Arnold's letter, also to Washington, forswearing his American allegiance, a very scant amount of the so-called "treason correspondence." I recently had a significant letter of Arnold's written exactly two weeks before the capture of André and the exposure of the plot. This letter, which is now in the splendid Americana collection of Mr. Frederick S. Peck of Providence, R. I., was very likely a part of Arnold's treasonable correspondence with the enemy. As in all his communications with André, which were conducted under the guise of commercial matters, it refers, at least outwardly, to an innocent transaction, in this instance the purchase of a cow and a calf. It is dated from his headquarters at the Robinson House, where he met André on the night of September 21, 1780, and consummated the treachery. It is addressed to Nathaniel Stevens, who, with the John Joseph Bullis mentioned in the letter, may have acted as go-betweens for Arnold and the British during the development of the treason negotiations. One is inclined to wonder what was the purpose of this mission "to the lines with a flagg" of John Joseph Bullis. It is a letter to pique one's curiosity:

Head Quarters, Robinson's House,
September 8, 1780.

Dear Sir:

I have bought a Cow and Calf from one John Joseph Bullis, who lives ten miles east of Poughkeepsie. He is now gone to the lines with a Flagg but expects to return and will deliver the Cow & Calf to you on Monday or Tuesday next, for which I am to give him Ten pounds in Cash and Twenty Quarts of good Salt. I have sent the Money to you & beg you will be good enough to pay it to him and deliver the salt. And send a careful hand with the cow and calf to me. He says she is three years old last Spring, remarkably large & fatt.

I am
Dr. Sir
Yr. obed't hbl. Serv't.,
B. ARNOLD

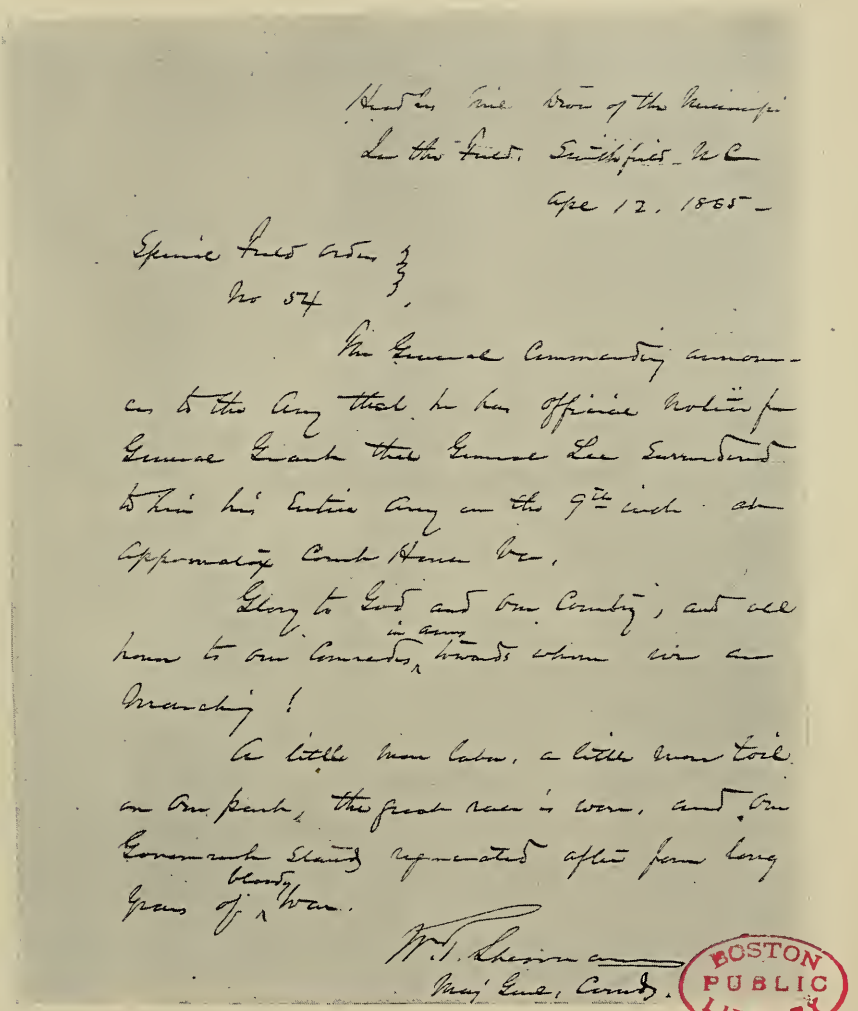
The War of 1812 has its quota of celebrities. Mainly a naval war, most of the prestige redounded to the naval officers, and it is the one period in American history where they really have their much deserved innings autographically. Elsewhere, with the exception of John Paul Jones and one or two others, there is little interest in collecting naval officers. Naturally Oliver Hazard Perry, James Lawrence and Stephen Decatur are the names most generally sought; and among them Lawrence's, he of the famous dying command, "Don't give up the ship," is easily the scarcest. In fact, measured by any autograph yardstick, his autograph is extremely rare.

We come to the Civil War, and discover a singular manifestation of the fickleness of collector's choice. Prior to the World War there was a steadily broadening demand for the autographs of important personages of the Civil War period. Then the

World War bustled in and the old heroes became of secondary interest. Now they are once more returning to favor. The names most actively sought are, of course, Grant, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and in less degree, Sherman, Thomas, Johnston and Beauregard. Union and Confederate leaders are usually collected impartially, although there are a few collectors of Confederate autographs exclusively.

Now although there is a great quantity of Civil War autograph material extant, the supply, in so far as it concerns the outstanding figures, is by no means so extensive as it was a few years ago. Slowly but surely, it is going the way of all important autographs—into the repositories of museums, public libraries or private collections destined for permanent preservation—and I venture to predict that the day is not far distant when the autographs of many celebrities of Civil War days, now comparatively easy to acquire, will be as difficult to obtain as those of the scarcer Revolutionary names.

With a few exceptions, such as Winfield Scott and Robert E. Lee, the generals who rose to fame in the Civil War were almost unknown when it began. Grant was a West Pointer turned store-keeper, and not a very successful one. Jackson was the quiet, little-known instructor of military tactics at Virginia Military Institute. Sheridan, a thirty-year-old first lieutenant, was learning about war from the Indians on the Pacific Coast. And Sherman, after trying the army, banking in California, law at Leavenworth and business in New York, had settled down to superintending a military school in Louisiana. Obviously it is unlikely that any one was moved to preserve their letters at that time. So this fact has eliminated any appreciable pre-Civil War supply of their autographs.



Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi
In the Field, Smithfield, N. C.
April 12, 1865.

Special Field Orders
No 54.

The General Commanding announces to the Army that he has Official notice from General Grant that General Lee surrendered to him his entire Army on the 9th inst. on Appomattox Court House Va.

Glory to God and our Country, and all honor to our Comrades, in arms, towards whom we are marching!

A little more labor, a little more toil on our part, the great work is done, and our Government stands regenerated after four long years of bloody war.

W. T. Sherman
Maj. Gen. Comdg.

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ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IN THE HANDWRITING OF GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN

His "Special Field Orders No. 54," issued on receipt of the news of Lee's surrender to General Grant.

And still another factor was to contribute to their rarity—early death. Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville barely two years after he had attained greatness at Bull Run. There were, therefore, a scant two years in which his signature seemed important enough to be preserved. The gallant and impetuous J. E. B. Stuart was thirty-one when he fell at Yellow Tavern in the summer of '64. Nathaniel Lyon, the hero of the Union defense of Missouri, was killed at Wilson's Creek, on the Arkansas border, in August, 1861, when the war was scarcely five months old. And the brilliant Phil Kearny, one of the most picturesque and accomplished soldiers of the Union, met his death, in a manner somewhat similar to Stonewall Jackson's, at Chantilly in the fall of 1862, just when his star was in the ascendant. While reconnoitering in front of his division he unwittingly penetrated the enemy's lines. It was growing dark and raining heavily when Kearny suddenly rode upon the Confederates. Called upon to surrender he realized where he was, but, instead of submitting, he wheeled his horse and dashed off across the open ground. A half dozen shots rang out and he fell dead before he had gone a hundred feet. Had he lived he might have become one of the great figures on the Union side.

Aside from its autographic significance—for his signature is very scarce—Kearny's career has always interested me. He was a born soldier—a soldier of fortune, by preference, for he was well-to-do. He lost his left arm at Churubusco, in the Mexican War, but it took more than that to quell his venturesome spirit. The mutilation, in fact, served only to enhance his picturesqueness. Riding with the reins in his teeth, his saber held aloft in his right hand, he was a spectacular figure on many famous battlefields,—in Mexico, Algeria, Italy, and at the second Bull Run.

For his gallant deportment in the war against Italy, France conferred on him the cross of the Legion of Honor, the first American to be thus honored for military service; but he had a difficult time of it in trying to get his own country to award him a commission. Not long ago I acquired several letters of Kearny's attacking the "McClellan gang" for humbling him and blocking his advancement. In spite of the fact that he was an internationally famous cavalry officer he was shunted into the infantry, much against his wishes and the good judgment of military men. But even there he distinguished himself, and the day he died a commission breveting him a major-general was on its way to him. For one reason or another it was two months late in arriving.

The letter of Kearny I treasure most is now before me. It was sent from Paris, in 1861, where Kearny was residing, having just won new honors for himself in the French Foreign Legion. News had reached him that his country was on the brink of war, and he at once sent this terse, typical soldier's letter offering his services to the Union:

Paris, Jan. 25, '61

Sir,

Being a citizen of the State of New York, I have the honour to offer you my services in a military capacity.

Very Resply
Your Obdt Servt,
PHILLIP KEARNY
Paris, 16 Ave. Matignon.

To
His Excellency,
The Governor
of the State of New York.

While, as a whole, the autographs of Union and Confederate leaders, civil and military, are fairly plentiful and of moderate value, there are several rarities among them, such as that of Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth. Although his name is seldom heard to-day, there were few, if any New Yorkers of the days immediately preceding the outbreak of the Civil War who did not know of Colonel Ellsworth of New York's celebrated Fire Zouaves. He was Lincoln's friend and when he fell at Alexandria—the first Union officer to die—Lincoln wrote his parents a letter of condolence that ranks close to the famous Bixby letter. I have occasionally had letters and documents of Ellsworth's, though anything from his pen is extremely rare.

Ellsworth's story is a romantic one. At the very outbreak of the Civil War the Unionists proposed to occupy the city of Alexandria, Virginia, just below Washington, as the first step in the contemplated invasion of the State. The first plan was to send in the Zouaves, but when the good citizens of Alexandria heard of this they begged that some other regiment be sent. This volunteer regiment of firemen, although masters of intricate parade ground maneuver, did not have the best of reputations for discipline, and they had been sarcastically dubbed the "Pet Lambs."

When Ellsworth, a young dreamer of twenty-two in command of these unruly troops, heard of the plan to keep the Zouaves back, he went at once to Lincoln and requested, as a personal favor, that they be sent for the sake of the morale of the regiment.

"They must be got into the field," Ellsworth said, "and they must be got in first."

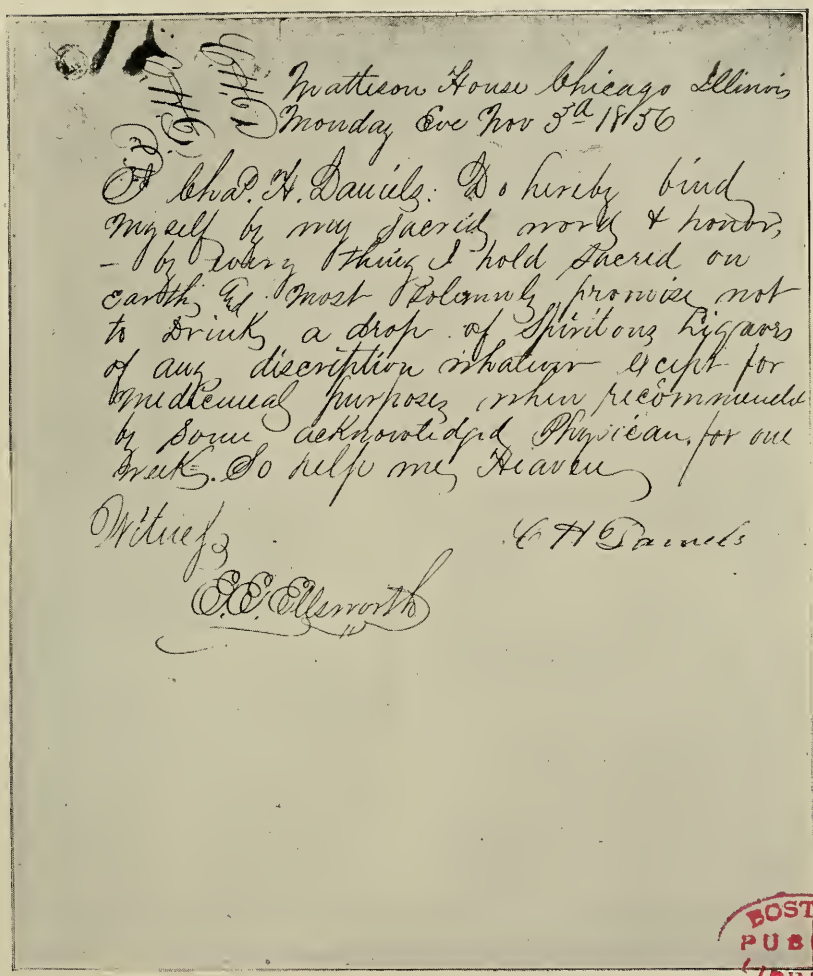
Lincoln acquiesced. But he did make a reservation—at the first breach of discipline the Zouaves were to be mustered out of service.

That night, with the regiment drawn up before him, the camp fires burning, Ellsworth addressed his men: "Boys, yesterday I understood that a movement was to be made against Alexandria. I said I would consider it a personal affront if we were not allowed the right of line, as is our due as the first regiment of volunteers sworn in for the war. All I can say is, prepare yourselves for a nice little sail, and at the end, perhaps, a skirmish. When we reach the place of destination, act like men. Do nothing to shame the regiment. Show the enemy that you are men as well as soldiers. I want to kill them with kindness and, no matter what may happen, not a shot must be fired without orders. Go to your tents and do as I tell you."

He retired and wrote to his parents: "Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty. And to-night, thinking of the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who notes the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fall of one like me. . . ."

At the break of dawn the Zouaves, red pantaloons bright in the rising sun, boarded navy gunboats and moved down the bay. Alexandria awaited them sullenly. Here and there a few women ran frantically through the streets on the heels of the retiring defending forces. An occasional shot from a sniper's rifle whizzed over the ships, but Ellsworth commanded there be no reply. He landed with the first detachment, formed them, and marched up the street on the double-quick.

Before the Marshall House he brought his force to a halt. A rebel flag waved proudly from an attic window. Ellsworth glanced at it a moment. Then, turning to Sergeant Marshall, he


Matteson House Chicago Illinois
Monday Eve Nov 3d 1856

I Chas. H. Daniels: Do hereby bind myself by my sacred word & honor, - by every thing I hold sacred on earth, & most solemnly promise not to drink a drop of spiritous liquors of any discription whatever except for medicinal purposes when recommended by some acknowledged Physician, for one year. So help me Heaven

Witness
E. E. Ellsworth

C H Daniels

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

AUTOGRAPH DOCUMENT SIGNED OF COL. ELMER E. ELLSWORTH

An interesting specimen of one of the rarest of Civil War autographs. The document is a pledge to abstain from drinking "spiritous liquors" drawn up and witnessed by Ellsworth. November 3, 1856.

ordered crisply: "Go back and tell Captain Coyle to bring up the rest of the company as soon as possible." His party, consisting of two corporals, of whom Frank Brownell was one, and two privates, he led into the hotel. The place was as quiet as death. A man lounged at the counter.

"Are you the proprietor?" Ellsworth demanded.

"No," the man answered sullenly. "I'm only a boarder here."

Ellsworth gave an order, and the squad, leaving the "boarder" to his own devices, rushed upstairs, Ellsworth in the lead. Outside the streets were very still when they pulled down the flag. Ellsworth tucked it under his arm and started downstairs.

Halfway down, Brownell, who was first, shouted a warning. A figure moved in the semi-darkness. A rifle barrel, balanced on the banister, swung toward Ellsworth's heart. As he yelled, Brownell chopped his own rifle barrel smartly down on the other, and the two men rolled clattering down the steps. But before Brownell could come to grips again the intruder threw his rifle into position and fired. Ellsworth, not four feet away, gasped and sagged to the floor, dead. The same instant Brownell shot the assailant through the brain.

Such was the end of Ellsworth, who called himself an "old man of twenty-two," and of whom Lincoln wrote: "So much of promised usefulness to one's country, and of bright hopes for one's self and friends, have never been so suddenly dashed as in his fall."

Wrote Brownell, who escorted the body to the White House, then to New York and Albany and finally to Ellsworth's home at Mechanicville: "The events of that trip I shall never forget. The whole country seemed up in arms. The excitement was intense. If there had been any faltering in the North it now

ceased. The resolve to crush the Rebellion was sealed in Ellsworth's blood."

In my possession I have the eye-witness account of the shooting of Ellsworth in the handwriting of Brownell, who later reached the rank of captain. But with it I cherish an equally interesting document in Ellsworth's hand and bearing his rare signature. It tells how one Charles H. Daniell, at the young crusader's request, climbed aboard the water wagon almost half a century before it became a legal obligation:

> I, Charles H. Daniell, by everything I hold sacred on earth, most solemnly swear not to drink a drop of spirituous liquors of any description whatever except for medicinal purposes when recognized by some acknowledged physician.

The document is dated Chicago, Illinois, Monday evening, November 3, 1856, and is witnessed by Ellsworth. It was in Illinois that Lincoln first met young Ellsworth, who, though only sixteen, was even then working mightily for the contemporary equivalent of the Anti-Saloon League.

It was said of him that he could hold a rapier against De Villiers, the most dashing Algerian swordsman of his day; that, standing seven paces from a window, he could fire six shots into it and not shiver the glass beyond the circumference of a half-dollar.

Life being a matter of contrast, let us turn to another Civil War celebrity, Captain Henry Wirz, jailer of Andersonville Military Prison, the largest, as it was the most infamous, of Confederate prisons. At one time more than 30,000 Union prisoners were herded in its twenty-seven acres of vile pens, and 12,920 are known to have perished there. Many more probably died

there, were buried and forgotten. It is a unique factor that imparts a value and a certain degree of interest to Captain Wirz's autograph that he was the only prominent Confederate executed subsequent to the war for the part he played in it.

A detachment of cavalry under General Wilson's command arrested Wirz at Andersonville immediately after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. For a time he languished in jail; then he was brought to Washington for trial. The charges against him were damning—overcrowding of prisons, the merciless tracking down of escaped prisoners with bloodhounds—charges ranging from cruelty to murder. Wirz was found guilty, and on the morning of November 10, 1865, he was hanged in the very shadow of the White House. That he was culpable there can be no doubt; but there also seems to be evidence that he was the victim selected to appease the popular demand for revenge.

Before me is his last letter, a gruesome souvenir, written just before he mounted the scaffold:

Mr. Shade,

The enclosed letters and books I wish you to deliver as directed. May God bless you.

HENRY WIRZ

November 10, 1865

There arises now the tragic figure of John Brown. Not long ago, with the purchase of the collection of Professor William E. Praeger of Kalamazoo College, Michigan, I acquired the last letter John Brown ever wrote. In somber Charles Town (Virginia) prison Brown was waiting execution. It was the morning of December 2, 1859. Two weeks behind lay the dreadful affair at Harpers Ferry—the tortured defense of the armory,

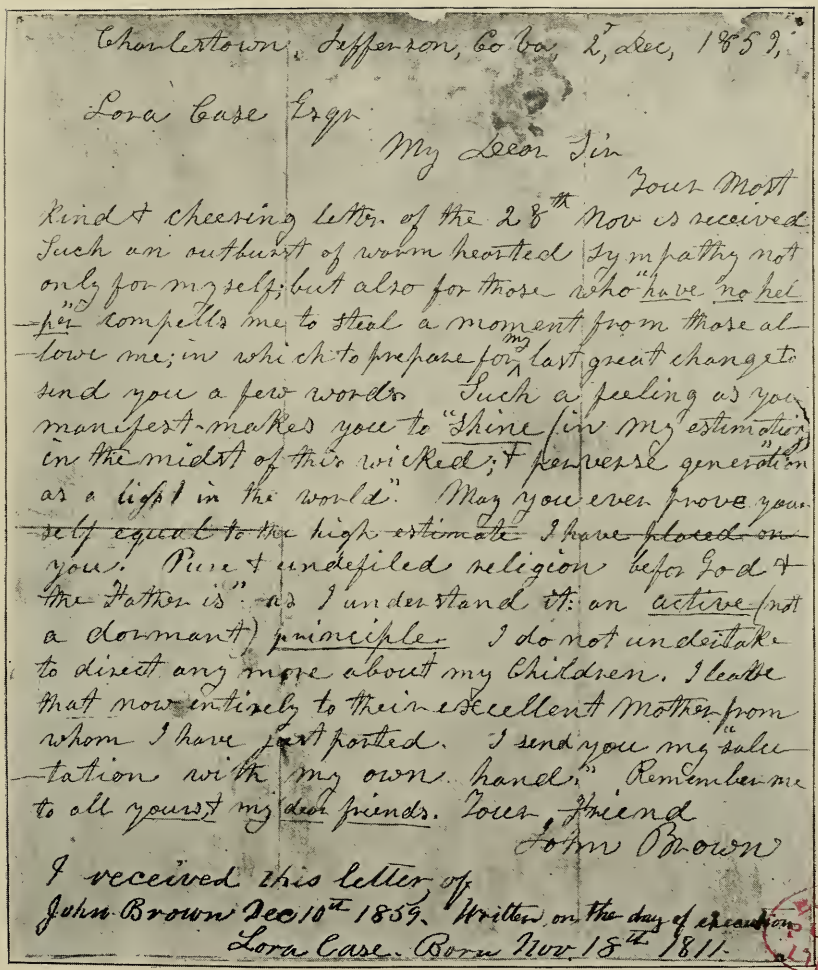
the decimation of his followers. Behind, too, the week-long trial in the court-house. And on this, the bright, clear morning he was to die, John Brown sat coldly, composed as stone, in his cell, its silence disturbed only by the scratching of his pen. His wife had gone, and he was writing a final farewell to his friends. At last he was finished; he folded a letter, and turned to his jailer:

"I have done. I am now ready."

The jailer shook his head and dragged forth his timepiece. "There is yet another hour."

John Brown's face showed no emotion. Another hour to live. A bright sun in Charles Town, and a wagon drawn by two white horses, with a casket—his own casket—as their burden, had already arrived outside the prison door. "I will write another letter," said John Brown. And he returned to his chair and wrote this letter to his lifelong friend and neighbor, Lora Case:

> Your most kind and cheering letter of the 28th November is received. Such an outburst of warm-hearted sympathy not only for myself but also for those who have no helper compels me to steal a moment from those allowed me in which to prepare for my last great change to send you a few words. Such feeling as you manifest makes you to "shine (in my estimation) in the midst of this wicked and perverse generation as a light in the world." May you ever prove yourself equal to the high estimate I have placed on you. Pure & undefiled religion before God and the Father is, as I understand it, an active not a dormant principle. I do not undertake to direct any more about my Children. I leave that now entirely to their excellent Mother, from whom I have just parted. I send you my "salutation in my own hand." Remember me to all yours & my dear friends.



Charlestown, Jefferson, Co Va, 2d, Dec, 1859,

Lora Case Esqr.

My Dear Sir

Your Most Kind & cheering Letter of the 28th Nov is received. Such an outburst of warm hearted sympathy not only for my self; but also for those who "have no help" compells me to steal a moment from those alone me; in which to prepare for my last great change to send you a few words. Such a feeling as you manifest makes you to "Shine" in my estimation "in the midst of this wicked & perverse generation" as a light in the world". May you ever prove yourself equal to the high estimate I have placed on you. Pure & undefiled religion befor God & the Father is" as I understand it: an active (not a dormant) principle. I do not undertake to direct any more about my Children. I leave that now entirely to their excellent Mother from whom I have just parted. I send you my "salutation with my own hand". Remember me to all yours & my dear friends. Your friend

John Brown

I received this letter of
John Brown Dec 10th 1859. Written on the day of execution.
Lora Case. Born Nov 18th 1811.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

JOHN BROWN'S LAST LETTER, WRITTEN ONE HOUR BEFORE HE WAS LED OUT FROM CHARLESTOWN (VIRGINIA) PRISON TO EXECUTION

Autograph Letter Signed, December 2, 1859, to his friend, Lora Case.

Presently John Brown moved out of the cell between his jailers, took his place in the wagon with the casket, and rode forth unfalteringly to his rendezvous with death. This extraordinary letter is now in the renowned collection of W. T. H. Howe, of Cincinnati, a digression from his customary paths in the field of *belles-lettres*.

CHAPTER VI

Fifty-six Who Hung Together

The Signers of the Declaration of Independence—Some Facts Regarding the Most Important Transaction in American History—The Declaration of Independence Signed on August 2nd—Thomas Lynch, Jr., and Button Gwinnett—Their Careers and the Reason for the Rarity of Their Autographs—Sales and Prices of Lynch and Gwinnett Autographs—Early Collectors of the Signers—Other Rare Signers—Obscurity Equals Rarity—Relative Scarcity of the Signers from the Rarest to the Commonest—John Hancock's Letter Transmitting the Declaration of Independence—Thomas McKean's Letter Recounting What Occurred in Independence Hall on the Occasion of the Signing—Price Records of Sales of Four Great Collections of Signers—Jefferson Defends his Authorship of the Declaration of Independence.

"We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately," Benjamin Franklin is reputed to have said at the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This bit of wisdom is worthy of him, whether he said it or not. The Signers did hang together and, through their autographs, they have in spirit continued to hang together ever since.

It is extraordinary that doubt should rest upon the record of the most important transaction in the history of the United States, namely, the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Such is the case, however. Despite the positive assertion of Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, that it was signed on July 4th, the evidence is overwhelming that it was not.

It is practically certain that the greater part of the signatures were affixed to the engrossed copy of the instrument on August 2nd, and with one exception—that of Thomas McKean—the remainder were added at various times during the fall of 1776. McKean himself is authority for the statement that he did not sign until 1781. We have positive evidence that the following Signers were absent from the memorable session of the Continental Congress on July 4th: Samuel Chase, Elbridge Gerry, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, William Hooper and Oliver Wolcott.

The facts seem to be these. On July 2nd the resolution declaring the independence of the colonies was voted on, twelve of the thirteen colonies assenting and the thirteenth, New York, favoring it but not voting. A few verbal alterations, additions and omissions were made and finally on the 4th of July the *form* of the Declaration was agreed upon. It is July 2nd therefore and not the 4th that is properly the birthday of Independence.

The signing seems to have been more or less an afterthought. On July 19th Congress passed a resolution that the Declaration "be fairly engrossed on parchment, with the title and style of 'The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America'; and that the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of Congress." The engrossing was completed on August 2nd and on that day most of the signatures were affixed. But as it can be shown conclusively that at least fifteen of the Signers were not in Philadelphia on August 2nd, it follows that their signatures must have been added later. Seven of the Signers were not even members of the Continental Congress on July 4th —Thornton, Williams, Rush, Clymer, Smith, Taylor and Ross. And there were in Congress on that date seven other members

who did not sign at any time—Clinton, Alsop, R. R. Livingston, Wisner, Willing, Humphreys and Rogers.

The engrossed document itself is largely responsible for the tradition that has grown up around the signing of the Declaration. It is headed, "In Congress, July 4, 1776," and ends with the fifty-six signatures, and the natural inference is that the document was signed on that day. But there is no more foundation for this view than for the legend of the blue-eyed boy waiting at the door of the hall to give the signal to the old man in the bell tower when the vote should be concluded.

Among the fifty-six patriots who at one time or another during the summer of 1776 affixed their names to the American Magna Charta were two Southern gentlemen, Thomas Lynch, Jr., of South Carolina, and Button Gwinnett of Georgia. The first was a young man with the accent of Cambridge in his speech, one of the colony's promising youths, who, though still in his twenties, had been commissioned a captain in the provincial soldiery and now, by reason of his father's sudden illness, had been chosen by South Carolina's Provincial Assembly to succeed him in the critical deliberations of the Continental Congress. An earnest, intelligent young man, he soon impressed his older colleagues at Philadelphia with his abilities. It was a pity that a fatal disease was already beginning to undermine his health.

The second gentleman was an able personality of middle age, a shrewd and confident politician, a power in his State of Georgia. With the others, these two—Lynch and Gwinnett—attached their names to that parchment roll, The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America, which is on permanent exhibition in the Library of Congress for all Americans to see.

Following the adoption of the Declaration of Independence,

Gwinnett remained in Philadelphia just long enough to affix his name to the engrossed copy, the act which was to assure him immortality. There was work to be done in Georgia. The military resources of the State must be organized, supplies accumulated—and there also must be power and prestige for Gwinnett. On August 2nd or 3rd he packed his saddle-bags and rode South—a protracted, exhausting journey. But ambition and planning shortened the miles. Back in Georgia he helped draft the State's new Constitution; he sat in the Assembly and presently became its Speaker; he became President of the Council of Safety, a key position. But the prize he most coveted he failed to get—the command of Georgia's first regiment of militia. His rival, Lachlan McIntosh, soon to be made a brigadier general, secured that honor for himself. Gwinnett was never fully reconciled to the loss. Presently Archibald Bullock, President of the State, died and the Executive Council elected Gwinnett governor and placed him in command of the State's military forces.

It was not long after this that the McIntoshes—Lachlan and his brother George—got into difficulties. George was arrested and put in irons on a charge of shipping rice to the enemy. The general's failure to coöperate with the Governor in the ill-fated punitive expedition against Florida came in for censure by the Assembly. Grave charges were made, and both Gwinnett and McIntosh were called before the Assembly to state their cases. McIntosh, hot-headed, called Gwinnett a scoundrel and a liar. This was on May 15, 1777. On the morning of the 16th, on the outskirts of Savannah, the two men faced each other with pistols. The signal given, both fired. Gwinnett swayed and pitched to the ground, a bullet in his chest. On May 19th he died.

Lynch, in poor health but still concerned with the affairs of

government, lingered in Philadelphia until the autumn of 1776, when he was finally obliged to return to South Carolina. But he gained no relief, and the doctors warned him that he must seek a more temperate climate. As a last hope, toward the close of 1779, he embarked for St. Eustatius, where he planned to take passage on a neutral ship bound for the south of France. The vessel on which he sailed was last seen a few days out at sea. It never reached its destination, and thus Lynch met his death at the early age of thirty.

These, in brief, are the dramatic stories of Lynch and Gwinnett, the two most conspicuous rarities among American autographs—the two names that, as unadorned signatures, are the most valuable of all the names in American history. Had the two men not attached their autographs to the Declaration their names would be forgotten to-day, as are those of many patriots of equal ability and accomplishments among their contemporaries. But the rarity of their autographs has given them an imperishable distinction over many of their more brilliant colleagues.

With the sale in 1926 of a signature of Button Gwinnett for $22,500 the old American game of "Button, Button, who's got the Button?" was revived with an avidity that staggered the autograph market and sent the sons and daughters of the Revolution scampering to their attics. In 1927 $50,000 was paid for a letter signed by Gwinnett which had lain for years among a mass of old papers in an outhouse in the village of Mamaroneck, New York. This was five times as much as was paid for a complete set of the Signers at the Elliot Danforth sale fifteen years before, when Gwinnett's autograph brought less than $5,000.

I well remember the sale of the splendid Elliot Danforth collection of autographs which was dispersed at auction in 1912.

James H. Manning, a banker and one-time mayor of Albany, upset all precedent and caused a sensation among collectors and dealers by paying the then unheard of price of $4,600 for an American autograph. The autograph prize was a document signed by Button Gwinnett—a will to which he had appended his signature as a witness. I recall the comments following the sale. The price was absurd! Surely the buyer must be insane! Mr. Manning was even favored with letters, so he told me, suggesting that he have a guardian appointed to safeguard his wealth. Yet ten years later, following Mr. Manning's death, I sat in another auction room where the Manning collection was being sold and saw the identical Gwinnett document fetch $22,500 when the auctioneer's hammer fell. What was more, I was the under-bidder on the document myself to the tune of $22,000. Thus was Mr. Manning's judgment vindicated. A claim which was later set up for this autograph by the State of Georgia on the ground that the will was a public document was not sustained by the courts.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I venture to explain that the cause of the high value of autographs of Gwinnett and Lynch is that they are necessary links in the chain of a complete set of Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

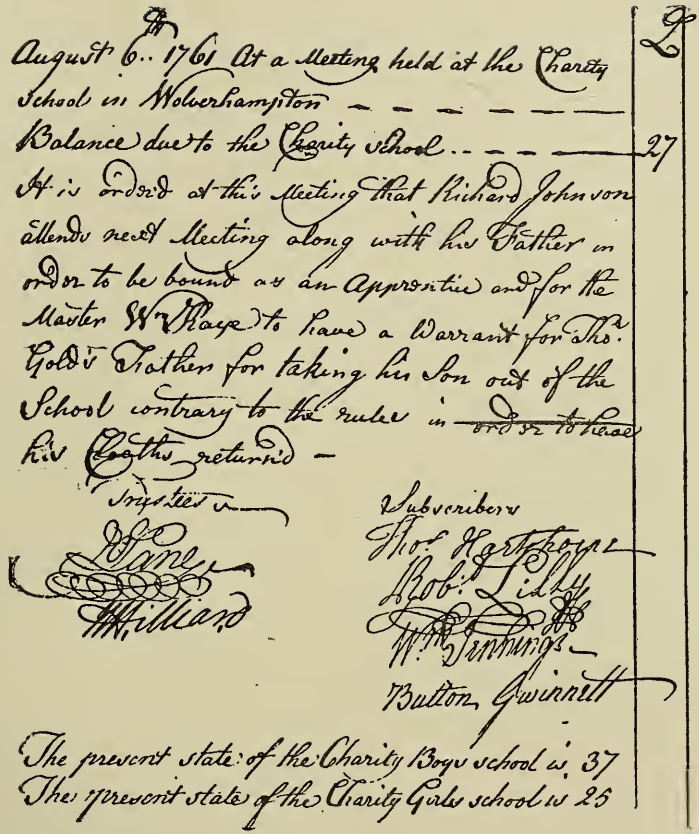
There are now in public institutions and in the possession of private collectors at least thirty-eight or possibly forty complete sets of the autographs of the Signers, the fruits of more than one hundred years of persevering collecting. The autograph of Thomas Lynch, Jr., is represented in these sets by the famous A.L.S. in the Emmett collection, a short autograph note signed, four or five documents signed and the balance signatures, mostly cut from books but a few fortunately still in them. It is doubt-

ful if there are more than two or three known Lynch autographs not at present incorporated in collections of the Signers. Thus, it will be seen that there are known to be extant approximately forty-three Lynch autographs.

Of Gwinnett's recorded autographs, one, or possibly two, are in the form of short autograph letters signed, two or three letters signed, about thirty-five documents signed and five signatures. Included among these are two or three Gwinnett autographs that have not as yet become a part of collected sets of the Signers. The reason that the above figures cannot be given with more definiteness is that there are three or four sets of Signers, the names of whose owners have not for various reasons been disclosed. More than two-thirds of the collected sets of Signers are permanently locked in public institutions, and it may be safely predicted that a goodly percentage of the remaining third still in private hands will in time journey into the same Valhalla.

It will be noted that, if the cut signatures are not taken into consideration, there are more than five times as many documents and letters of Gwinnett as of Lynch. In fact, taking *all* forms of their autographs into consideration, there appear to be more Gwinnetts than Lynches in existence. But notwithstanding this, the highest price ever paid for a Lynch autograph was $9,500. The only plausible reason for this disparity is that Gwinnett has been better press-agented, just as Paul Revere is known to millions while comparatively few have heard of his companion on the famous ride, Rufus Dawes.

Only one letter written entirely in Lynch's hand has thus far been found. It is dated July 5, 1777, and is addressed to George Washington. Formerly in the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis



DOCUMENT SIGNED BY BUTTON GWINNETT, RARE SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

This Splendid Specimen Is in the Collection of His Eminence Cardinal George W. Mundelein, of Chicago

Emmett, distinguished physician and pioneer American autograph collector, it is now in the New York Public Library.

During the past two years I have sold three fine examples of Gwinnett's autographs—the name, by the way, is accented on the second syllable. Two of these were unrecorded specimens, that is, they had not been previously included in any great collection. The third had been part of a famous set of Signers that was dispersed. At least two and possibly all three of them are destined for permanent preservation in institutional collections. One of the "new" specimens was discovered in Great Britain (Gwinnett was a native of England) by an English bookseller, from whom it came indirectly to me. It is one of the finest Gwinnetts known. I had the satisfaction of placing it in the Americana collection of His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein. It was the link which served to complete his splendid set of Signers.

The other "new" Gwinnett came to light in Georgia. It was also an unusually fine example. Could the redoubtable Button know of the circumstances attending the sale of this particular specimen of his autograph, I am sure he would be even more amazed than he would be at the price paid for it. When I heard of the autograph I was on a fishing trip on the Gallatin River in Montana, some sixty miles from a railroad. The only means of communication with the outside world was the telephone line of the Forest Rangers. On this single wire, straggling over mountain and ravine, telephone messages and telegrams were relayed to me from the main line sixty miles distant. And over this line, despite frequent thunderstorms along its tortuous length which generally put it out of commission, and the interruptions of the dozen or more parties on the line, the negotiations for the purchase of the document were carried on

for several days with the owner in New York and finally consummated. I doubt if an autograph was ever bought under more extraordinary conditions. It is fitting that this Gwinnett document should now be, as it is, the cornerstone of an important collection of Signers in the Rocky Mountain States.

The quest of the autographs of the Signers is not of recent origin. On the contrary, it is one of the oldest forms of American autograph collecting. As early as 1816, Dr. William B. Sprague was busily tracking them down, and when he died, in May, 1876, at the age of eighty-one, he had completed no less than three full sets of the Signers, besides helping many of his collector friends to bridge the gaps in theirs. What an opportunity had this man, the first to form a set of the Signers! While still a senior at Yale he was invited to become a tutor in the family of Major Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of George Washington, whose wife was the grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington. While he was there Judge Bushrod Washington, who had inherited the papers of his illustrious uncle, granted Sprague permission to take from the priceless legacy such letters and documents as he wanted, with the sole restriction that he should replace the originals with copies. It was from these files that Dr. Sprague obtained the unique and priceless Lynch letter to Washington which he later passed on to Dr. Emmett.

Not long ago I acquired a letter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, addressed to Dr. Sprague and referring to collecting the autographs of the Signers. It is the only letter of a Signer on that subject I have ever seen. Certainly few such letters exist. In it Carroll replied to Sprague's inquiry for information regarding descendants of the Signers from whom he might obtain autographs, mentioning Philip Livingston, Samuel Chase, William

Paca and Thomas Stone. A more appropriate adjunct to a collection of autographs of the Signers could hardly be desired. Think of a Signer confessing, as did Carroll in this letter, that he had allowed letters from his fellow Signers written during the Revolution to perish because they only "related to the passing events of the time"! Imagine a collector of the Signers being able to correspond with a Signer!

Down in Savannah, Georgia, at about the same time, Israel K. Tefft was beginning to collect the Signers. In Liverpool Dr. Raffles was quietly forming a set, and soon there were others, all bent on the same objective—Robert Gilmore of Baltimore, Louis J. Cist of Cincinnati, Dr. John H. Fogg, Mellen Chamberlain and Charles P. Greenough of Boston, Professor E. H. Leffingwell, John Boyd Thacher of Albany, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett of New York.

These early collectors were notable not only as pioneers, but because of the camaraderie that marked their dealings among themselves. Cheerfully they exchanged what the one had and the other lacked. Gwinnetts and Lynches worth small fortunes today were freely swapped about. The redoubtable Tefft, distinguished for having found a Gwinnett signature blowing across a Southern lawn, cheerfully passed Lynch signatures on to his fellow collectors. He even supplied Dr. Raffles with a Gwinnett. And when, in 1837, the English collector lamented that his set of Signers was then complete save for one name, George Taylor, Dr. Sprague hastened to fill the gap with an excellent document. A splendid fellowship.

Yet for all this harmony, the completion of a set of Signers was a difficult task even then. Up to 1845 only two sets had been completed—those of Dr. Sprague and Dr. Raffles. It

was some years later before Tefft, in spite of the Lynches and Gwinnetts he had, rounded out his first set. By 1870 there were fourteen sets of Signers in existence; and one whole set, that of Professor Robert Gibbe of Columbia, South Carolina, had been destroyed when that city was burned during the Civil War.

It has been said that the first hundred years are the hardest, and the quip should in theory apply to collecting as well as to other activities. But it loses its significance when applied to collecting the Signers. If the first hundred years were hard, the present hundred are likely to be doubly, trebly so. The day will undoubtedly come when it will be an impossible task to complete a set of the Signers for the simple reason that the autographs of many of them will no longer be available. I daresay it will eventually be impossible even for a multi-millionaire with a check signed in blank to corral a set, for mere millions cannot command a vacuum to deliver up a Gwinnett or a Lynch.

What of the still unfinished sets? Well, hope springs eternal, and, although a persistent search has been prosecuted for many years for the autographs of the rare Signers, there is always the possibility that a forgotten or hitherto overlooked source will yield a rich reward. Impelled by this hope, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman of Charlestown, South Carolina, uncovered fifteen Lynch autographs just before the Civil War, mostly signatures cut from the fly-leaves of books in Lynch's library which were preserved by his nieces, the Misses Bowman, who were still living in Dr. Gilman's time. It is by these cut signatures that Lynch is represented in most sets of the Signers to-day. Mere signatures, perhaps, but examples have sold for as high as $4,000. The search for Lynches may continue, but it seems doomed to failure. The ground has been rather thoroughly turned in years gone by. As

empty also seems the possibility of locating new Gwinnetts, although three were unearthed in England in the years following the World War, one of which I obtained.

The rarity of Gwinnett's autograph is somewhat perplexing. Whereas Lynch died young, Gwinnett lived to his middle forties, was an active figure in Georgia affairs and must have corresponded widely. For the disappearance of his personal papers no satisfactory explanation has been offered. Shortly after Gwinnett's death Savannah was swept by yellow fever and it is possible that his effects were burned in the great house-cleaning that followed the epidemic.

The collector who lacks a Gwinnett must often wish that Lachlan McIntosh had been a poorer marksman and that, instead of finding a vital spot, his bullet had lodged harmlessly in his adversary's shoulder, that spot so favored of movie heroes. Still McIntosh could hardly have missed at twelve paces. Had Gwinnett survived to write thousands of letters, as did Robert Morris or Charles Carroll of Carrollton, much of the fascination of collecting the Signers would be missing. It is Gwinnett and the four or five other *introuvables* of the set that give zest to the chase.

A halo of publicity and prestige has settled about the heads of Gwinnett and Lynch, but they are far from being the only autograph rarities among the Signers. Measured by the yardstick of value they stand high above the others, but in point of rarity there are other names that are not far below them. By long odds Arthur Middleton, Signer from South Carolina, Lynch's colleague, is the third rarest name. He was a man of great sagacity, much courage and short speech. On his estate stood the old Middleton mansion, not much revered by him. He pre-

ferred a newer and more comfortable house which he had built. One day fire broke out in the older house and a servant bearing the news rushed into the garden where the Signer was sunning himself. "Your house is afire, sir!" he gasped. Middleton rocked on his heels, clasped his hands behind his back and nodded gravely. "Tell Mrs. Middleton to let it burn," he said.

After Middleton come Joseph Hewes, John Penn and William Hooper, all of North Carolina. The Southern Signers seem almost to have managed a corner on rarity. But the autograph of that witty Scot, Dr. John Witherspoon of New Jersey, who was called in 1768 to become president of Princeton College, is also extremely rare. It was he who said, when a timid colleague argued that the Colonies were not yet ripe for independence: "In my judgment, sir, not only ripe, but rotting."

Another fact, curious and yet easily understood, is that the less prominent Signers are generally the rarest. With one or two exceptions the Signers whose autographs are extremely rare were not especially conspicuous in Revolutionary Councils. Obscurity equals rarity, it would seem.

For the benefit of the new collector as well as of the veteran who may not have had time to consider the problem, I have appended here a list showing the order of rarity of the fifty-six Signers. First, however, let me admit its inadequacies. Obviously by such a simple list it is difficult to show precise shadings of rarity, for the reason that the autographs of many of the Signers are rarer in one form than in another. There is, for example, the case of John Morton, Signer from Pennsylvania. In the shape of documents his autograph is actually common, for he signed many of them while sheriff of Chester County and as Judge of the

Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Yet in holograph form his autograph is of extreme rarity.

Almost the same might be said of John Hart, the venerable and much-loved Signer from New Jersey, father of thirteen children, who was driven from his home and family when the British invaded New Jersey and, hiding in the woods, seeking shelter where he could, finally died before he could reach his home again. He was sixty-eight years old when he signed the Declaration. Only Stephen Hopkins and Benjamin Franklin were older than he. His signature on the colonial currency of New Jersey is common, and I have sold many such specimens for a few dollars each. But in the form of holograph letters his autograph is exceedingly rare.

Early death affects the rarity of Signers as it does other groups, and I venture to say that, given the dates at which the Signers died, any one might almost draft a table of comparative rarity for himself. Gwinnett died in 1777, Lynch, Hewes and Livingston in 1779, Middleton in 1787 and Hooper in 1790. However, as stated, because the autographs of a particular Signer vary in value, depending on their form, *i.e.,* whether they are A.L.S., D.S. or merely signatures, neither the dates of their deaths nor any other general rule will serve as a precise gauge of value. Therefore, this last may be regarded as showing only approximately the progression among the Signers from the peak of rarity to the valley of comparative abundance:

1. Thomas Lynch, Jr.
2. Button Gwinnett
3. Arthur Middleton
4. Joseph Hewes
5. William Hooper
6. John Penn
7. George Taylor
8. George Wythe

9. John Witherspoon
10. Francis Lightfoot Lee
11. Abraham Clark
12. Richard Stockton
13. Carter Braxton
14. Lewis Morris
15. Thomas Nelson, Jr.
16. Thomas Stone
17. William Paca
18. Richard Henry Lee
19. Lyman Hall
20. Philip Livingston
21. James Smith
22. William Whipple
23. William Floyd
24. Benjamin Franklin
25. Samuel Adams
26. John Adams
27. Stephen Hopkins
28. Benjamin Harrison
29. Francis Lewis
30. Robert Treat Paine
31. George Read
32. Samuel Chase
33. Oliver Wolcott
34. John Morton
35. George Ross
36. Edward Rutledge
37. Matthew Thornton
38. Benjamin Rush
39. George Walton
40. John Hart
41. Josiah Bartlett
42. James Wilson
43. Roger Sherman
44. Elbridge Gerry
45. John Hancock
46. William Williams
47. Francis Hopkinson
48. Thomas McKean
49. Samuel Huntington
50. William Ellery
51. Thomas Heyward, Jr.
52. Cæsar Rodney
53. Charles Carroll of Carrollton
54. George Clymer
55. Thomas Jefferson
56. Robert Morris

It is indeed a far cry from the comparatively obscure Thomas Lynch, Jr., to the distinguished Robert Morris; but it is the span of rarity, not of greatness. For all the fact that he seems consigned to the last place, Morris's autograph is far from valueless. Once more it is the old problem of rarity versus importance. Some of Morris's routine letters on business or personal topics may be had for a trifling sum. Some of his outstanding historical

letters, on the other hand, command high prices. Several years ago I acquired a remarkable collection of Morris letters written to his family, many of them dated from the debtor's prison in Philadelphia in which he had been confined when an unsuccessful land enterprise forced him into bankruptcy. Such letters, of course, rise above ordinary classification. The entire collection is now in the Henry E. Huntington Library.

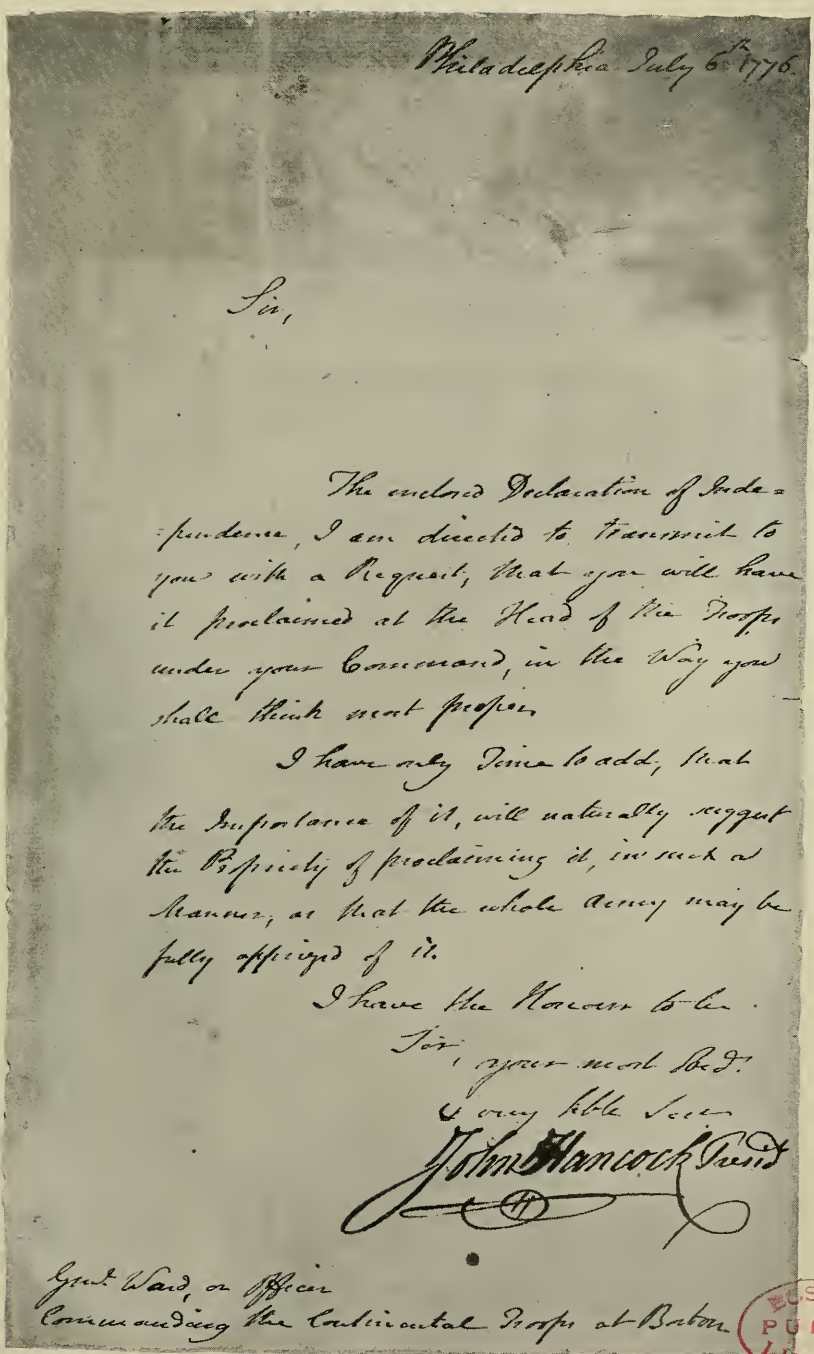
Let us glance at John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress, whose signature on the Declaration of Independence, according to Webster, was "writ from Orion to the Pleiades—whose name, indeed, has become the very synonym for the word signature itself. Generally speaking, Hancock's autograph is neither rare nor very valuable, but there are individual communications signed by him that rise to superlative importance. Such is his letter dated July 6, 1776, by which he sends a copy of the Declaration, fresh that day from the printing press, to General Artemas Ward, to be proclaimed to the Continental troops at Boston. Here is a historical document par excellence. There is no collection, however impressive, whose interest and importance would not be enhanced by the addition of such an autograph:

Philadelphia
July 6, 1776

Sir:

The enclosed Declaration of Independence I am directed to transmit to you with a Request that you will have it proclaimed at the Head of the Troops under your Command in the way you will think most proper.

I have only Time to add that the Importance of it will naturally



Philadelphia July 6th 1776.

Sir,

The enclosed Declaration of Inde=
=pendence, I am directed to transmit to
you with a Request, that you will have
it proclaimed at the Head of the Troops
under your Command, in the Way you
shall think most proper.

I have only Time to add, that
the Importance of it, will naturally suggest
the Propriety of proclaiming it, in such a
Manner, as that the whole Army may be
fully appriezed of it.

I have the Honour to be
Sir, your most Obed.
& very Hble Serv.
John Hancock Presid.

Genl. Ward, or Officer
Commanding the Continental Troops at Boston

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JOHN HANCOCK TRANSMITS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO BE PROCLAIMED TO THE CONTINENTAL ARMY AT BOSTON, TWO DAYS AFTER ITS ADOPTION. A MAGNIFICENT SIGNER'S LETTER

suggest the Propriety of proclaiming it in such a manner as that the whole Army may be fully apprised of it.

I have the Honour to be

Sir,

Your most obedt.

& very hble. Servt.,

JOHN HANCOCK, Presidt.

Gen Ward or Officer

Commanding the Continental Troops at Boston.

Letters of the Signers dated during the year of the signing of the Declaration have always been especially sought for, but the desirability of such letters has been particularly stressed in recent years. Indeed, so much importance has been placed upon this point that some extraordinary price records on individual Signers have been established. Whereas a moderately interesting letter written by one of the Signers in 1777, say Josiah Bartlett, may sell for $100, another letter of no more interesting contents written by the same Signer will sell for $500 because it bears the potent date of 1776. Letters written by the Signers during the Revolution are generally more highly valued than those falling in the periods before and after, and letters referring to the Declaration of Independence itself are the very acme of desirability. The latter, you may be sure, are very rare. One of the finest examples that ever came into the market was from the pen of Thomas McKean, Signer from Delaware. It formed part of the James H. Manning collection, at the sale of which I purchased it in 1926 for $3,000. It is now in the collection of John W. Garrett of Baltimore. Dated August 22, 1813, thirty-seven years after the signing, it is significant for the fact that McKean as an eyewitness and principal of that momentous event not only recounts therein what

occurred in Independence Hall, but cries down the errors which legend-makers had already begun to weave about the occasion.

To Cæsar A. Rodney, a statesman and nephew of the Signer, Cæsar Rodney, McKean wrote:

> . . . I recollect what passed in Congress in the beginning of July, 1776, respecting Independence; it was not as you have conceived. On Monday, the 1st of July the question was taken in the committee of the whole, when the State of Pennsylvania (represented by seven gentlemen then present) voted agt. it. Delaware (having then only two Representatives present) was divided; all the other states voted in favor of it. Whereupon, without delay I sent an Express (at my private expense) for your honored Uncle Cæsar Rodney, Esquire, the remaining member for Delaware, whom I met at the State House door, in his boots & spurs, as the members were assembling, after a friendly salutation (without a word on the business) we went into the Hall of Congress together, and found that we were among the latest; proceedings immediately conmmenced, and after a few moments the great question was put. When the vote for Delaware was called, your uncle arose and said, "As I believe the voice of my constituents and of all sensible & honest men is in favor of Independence, my own judgment concurs with them, I vote for Independence," or in words to the same effect. The State of Pennsylvania on the 4th of July (there being only five members present, Messrs. Willings, Dickenson & Morris, who had in the committee of the whole voted against Independence were absent) voted for it; three to two, Messrs. Willing & Humphries in the negative. Unanimity in the thirteen States, an all important point on so great an occasion, was thus obtained; the dissention of a single State might have produced very dangerous consequences.
>
> Now that I am on the subject I will tell you some truth, not generally known. In the printed public journal of Congress for

1776, Vol. 2, it would appear that the Declaration of Independence was signed on the 4th of July by the members, whose names are there inserted; but the fact is not so, for no person signed it on that day nor for many days after, and among the names subscribed, one was agt. it, Mr. Read, and seven were not in Congress on that day, namely, Messrs. Morris, Rush, Clymer, Smith, Taylor & Ross, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Thornton of New Hampshire; nor were the six Gentlemen last named at that time members. . . .

Here false colors are apparently hung out; there is culpability somewhere. What I can offer as an apology or explanation is, that on the 4th of July, 1776 the Declaration of Independence was ordered to be ingrossed, on parchment & then to be signed; and I have been told that a resolve had passed a few days after and was entered on the secret journal, that no person should have a seat in Congress, during that year, until he should have signed the Declaration in order (as I have been given to understand) to prevent traitors or spies from worming themselves amongst us. I was not in Congress after the 4th for some months, having marched with my regiment of associators of this city, as Colonel, to support General Washington until a flying Camp of ten thousand men was completed. When the associators were discharged I returned to Philadelphia, took my seat in Congress & then signed the Declaration on parchment. . . .

Price records, in so far as they apply to the autographs of Signers, are so transitory that I hesitate to devote much space to them. Still it is interesting to note the rising tide of value that has attended the sale of Signers' autographs at the dispersal of some of the more important collections over a long period of years. Follows a tabulated list of prices realized at the sale of the Cist collection in 1886, the Danforth collection in 1912, the Manning collection in 1926 and the Hollingsworth collection in 1928:

	Cist Sale 1886		Danforth Sale 1912		Manning Sale 1926		Hollingsworth Sale 1928	
Adams, John	A.L.S.	$11.00	A.L.S.	$36.00	A.L.S.	$310.00*	A.L.S.	$625.00
Adams, Samuel	A.L.S.	35.00	A.L.S.	31.00	A.L.S.	210.00	A.L.S.	450.00
Bartlett, Josiah			L.S.	60.00	A.L.S.	400.00*	A.L.S.	625.00*
Braxton, Carter	A.L.S.	5.00	A.L.S.	36.00	A.L.S.	185.00	A.L.S.	1,250.00*
Carroll, Charles	A.L.S.	2.75	A.L.S.	14.00	A.L.S.	600.00*	A.L.S.	55.00
Chase, Samuel	A.L.S.	6.00	A.L.S.	92.50	A.L.S.	60.00	A.L.S.	60.00
Clark, Abraham	A.L.S.	20.00	A.L.S.	305.00*	A.L.S.	420.00	A.L.S.	620.00
Clymer, George	A.L.S.	2.75	A.L.S.	50.00	A.L.S.	210.00*	A.L.S.	350.00*
Ellery, William	A.L.S.	4.00	A.L.S.	85.00	A.L.S.	360.00	A.D.S.	1,050.00*
Floyd, William	A.L.S.	7.00	A.L.S.	80.00	A.L.S.	200.00	A.L.S.	2,400.00*
Franklin, Benjamin	A.L.S.	12.00	A.L.S.	375.00*	A.L.S.	1,050.00	A.L.S.	3,900.00
Gerry, Elbridge	A.L.S.	7.00	A.L.S.	205.00*	A.L.S.	85.00	A.L.S.	700.00*
Gwinnett, Button	D.S.	185.00	D.S.	4,600.00	D.S.	22,500.00	D.S.	19,200.00
Hall, Lyman	A.D.S.	36.00	A.L.S.	225.00	A.L.S.	225.00	A.L.S.	725.00
Hancock, John	A.L.S.	15.00	L.S.	175.00*	A.L.S.	210.00*	A.L.S.	320.00
Harrison, Benjamin	A.L.S.	9.00	A.L.S.	46.00	A.L.S.	550.00*	A.L.S.	80.00
Hart, John			A.D.S.	50.00	A.L.S.	525.00	A.D.S.	400.00*
Hewes, Joseph	A.L.S.	28.00	A.L.S.	800.00	A.L.S.	800.00	A.L.S.	1,500.00
Heyward, Thomas, Jr.	D.S.	10.00	A.L.S.	195.00	A.L.S.	500.00	A.D.S.	200.00
Hooper, William	A.L.S.	20.00	A.L.S.	450.00	A.L.S.	400.00*	A.L.S.	275.00
Hopkins, Stephen			A.L.S.	110.00	A.L.S.	7.50	A.L.S.	80.00
Hopkinson, Francis	A.L.S.	8.00	A.L.S.	80.00	D.S.	185.00	A.L.S.	170.00
Huntington, Samuel	A.L.S.	5.00	A.L.S.	35.00	A.L.S.	12.50	A.L.S.	55.00
Jefferson, Thomas	A.L.S.	4.75	A.L.S.	50.00	A.L.S.	260.00	A.L.S.	220.00
Lee, Francis L.	A.L.S.	12.00	A.L.S.	160.00*	A.L.S.	375.00*	A.L.S.	3,000.00*
Lee, Richard H.	A.L.S.	3.50	A.L.S.	175.00*	A.L.S.	230.00*	A.L.S.	2,500.00*
Lewis, Francis	A.L.S.	16.00	A.L.S.	125.00	A.L.S.	530.00*	A.L.S.	370.00

Livingston, Philip	L.S.	3.25	A.L.S.	280.00	A.L.S.	210.00	L.S.	60.00
Lynch, Thomas, Jr.	Sig.	210.00	Sig.	580.00	Sig.	2,000.00	Sig.	1,500.00
McKean, Thomas			A.L.S.	110.00	A.L.S.	3,000.00	A.L.S.	1,300.00*
Middleton, Arthur	D.S.	15.00	A.L.S.	470.00	D.S.	425.00	D.S.	1,300.00
Morris, Lewis	A.L.S.	85.00*	A.L.S.	100.00	A.L.S.	430.00	A.L.S.	130.00
Morris, Robert	A.L.S.	1.50	A.L.S.	60.00*	A.L.S.	27.50	A.L.S.	1,750.00*
Morton, John			D.S.	90.00	A.D.S.	3.00	D.S.	200.00*
Nelson, Thomas, Jr.	A.L.S.	6.50	A.L.S.	160.00*	A.L.S.	235.00	A.L.S.	150.00
Paca, William	A.L.S.	17.00	A.L.S.	45.00	A.L.S.	55.00	A.L.S.	220.00*
Paine, Robert T.	A.L.S.	22.00	A.L.S.	250.00	A.L.S.	60.00	A.L.S.	900.00*
Penn, John	A.L.S.	40.00*	A.L.S.	710.00*	A.L.S.	450.00	A.L.S.	600.00
Read, George			A.L.S.	43.00	A.L.S.	875.00*	A.L.S.	120.00
Rodney, Cæsar	A.L.S.	8.50	A.L.S.	150.00*	A.L.S.	1,800.00*	A.L.S.	1,350.00*
Ross, George	A.L.S.	9.00	A.L.S.	120.00	A.L.S.	200.00	A.D.S.	300.00*
Rush, Benjamin	A.L.S.	2.00	A.L.S.	95.00	A.L.S.	310.00	A.L.S.	190.00
Rutledge, Edward	A.L.S.	10.00	A.L.S.	250.00*	A.L.S.	330.00*	A.L.S.	130.00
Sherman, Roger	A.L.S.	25.00	A.L.S.	200.00	A.L.S.	800.00	A.L.S.	135.00
Smith, James			A.L.S.	100.00	A.L.S.	625.00	A.L.S.	300.00
Stockton, Richard	A.L.S.	50.00	A.L.S.	235.00	A.L.S.	525.00	D.S.	140.00*
Stone, Thomas	A.L.S.	25.00	A.L.S.	250.00	A.L.S.	140.00	A.L.S.	290.00
Taylor, George			A.L.S.	170.00	A.L.S.	475.00	D.S.	550.00
Thornton, Matthew	A.D.S.	3.00	A.L.S.	310.00	A.L.S.	550.00	D.S.	200.00*
Walton, George			A.L.S.	60.00	A.L.S.	30.00	A.L.S.	250.00
Whipple, William	A.L.S.	9.00	A.L.S.	250.00*	A.L.S.	400.00*	A.L.S.	500.00*
Williams, William	A.L.S.	6.00	A.L.S.	165.00*	A.D.S.	27.50*	A.L.S.	40.00
Wilson, James	A.L.S.	4.50	A.L.S.	110.00	A.L.S.	530.00*	A.L.S.	950.00*
Witherspoon, John	A.L.S.	4.75	A.L.S.	125.00*	A.L.S.	700.00*	A.L.S.	4,000.00*
Wolcott, Oliver	A.L.S.	15.00	A.L.S.	240.00*	A.L.S.	290.00*	A.L.S.	200.00
Wythe, George	A.D.S.	26.00	A.L.S.	680.00*	A.L.S.	300.00	A.L.S.	400.00

*Prices so marked indicate that the autograph was dated 1776.

In addition to the Lynch and Gwinnett autographs included in the above collections, the following have been sold at public sale during the past three years:

In the sale of the collection of Dr. George C. F. Williams in 1926:

GWINNETT.	D.S. 1774.	$19,000
LYNCH.	Signature "T. Lynch, Jr." written on the back of the frontispiece of a volume owned by him.	$5,200

In the sale of the collection of Charles F. Jenkins in 1927:

GWINNETT.	D.S. 1770.	$18,600
LYNCH.	Two Autograph Signatures, one written "Thomas Lynch, 1770" on the inside cover of a volume owned by him; the other, written on the title-page, "T. Lynch, Junr."	$7,500

The property of John Cecil Clay, in 1927:

GWINNETT.	L.S. 1776. (Signed also by Hancock, Morris, Lewis, Read and Middleton.)	$51,000

In the sale of the collection of Theodore Sedgwick in 1926:

GWINNETT.	D.S. 1774.	$28,000

Consigned by the South Carolina Historical Commission in 1929:

LYNCH.	D.S. 1775.	$9,500

I have reserved for the last an account of one of the most extraordinary letters of a Signer ever to emerge from dusty attic or old hair trunk, from musty archive or carefully treasured family papers—a letter of the author of the Declaration of Independence defending his claim to the authorship of that immortal document. This fascinating letter of Thomas Jefferson, which

came into my possession when I recently acquired the papers of Joseph Delaplaine, Philadelphia publisher of the early nineteenth century, reads as follows:

Monticello,
Apr. 12, 1817.

Dear Sir:

My repugnance is so invincible to be saying anything of my own history, as if worthy to occupy the public attention, that I have suffered your letter of Mar. 17. but not received till Mar. 28. to lie thus long, without resolution enough to take it up. I indulged myself at some length on a former occasion, because it was to repel a calumny still sometimes repeated, after the death of its numerous brethren, by which a party at one time thought they could write me down, deceiving even science itself, as well as my affection for it, a fit object of ridicule and a disqualification for the affairs of government. I still think that many of the objects of your enquiry are too minute for public notice. The number, names and ages of my children, grand children, great grand children, etc. would produce fatigue and disgust to your readers, of which I would be an unwilling instrument, it will certainly be enough to say that from one daughter living and another deceased I have a numerous family of grandchildren, and an increasing one of great grandchildren.— I was married on New Year's day of 1772, and Mrs. Jefferson died in the autumn of 1782. I was eduacted at William and Mary College in Williamsburg. I read Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and English of course, with something of it's radix the Anglo-Saxon. I became a member of the legislature of Virginia in 1769, at the accession of Lord Botetourt to our government. I could not readily make a statement of the literary societies of which I am a member. They are many and would be long to enumerate, and would savour too much of vanity and pedantry, would it not be

better to say merely that I am a member of many literary societies in Europe and America? Your statements of the corrections of the Declaration of Independence by Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, are neither of them at all exact. I should think it better to say generally that the rough draught was communicated to those two gentlemen, who, each of them made 2. or 3. short and verbal alterations only, but even this is laying more stress on mere composition than it merits; for that alone was mine; the sentiments were of all America. I already possess a portrait of Mr. Adams, done by our countryman Brown, when we were both in England, and have no occasion therefore for the copy you propose to me. Accept my apologies for not going more fully into the minutiæ of your letter, with my friendly & respectful salutations.

TH: JEFFERSON

Dear Sir Monticello Dec. 25. 16.

My general aversion from the presumption of intruding on the public an opinion of works offered to their notice has yielded in the present instance to the merit of your undertaking, and to your belief, well or ill founded, that my testimony in it's favor may be of advantage to it. I have written therefore, in a separate letter, which you are free to publish, what I can conscientiously say on that subject. indulging a wish to render you a service, I have availed myself of the same occasion to obtain relief from a corree which is become entirely intolerable. the first part of my other letter will have the effect of an indirect appeal to the mercy and commiseration of those who are tormenting the remnant of my life by letters and applications, generally respectful, often kind, but always, ~~[illegible]~~, increasing my exhaustless labors, and unintentionally prostrating all the ease and comfort of my life. if the expressions in that letter should have the effect of saving me from being thus killed with kindness, your book will become a blessing to me, as I hope it will be to yourself.

To the enquiries in your's of Nov. 23. I answer 'say nothing of my religion. it is known to my god and myself alone. it's evidence before the world is to be sought in my life. if that has been honest and dutiful to society the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one.'

I repeat the assurances of my esteem and respect.

Mr. Delaplaine. Th: Jefferson

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THOMAS JEFFERSON ON HIS RELIGION—A REMARKABLE AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED

It is addressed to Joseph Delaplaine, Philadelphia publisher, and is dated from Monticello, December 25, 1816.

CHAPTER VII

Out of the White House Ink-Well

Hawthorne on Autographs—A Love Letter of John Tyler—Jackson's Disparagement of William Henry Harrison—Roosevelt Resents an Aspersion on the Rough Riders—Jefferson Declines to be a Candidate for a Third Term—Taylor Expresses Indifference as to the Outcome of the Impending Presidential Election in Which He Was the Successful Candidate—Monroe Is in a Receptive Mood as to the Presidency—Years Later He Defends his Conduct in that Office—His Last Will and Testament—McKinley's Prophetic Letter—Six Remarkable Letters of Abraham Lincoln—Cleveland's Profession of Faith—Washington Sets Forth the Principles of the Farewell Address.

In his charming little essay on autographs, undoubtedly one of the best things that has been written on the subject, Hawthorne observes that "in letters the words come to us as though the living utterance of one of those illustrious men speaking face to face, in friendly communion. Strange that the mere identity of paper and ink should be so powerful. The same thoughts might look cold and ineffectual in a printed book. Human nature craves a certain materialism and clings pertinaciously to what is tangible, as if that were of more importance than the spirit accidentally involved in it. And, in truth, the original manuscript has always something which print itself must inevitably lose. . . . There are said to be temperaments endowed with sympathies so exquisite, that, by merely handling an autograph, they can detect the writer's character with unerring accuracy and read his inmost heart as easily as a less gifted eye could peruse the written page.

Our faith in this power, be it a spiritual one or only a refinement of the physical nature, is not unlimited, in spite of evidence. God has imparted to the human soul a marvelous strength in guarding its secrets, and he keeps at least the deepest and most inward regard for his own perusal. But if there be such sympathies as we have alluded to, in how many instances would history be put to blush by a volume of autograph letters like this which we now close!"

Certainly no history could give us such intimate glimpses of the Presidents of the United States as are afforded by the letters quoted in the following pages, letters which at one time or another have been in my possession.

One hundred and twenty-two years ago John Tyler, who was destined to become tenth President of the United States, was in love. Indeed, for a sober-minded and ambitious youth his seems to have been a very bad case.

The fact that he had already been elected to the Virginia Legislature, although not yet twenty-three, seems not to have alleviated in the least the agonizing ecstasy of the experience. He was in love. Nothing else mattered. So he addressed himself thus to the object of his affections, Letitia Christian, who presently changed her name to Tyler:

> Although I could not entirely obtain your permission to write to you, yet I am well aware that you will not be displeased at my exercising a privilege so valuable to one standing in the relation that I do to you. To think of you and to write to you are the only sources from whence I can derive any real satisfaction during my residence in this place. The prerogative of thinking of those we love, and from whom we are separated, seems to be guaranteed to us by nature, and we cannot be deprived of it either by the bustle

and confusion of a town or the important duties which attach to our existence.

Believe me, my Letitia, that this observation has been entirely verified by me since I last saw you, for, altho' deafened with noise, and attention to the duties of my station, yet you are the subject of my serious meditations and the object of my fervent prayers to heaven. From the first moment of my acquaintance with you I felt the influence of genuine affection; but now, when I reflect upon the sacrifice which you make to virtue and to feeling by conferring your hand on one who has nothing to boast of, but an honest and upright soul, and a heart of purest love, I feel gratitude super-added to affection for you.

Indeed, I do now esteem myself most rich in possessing you. The mean and sordid wretch who yields the unspeakable bliss of possessing her whom he ardently loves may boast of ill-acquired wealth and display his treasures in all the pride of ostentation to the world. But who shall administer to him in the hour of affliction? Whose seraph smile shall chase away the fiends which torture him? The partner of his bosom he neither esteems nor regards—and he knows not the balm which tender affection can bestow. Nature will be true to herself, and as your favorite Thompson expresses it, "Nought but love can answer love, or render bliss secure."

You express'd some degree of astonishment, my Letitia, at an observation which I once made to you, "that I would not have been willingly wealthy at the time that I address'd you." Suffer me to repeat it. If I had been so, the idea of your being actuated by prudential considerations would have eternally tortured me. But I exposed to you frankly and unblushingly my situation in life, my hopes and fears, my prospects and dependencies, and you nobly disregarded them. To insure you happiness is now my only object—and whether I float or sink in the stream of fortune, you may be assur'd of this, that I shall never cease to love you. . . .

When, after a year in the White House, another President, the late Warren G. Harding, delivered himself of the somewhat equivocal observation that a President must learn that any letter he writes will not be read only by the person to whom it is addressed, he uttered an undeniable truth. Greatness pays its price in the sacrifice of privacy. Its faithful worshipers must have their mementos, whether they be in the shape of autographs or buttons. Still, it is a good sign; and I hope that any young man who aspires to be President will not permit Mr. Harding's advice or any other "prudential considerations"—to borrow the phrase from young Tyler's letter—to deflect him from frankness in his letter writing.

Occasionally letters of Presidents such as the one of Tyler's just quoted do make their appearance, but they are ever so rare. Few purely personal letters of the Presidents have survived; or few, at least, have come to light. The Presidents left behind, it is true, thousands of autographs, but the greater part of this material is made up of communications of an historical or political nature. This, of course, is to be expected; and it is an excellent thing for the autograph collector. A sentimental letter written by a great man is an interesting memento, but a letter or document which has some relation to his greatness, to his public career, is more valuable.

Here is an unusual letter of Benjamin Harrison, which I recently acquired, in which he sets forth a guiding principle for ex-Presidential conduct. The letter was "confidential"—so it is inscribed in Harrison's hand—and is dated from Old Forge, N. Y., September 4, 1900. The retired President had been asked to be the key-note speaker for the impending campaign, a privilege obviously not to his liking:

Hermitage
March 16th 1841–

Elijah F. Purdy Esqr.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 27th ultimo came safe to hand under cover from our mutual friend Col Richard M. Johnson, and I hasten to comply with your request, and to tender to you my gratefull feeling for your kind expression of, and good wishes towards me. The great body of the american people, are a virtuous, a gratefull people, & with them I leave my fame, and the safety of our glorious Union, and the perpetuation of our true Republican system – altho, now, under a cloud, and the people under a delusion – Still I have no fears of the republic – it is safe – it may suffer under ~~under~~ the present imbecile chief, but the sober second thought of the people, will restore it at our next presidential election.

Heath and respect.

Andrew Jackson

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ANDREW JACKSON ATTACKS WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON IN A REMARKABLE AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED

Harrison had been inaugurated President two weeks before after having defeated Jackson's protégé and successor, Martin Van Buren, in the famous Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign. The letter is dated from Jackson's home, the Hermitage, March 16, 1841.

How can I make a "key-note" speech? That is for others. When I spoke out, just a little, on the Porto Rico matter, all of Washington, I think, agreed that ex-Presidents should be seen and not heard. I am still a Republican but have some difficulties. Is it then not better to say that my conclusion not to make any more political speeches was arrived at after the campaign of 1896, as you know it was? It is not usual for ex-Presidents to make stump speeches.

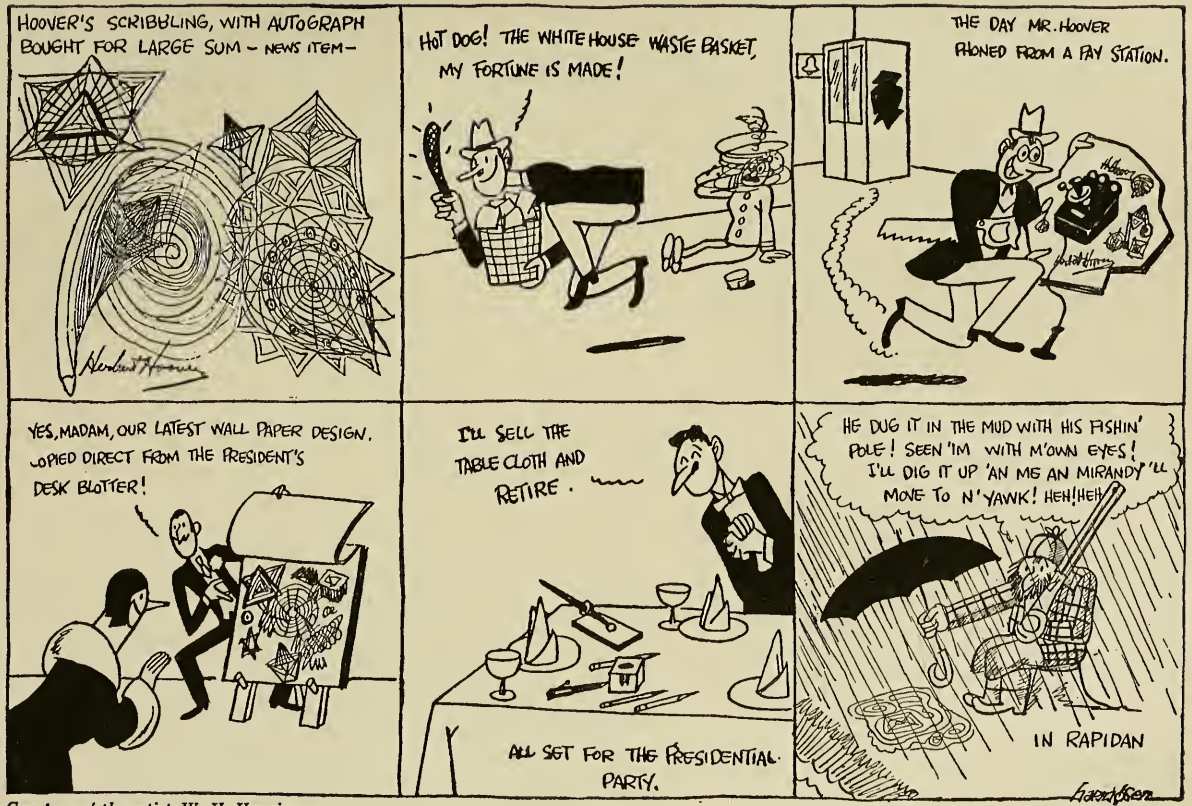
That would appear to be pretty good advice from an ex-President, but apparently the idea never occurred to Andrew Jackson when, on March 16, 1841, he seized his pen and proceeded to castigate another Harrison, William Henry, Benjamin's grandfather, who had been inaugurated President only two weeks before. Harrison had defeated Old Hickory's protégé and successor, Martin Van Buren, who was running for reëlection in the exciting Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign. And this defeat and the succession of William Henry Harrison to the Presidency moved Jackson to write what was undoubtedly one of the most uncomplimentary letters any President ever wrote about another. He addressed it to Elijah H. Purdy, a New York Jacksonian:

Your letter of the 27th ultimo came safe to hand under cover from our mutual friend, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President under Van Buren and I hasten to comply with your request, and to tender you my grateful feeling for your kind expression of and good wishes toward me. The great body of American people are a virtuous and grateful people, and with them I leave my fame, and the safety of our glorious Union, and the perpetuation of our true Republican system—although now under a cloud, and the people under a delusion—still I have no fears of the Republic—it is safe, it may suffer under the present imbecile chief, but the sober second thought of the people will restore it at our next Presidential election.

Aged and worn when he entered the White House, Harrison died exactly a month after his inauguration. Jackson's letter seems the more bitter by contrast with the flattering communication which Harrison had sent him nearly twenty-six years before and which, by an odd coincidence, I also recently secured. To Jackson, then a major-general, flushed with his recent victory at New Orleans, but still fourteen years removed from the White House, Harrison wrote:

> Although I have not the satisfaction to be personally known to you, I recollect with pleasure that we formerly had some correspondence. And that at a most critical period of my life, you were so friendly as to make preparations to assist and support me. How sincerely did I reciprocate this disposition in your late arduous and glorious struggle. How gladly would I have joined you and served under your command even at the head of a regiment.
>
> My adverse fortune, however, did not permit this, but condemned me to a life of ease and retirement, when my whole soul was devoted to the profession which I had been compelled to abandon. That you may long live and deserve the fruits of yr. valour and conduct is the kind wish of, Dear Sir,
>
> Yr. friend & Hum. Servt.
>
> William Henry Harrison

In 1909 ex-President Roosevelt was "on safari" hunting big game in Africa. Despite his isolation he nevertheless remained in fairly close touch with things going on in the world—big things and little things as well. So when he noticed, in a copy of *The Outlook* which had been forwarded to him, a statement by a correspondent that implied that Roosevelt's beloved Rough



Courtesy of the artist, W. H. Haenigsen

CARTOON OCCASIONED BY THE PUBLICATION OF A SHEET OF SCRIBBLINGS BY PRESIDENT HOOVER

Widespread Interest Was Aroused by This Unusual Presidential Autograph

Riders had not taken part in the Battle of San Juan Hill, he promptly dispatched this characteristically vigorous letter to the editor:

. . . Now for a small matter. In your September 4th number you printed in *Public Opinion* a statement signed "Regular" about San Juan Hill. This statement is malicious and untruthful; and I do not wonder that the man was ashamed to sign his name publicly. Please tell me his name and send him the following paragraph, which I identify by putting in quotes.

"I do not wish publicly to comment on 'Regular's' statement because I do not wish to use strong language; and it would be incorrect merely to call it disingenuous and misleading. By his dragging in the action at Las Guasimas, and his reference to a supposed 'unopposed occupation' by the Rough Riders and the Tenth Cavalry of San Juan Hill 'subsequent to its capture,' he clearly implies that they had no part in the battle of San Juan Hill. Any such statement is as foolish as to state that 'no English troops fought at Waterloo' or that 'Pickett's Virginians did not take part in the charge at Gettysburg.' A battle is named from some one point, in or near the field; this is as true of the little battle of San Juan Hill as it is of the big battles of Gettysburg or Waterloo. There was no fighting at Waterloo village at all; and the most desperate fighting at Gettysburg was far from the village of Gettysburg. San Juan Hill gave its name to the battle; the hill commonly so called was one of a number of hills and ridges all of which were taken by our troops in the battle or charge at San Juan Hill. The two regiments in question took part in the capture of Kettle Hill before San Juan was captured; and they took part in capturing trenches on a ridge or hill forming part of the chain of hills all of which were sometimes called 'San Juan.'"

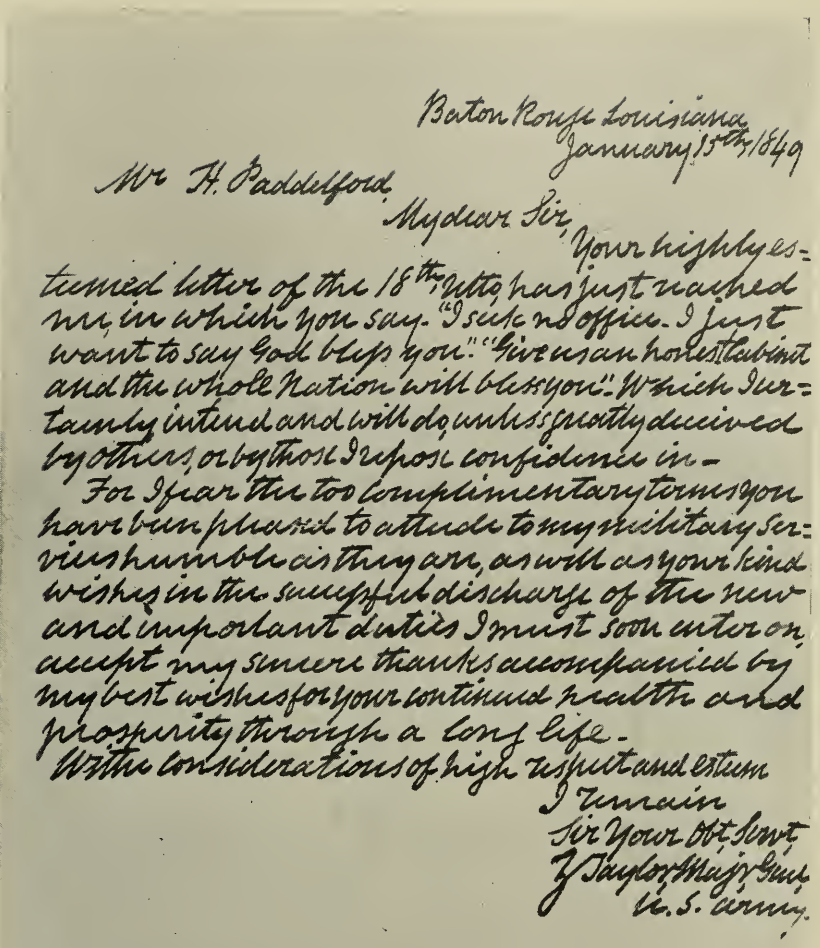
Several years ago I came across a remarkable letter of Thomas Jefferson. Its historical value as an individual document was great; but as part of a collection of Presidential autographs, its intrinsic interest was even greater. For in it Jefferson set forth in his own hand why neither he nor any of his successors should, as one of the most recent of them phrased it, "choose to run" for a third term as President. This letter or address was read to the General Assembly of North Carolina, and more than one hundred years later I acquired it. This firmly phrased declination of Jefferson's was not quite so brief as Mr. Coolidge's ten-word sentence, but it left no doubt as to its meaning:

> I learn with the liveliest sentiment of gratitude and respect your appreciation of my conduct in the various charges which my country has been pleased to confide to me at different times, and especially that my continuance in that office after the present term would be acceptable to you.
>
> But that I should lay down my charge at a proper time is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully. If some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, his office, nominally four years, will in fact become for life, and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. Believing that a representative government responsible at short periods of election is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle; and I should unwillingly be the person, who, disregarding the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office.

The attitude toward the Presidency of the men who became

Presidents would make, I imagine, an interesting study. If we are to credit the statement in his letter to his erstwhile son-in-law, Jefferson Davis, no man was ever less desirous of reaching the Presidential chair than Zachary Taylor. From his home at Baton Rouge, La., on February 16, 1848, he wrote to General Davis, then United States Senator, a letter full of lofty patriotic sentiments expressing in decided terms his lack of personal interest in the approaching Presidential campaign in which he was to be the successful candidate, stating the principles upon which he would administer the government should he be elected and referring also to the War with Mexico and "the course of Mr. Clay," his rival for the Presidential nomination in the Whig Party. Following is an extract from what is perhaps the finest letter that ever came from "Old Rough and Ready's" pen:

> I regret to hear there is so much time devoted by Members of Congress to President-making. I would greatly prefer seeing them attending to their appropriate duties in making such appropriations as were calculated to bring this miserable war with Mexico to an end, as well as passing such laws as were necessary for the good of the country; after which, if there was nothing else to do, let them adjourn & return to their homes, leaving it to the people to say at the ballot box who should be their chief magistrate after the 4th of March, 1849.
>
> So far as I am personally concerned there are but few individuals in the union, who take less interest as to who will be the successful candidate for the Presidency at the coming election than myself; & should another receive a majority of the votes of the good people of the country for said office in Novr. next, I shall be neither disappointed nor mortified at the result, particularly if he is honest,



Baton Rouge Louisiana
January 15th 1849

Mr H. Baddelford

My dear Sir,

Your highly esteemed letter of the 18th ultº has just reached me, in which you say. "I seek no office. I just want to say God bless you." "Give us an honest Cabinet and the whole Nation will bless you". Which I certainly intend and will do, unless greatly deceived by others, or by those I repose confidence in.

For I fear the too complimentary terms you have been pleased to attribute to my military services humble as they are, as well as your kind wishes in the successful discharge of the new and important duties I must soon enter on, accept my sincere thanks accompanied by my best wishes for your continued health and prosperity through a long life.

With considerations of high respect and estem

I remain
Sir Your Obt Servt
Z Taylor Majr Genl
U. S. Army.

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ZACHARY TAYLOR PROMISES THE COUNTRY "AN HONEST CABINET"

An interesting Autograph Letter Signed from the quill of President-elect Taylor, January 15, 1849.

truthful and patriotic. I observe both the great parties, Democrats & Whigs, intend holding a National convention at no distant day to nominate candidates for the two highest offices known to our laws; I trust I will not be the nominee of either if it is expected I am to be exclusively the candidate of either party, and to carry out, if elected, their particular views; as I could not accept it under such considerations; but should both or either think proper to nominate me without pledges or trammels other than the Constitution imposes, leaving me free to occupy the ground I have taken, which I can not recede from, which is to be President of the Nation, & not of a party, I shall not decline the honor; I do not, however, expect anything of the kind as I am satisfied from present appearances that so far as the ultra-Whigs and Democrats are concerned this matter will settle down to a strict party vote & candidates; & the contest will be between the trading politicians, office holders & seekers on both sides & the people. So far as I am concerned I shall remain quiet, leaving it to the people in whose hands I consider myself, to drop me, or those who brought me forward for said office, for I am no candidate farther than they have made me so, which will give me no concern, for if I go into the White House, it would be more from a sense of duty than inclination.

I regret the course of Mr. Clay and some others, altho I do not doubt the purity of their motives, as regards the Mexican War. It seems to me to be now unnecessary to discuss its legality or necessity, or whether or not it could have been avoided; we are now engaged in it, & let us all lay our shoulders to the wheel & pull together until it is brought to a close, for us the sooner the better in my humble opinion; . . . the sooner we get out of the country the better. I have no fears after what has passed ever to retreat or withdraw our troops in a way which would dishonor our country or its flag. . . .

Consider the unhappy James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, promulgator of the Monroe Doctrine, who served his country continuously for almost half a century. He lacked the brilliancy of some of his contemporaries, but he had a patient, determined, honest way of doing things and of getting them done. He made enemies; Washington never forgave him for some of his criticisms; and when he died in New York a few years after he left the White House he was poor both in friends and in money.

While he was serving as Secretary of State under Madison a movement to nominate him for President was already under way. On December 16, 1815, Monroe took cognizance of the movement in a letter in which he sought, like Cæsar, to push away the crown while at the same time endeavoring to draw it nearer—such is the simple strategy of politicians:

> My public life ought to speak for itself, and for the last 5 or 6 years, if the war thru which the Nation has passed, and the burdens I have borne, are not sufficient proofs, in connection with all that preceded, of my claim to public confidence, nothing will be.
>
> After the election of the present Executive Encumbent Madison there was no remedy but public opinion, and that was sure to be most effectual, in the case that my nearest friends manifested no sensibility to it. An attack by them would give him a consequence to which neither his talents nor any other circumstance in his favor, merited. His re-election, according to the mass of the State, followed of course, if by some overt act, he did not bring public indignation on him, which his silent, underhand, night-moving practices render'd improbable.
>
> . . . Dr. Bible of Georgia has assur'd me that Georgia has long since made up her mind in my favor; . . . the same is stated of Kentucky and Tennessee, in relation to persons of merit in each.

> I take no part, nor will I, as is well known, being resolved, if the nation does elect me, that the election shall be due to it, without the slightest movement of my own.

Having thus delivered himself of this fine sentiment of aloofness, he hastens in the following paragraph to bid his party in his native state of Virginia to take no action in advance of other States, lest his chances for the Presidency be thereby imperiled:

> If for example the whole assembly met, & declared in my favor, it would give offence to & alienate other States. If a small vote was given, much noise took place, & confusion, it would operate against me by showing that my support in Virginia was futile. Virga. had therefore better do nothing of the kind, but act after the others, & according to her own judgment & interest.

He was to find (or he may have already known it) that being President has its disadvantages. Not long ago I purchased two letters of Monroe written to the same correspondent within the space of forty-eight hours. In the first, dated January 1, 1825, he states, in asking the United States to reimburse him for expenses incurred as American Minister to France, that he has a claim which "I should never abandon." He was then in pressing need of money. The second letter, written on the following day, discusses the visit paid to him by members of Congress from Alabama, who had called to inform him that they approved his conduct of public affairs during his Presidency:

> . . . In my reply, which was extemporaneous. . . . I stated that in 42 years service, I had never looked to money or to anything except, in addition to the welfare of our country & success of our

> institutions, to character. Touching on that I observed, conscious as I was of that truth, I had seen with horror, the inquisitorial persecution to which I had been subjected, the last two sessions of Congress, & the more so, because while it acted, under an apparent sanction which gave it right, it was impossible for me to notice it, without injury to the public. . . .

It was my good fortune several years ago to obtain James Monroe's last will and testament; and although he left little behind of worldly goods, the pittance paid by the government for his papers being his chief legacy, the will itself had come to have considerable value. It was drawn up and signed at a critical time, on September 14, 1814, when Monroe was Secretary of State in Madison's Cabinet. The city of Washington had been burned and sacked by the British, who quit the ruins on August 30th to attack other coast cities. Monroe made the will soon after his return to the capital with the rest of the government. He ordered that his lands in Virginia be sold to pay his debts; and to his wife he left most of his estate, making provision for his daughter in case she should marry, "which I am far from forbidding." He mentioned his claim for services abroad which the government was to pay in part fifteen years later; and added that it was probable when the will was read that all feelings of an unfriendly nature towards him in every breast would have subsided and the disposition to render his family justice find no impediment in that cause. A most unusual Presidential autograph, one of the very few of that nature ever to appear in the market.

Several years ago I acquired an extraordinary letter of William McKinley. It was a prophetic document. For the faith

he expressed in it at nineteen was to be echoed strikingly in the last words he ever spoke, nearly forty years later. The letter was written during the Civil War. It was dated December 15, 1861, two months after McKinley had participated at his first battle at Carnifex Ferry. A clerk in the Poland (Ohio) post office when the war began, McKinley had enlisted as a private in the 23rd Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in which another Ohioan, also destined to be President of the United States, Rutherford B. Hayes, was serving as a major. McKinley soon distinguished himself and won promotion for such "gallant and meritorious services" as to cause President Hayes to recall of him years later that "when battles were fought and a service to be performed in warlike things he always took his place." A brief excerpt from this unusual letter follows:

Dear Sister and Brother:

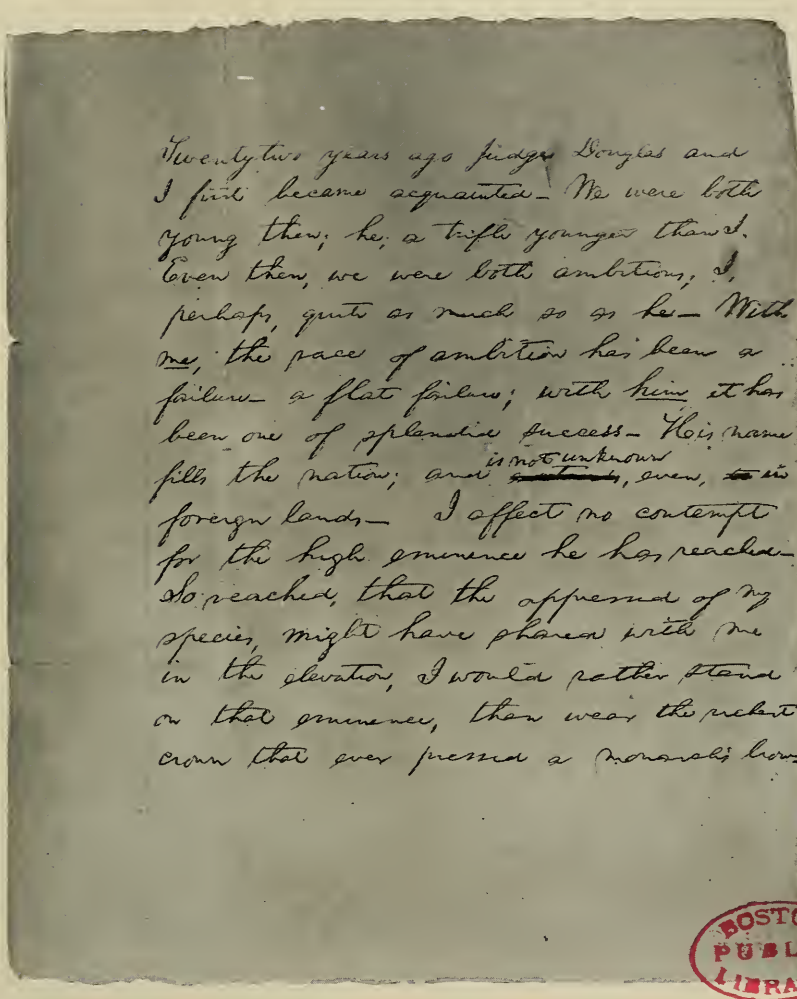
. . . The box of cigars you sent was duly received, and are being smoked with considerable composure, and at the same time feeling grateful to the donor. The news of Charlie Leslie's death and burial truly surprised me. That one so young and buoyant, engaged in so noble a cause, one whom I should judge would make a valiant soldier for our Government's sustenance, should be stricken down in the very incipiency of his career, but this is one of the impenetrable ways of the Almighty. But we frail mortals must content ourselves with the reflection that "the ways of the Lord are not our ways," and also that the same are "past finding out." . . .

Struck down by the assassin's bullet, McKinley himself died at the height of his career, and the phrase with which he lamented the passing of Charlie Leslie is strikingly similar to his own last words: "God's will, not ours, be done."

In the winter of 1848-49 the political fortunes of Abraham Lincoln were at low ebb. Recently two remarkable letters recalling that discouraging period of his career came into my hands, patronage letters both. They are now in the notable Lincoln collection of Emanuel Hertz. In December, 1848, the young lawyer had returned to the shortened session of the Thirtieth Congress feeling in his heart that his services at the capital had failed and that his career was at an end. In desperation he seized upon a single hope. He had lost his district, but the Whigs were still in power. There was much patronage, national and local, to be distributed to the faithful, and he reached out for his share of the spoils—the General Land Office. So he addressed himself thus on January 19, 1849, to Dr. J. B. Herrick:

> Your letter from Chicago recommending Wm. M. Black for Register of the Land Office at Vandalia is received. Two others, both good men, have applied for the same office before. I have made no pledge; but if the matter falls into my hands, I shall when the time comes, try to do right, in view of all the lights before me. I do not feel authorized to advise any one of the applicants what course to pursue.

However, he was not long in doubt as to what course to pursue in respect to the office of the Commissioner of the General Land Office. But humiliation lay ahead. Zachary Taylor inclined his favor toward Lincoln's rival, Justin Butterfield, the man who had opposed Taylor to the bitter end at the Whig Convention, as Lincoln well knew. This must have rankled, for Lincoln left few stones unturned in an effort to obtain the office. He bombarded prominent men with letters protesting against But-


Twenty two years ago Judge Douglas and
I first became acquainted. We were both
young then; he a little younger than I.
Even then, we were both ambitious; I,
perhaps, quite as much so as he. With
me, the race of ambition has been a
failure — a flat failure; with him it has
been one of splendid success. His name
fills the nation; and is not unknown
[illegible], even, in
foreign lands. I affect no contempt
for the high eminence he has reached.
So reached, that the oppressed of my
species, might have shared with me
in the elevation, I would rather stand
on that eminence, than wear the proudest
crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow.

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A REMARKABLE HOLOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH MADE BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN DURING THE DOUGLAS CAMPAIGN, 1858

terfield's candidacy and demanding endorsements of his own claim; and, finally, he appealed to Dr. Herrick, whom he had rebuffed five months before:

Springfield, June 3, 1849

It is now certain that either Mr. Butterfield or I will be Commissioner of the General Land Office. If you are willing to give me preference, please write me to that effect, at Washington, whither I am going. There is not a moment to be lost.

Lincoln immediately hastened to the capital to press his claims in influential quarters, but his mission was in vain. Congress adjourned and he was obliged to return to his office in Springfield with nothing in hand but "the invaluable discipline of defeat." That, at least, was something. Butterfield got the job, but few of us have had the patience to try to find out what later became of him.

Few Lincoln letters have come to light that reveal more vividly his political astuteness in dealing with the forces of Locofocoism on the one hand and Abolitionism on the other than this apparently unpublished and hitherto unknown letter which he addressed on March 22, 1848, from Washington where he was serving his single term in Congress, to Usher F. Linder, subsequently known as "For-God's-sake-Linder," an old colleague of Lincoln's at the bar and in the legislature of Illinois. Linder was evidently wavering in his support of "Old Rough and Ready" and Lincoln accordingly sets forth his political views and his attitude toward the issues which were threatening to disrupt the Whig party during the months preceding the nomination and election of Zachary Taylor to the Presidency:

Washington, March 22, 1848.

Friend Linder:

Yours of the 15th is just received, as was a day or two ago, one from Dunbar on the same subject. Although I address this to you alone, I intend it for Dunbar, and Bishop, and wish you to show it to them. In Dunbar's letter, and in Bishop's paper, it is assumed that Mr. Crittenden's position on the war is correct. Well, so I think. Please wherein is my position different from his? Has *he* ever approved the President's conduct in the beginning of the war, or his mode or objects in prosecuting it? Never. He condemns both. True, he votes supplies, and so do I. What, then, is the difference, except that he is a great man and I am a small one?

Towards the close of your letter you ask three questions, the first of which is "Would it not have been just as easy to have elected Genl. Taylor without opposing the war as by opposing it?" I answer, I suppose it would, if we could do neither—could be silent on the question; but the Locofocos here will not let the Whigs be silent. Their very first act in Congress was to present a preamble declaring that war existed by the act of Mexico, and the Whigs were obliged to vote on it, and this policy is followed up by them; so that they are compelled to speak and their only option is whether they will, when they speak, tell the truth, or tell a foul, villainous and bloody falsehood. But, while on this point, I protest against your calling the condemnation of Polk "opposing the war." In thus assuming that all must be opposed to the war, even though they vote supplies, who do not endorse Polk, with due deference I say I think you fall into one of the artfully set traps of Locofocoism.

Your next question is "And suppose we could succeed in proving it a wicked and unconstitutional war, do we not thereby strip Taylor and Scott of more than half their laurels?" Whether it would so strip them is not matter of demonstration but of opinion only; and my opinion is that it would not; but as your opinion seems to be

different, let us call in some others as umpire. There are in this H. R. some more than forty members who support Genl. Taylor for the Presidency, every one of whom has voted that the war was "unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President," every one of whom has spoken to the same effect, who has spoken at all, and not one of whom supposes he thereby strips Genl. of any laurels. More than this; two of these, Col. Haskell and Major Gaines, themselves fought in Mexico; and yet they vote and speak just as the rest of us do, without ever dreaming that they "strip" themselves of any laurels. There may be others, but Capt. Bishop is the only intelligent one who has been to Mexico, that I have heard of taking different ground.

Your third question is "And have we as a party, ever gained anything by falling in company with abolitionists?" Yes. We gained our only natural victory by falling in company with them in the election of Genl. Harrison. Not that we fell into abolition doctrines; but that we took up a man whose position induced them to join us in his election. But this question is not so significant as a question, as it is as a charge of abolitionism against those who have chosen to speak their minds against the President. As you and I perhaps would again differ as to the justice of this charge, let us once more call in our umpire. There are in this H. R. Whigs from the slave states as follows: one from Louisiana, one from Mississippi, one from Florida, two from Alabama, four from Georgia, five from Tennessee, six from Kentucky, six from North Carolina, six from Virginia, four from Maryland, and one from Delaware, making thirty-seven in all, and all slave-holders, every one of whom votes the commencement of the war "unnecessary and unconstitutional" and so falls subject to your charge of abolitionism! *En passant* these are all Taylor men, except one in Tenn., two in Ky., one in N. C., and one in Va. Besides which we have one in Ills., two in Ia., three in Ohio, five in Penn., four in N. J., and one in Conn. While this

is less than half the Whigs in H. R., it is three times as great as the strength of any other one candidate.

You are mistaken in your impression that everyone has communicated expressions of yours and Bishop's to me. In my letter to Dunbar, I only spoke from the impression made by seeing in the paper that you and he were, "in the degree, though not in the extreme" on the same tack with Latshaw.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN

Just one month before, Lincoln had written another almost equally interesting letter to his friend Linder, who, two years later, was to throw in his lot with Douglas against the Republicans. Lincoln wrote few letters reflecting more clearly than this one the marvelous political sagacity and acumen which were not the least of his great qualities. A complete transcript of this often quoted letter follows:

Washington, Feb. 20, 1848.

Dear Linder:

In law it is good policy to never *plead* what you *need* not, lest you oblige yourself to *prove* what you *can* not. Reflect on this well before you proceed. The application I mean to make of this rule is, that you should simply go for Genl Taylor; because by this, you can take some Democrats, and lose no Whigs; but if you go also for Mr. Polk on the origin and mode of prosecuting the war, you put yourself in opposition to Genl Taylor himself, for we all know he has declared for, and, in fact originated, the defensive line policy.

You know I mean this in kindness, and I wish it to be confidential.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN

Samuel Haycraft is regarded by Beveridge and other Lincoln authorities as one of the most reliable witnesses to the early life of the Great Emancipator. The son of one of the leading citizens of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, the seat of Hardin County, where Lincoln was born, Haycraft grew up to be one of the most esteemed and trusted men of the district. For many years he was clerk of both county and circuit courts, a member of the Kentucky State Senate, a determined supporter of the Union, and in his later years a staunch friend of President Lincoln. He was fifteen years or so older than Abraham and had personally known Thomas Lincoln, his testimony regarding whom is probably the most credible of any we have. Haycraft recalled Abraham Lincoln at Knob Creek as "a tall spider of a boy" who "had his due proportion of harmless mischief." He was well acquainted with Caleb Hazel, the imperfectly literate teacher of the school which Abraham Lincoln and his oldest sister Sarah attended for not more than three months. Haycraft was also the author of a history of Elizabethtown, the first home of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. It was to Samuel Haycraft that one of the most remarkable Lincoln letters that it was ever my good fortune to obtain was addressed. I twice bought and sold this letter, which is now the property of a distinguished New York collector. It came to me originally from descendants of Haycraft. Should it ever change hands again I hope it will be my good fortune to secure it once more. The letter follows:

Springfield, Ill., May 28, 1860.

Hon. Saml. Haycraft.

Dear Sir:

Your recent letter, without date, is received. Also the copy of your speech on the contemplated Daniel Boone monument, which I have

not yet had time to read. In the main you are right about my history. My father was Thomas Lincoln, and Mrs. Sally Johnston was his second wife. You are mistaken about my mother. Her name was Nancy Hanks. I was not born at Elizabethtown; but my mother's first child, a daughter, two years older than myself, and now long since deceased, was. I was born, February 12, 1809, near where Hodgensville now is, then in Hardin County. I do not think I ever saw you, though I very well know who you are, so well that I recognized your handwriting on opening your letter, before I saw the signature. My recollection is that Ben Helm was first clerk, that you succeeded him, that Jack Thomas and William Farleigh graduated in the same office and that your handwritings were all similar. Am I right? My father has been dead near ten years; but my stepmother (Mrs. Johnston) [*sic*] is still living.

I am really very glad of your letter and shall be pleased to receive another at any time.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN

The letter to Haycraft was written two weeks after Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency by the Republican National Convention at Chicago. Another splendid Lincoln letter, certainly one of the finest that ever came from his pen, was written but a week after that event. This letter I am pleased to say is now in my possession. It is addressed to Cassius M. Clay, subsequently appointed United States Minister to Russia by Lincoln and one of the most prominent and influential anti-slavery politicians of the time. He had received a few scattering votes at the convention on the first and second ballots. The nomination of Lincoln after a vigorous contest with such formidable rivals as Seward, Chase and Cameron, all of whom had won greater national

Springfield, Ill, May 26. 1860

Hon. C. M. Clay.

My dear Sir:

Yours of the 21st is received, and for which I sincerely thank you— The humblest of all whose names were before the Convention, I shall, in the canvass, and especially afterwards, if the result shall devolve the administration upon me, need the support of all the talent, popularity, and courage, North and South, which is in the party; and it is with sincere gratification that I receive the early indication of your unwavering purpose to stand for the right— Your Obt. Servt.

A. Lincoln

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A MAGNIFICENT AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Addressed to Cassius M. Clay, written shortly after his first nomination for the Presidency and thanking Clay for his assurance of support. May 26, 1860.

fame, was a surprise to a majority of the Republicans themselves. But when he was finally chosen as the most "available" candidate, in spite of some misgivings, the Republicans all gave loyal support to the comparatively unknown newcomer. Cassius M. Clay was among the first to offer Lincoln his energetic coöperation. This splendid letter, unquestionably one of the most characteristic he ever wrote, is Lincoln's dignified response, and his genius for expression has seldom been better exemplified.

Springfield, Ills., May 26, 1860.

Hon. C. M. Clay.

My dear Sir:

Yours of the 21st is received, and for which I sincerely thank you. The humblest of all whose names were before the Convention, I shall, in the canvass, and especially afterwards, if the result shall devolve the administration upon me, need the support of all the latent popularity, and courage, North and South, which is in the party; and it is with sincere gratification that I receive this early indication of your unwavering purpose to stand for the right.

Your Obt. Servt.

A. Lincoln

One of the finest Presidential letters that I ever owned was written by Grover Cleveland on the eve of his third nomination for the Presidency. This letter, which was addressed to Justice Lucius Q. C. Lamar, contained a remarkable statement of Cleveland's personal views and feelings with regard to his again occupying the office of chief executive. It might, in fact be described as Cleveland's profession of faith. To Justice Lamar, one of his closest friends, who had served in his first cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, Cleveland revealed what he himself

described as his "inmost thoughts," both as to the general political situation and as to his own attitude toward reëntering the election contest. In spite of his disagreements with important sections of the Democratic party on the subject of free silver, the tariff and other questions, and in spite of the opposition of many members of his party in his own state, it was a foregone conclusion at this time, six weeks before the Democratic National Convention was scheduled to be held at Chicago, that the nomination would be offered to Cleveland and to no one else. This Cleveland knew when he wrote the extraordinary letter, a brief extract from which follows:

> . . . I have within the last few months passed through much that has been trying and perplexing to me. The office of President has not, to me personally, a single allurement. I shrink from everything which another canvass and its results involve. I know what another election means, and I know as well the dark depth that yawns at the foot of another defeat. I would avoid either if I should consult alone my peace, my comfort or my desire. My discomfort arises from a sense of duty to honest people and devoted friends. . . . One thing I know. Forces are at work which certainly mean the complete turning back of the hands of the dial of Democracy and the destruction of party hopes. Is it ordained that I am to be the instrument through which Democratic principles can be saved—whether party supremacy immediately awaits us or not? If folly is to defeat us in any event, ought I to be called upon to place myself under the falling timbers? This last consideration smacks a little of care for self, which perhaps ought to be discarded.
>
> You shall know, my dear friend, my inmost thoughts. I shall be obedient to the cause of the country and my party. Whatever happens, no one shall say that I refused to serve in time of peril or

abandoned those whom I have been instrumental in calling to the field where is waged the battle of Democratic principles. If I am given my discharge I shall thank God most fervently.

I can easily be disposed of either by the selection of a candidate more available or by the adoption of a campaign policy on the financial question which I am not willing to further. In the first case I shall be a happy helper; in the second I shall sadly await the announcement of a party defeat which will be predetermined.

Among the illustrious names in American history none reflects the quality of industry more than Washington's. It is evidenced particularly in his voluminous correspondence. How he managed to cover so wide a range and variety of affairs amid his many duties, official and private, challenges the imagination. The bee might well have been adopted by him as an insignia, as it was by Napoleon. The task which his correspondence imposed upon him would have been prodigious even in our own day of secretaries and the typewriter. Even after his retirement, his guidance was sought on all sorts of public problems, governmental policy, patronage, legislation and international relations.

Except during the period of the Revolution, when most of his letters were penned by his aides-de-camp, Washington wrote virtually all his letters in his own clear, bold hand. And I have yet to discover a letter of his that does not reflect the most painstaking courtesy and care. I recently had the good fortune to secure a part of Washington's correspondence with his friend, aide-de-camp and Secretary of War, James McHenry of Maryland, comprising nearly a score of letters, many of them extending to six folio pages in length, all beautifully written and in almost as good condition as the day they were penned. These

letters contain many paragraphs of the greatest historical import, perhaps the most notable of which is the following:

> Having staked my life, my reputation, my fortune, my ease, tranquillity and happiness in the support of the Government, and Independence of our Country, it is not a little interesting and important for me to be advised of the measures which you are pursuing to organize and provide for the augmented force of the army. For as that act is absolute no delay can be admitted; and it is much to be desired that it may take the field with *éclat,* which will not be effected without great exertion.

This extraordinary letter, which is marked by Washington "Private and Confidential," was written from Mount Vernon, to which Washington had retired a year and five months before on the expiration of his second term as President. But he was not to be permitted to enjoy the tranquillity of private life which he so eagerly sought. War with France threatened and, yielding to the entreaties of his friends and a sense of duty to his country, Washington was once more appointed "Commander-in-chief of all the Armies raised, or to be raised, in the United States." He was commissioned on July 3, 1798, and five weeks later, on August 10th, wrote the letter quoted from above. John Adams was then President. James McHenry, who carried over from Washington's administration, was still serving as Secretary of War.

One of the most interesting and important letters ever written by Washington came into my possession during the past few weeks. It was addressed to William Heath, major general in the Continental Army, in 1797, and is written entirely in Washington's hand. It had remained in the possession of General

Heath's descendants for more than a century and a quarter until I acquired it. In substance it bears a striking resemblance to portions of the Farewell Address, written a few months before. Many serious questions had darkened and perplexed Washington's second term. War with England had been barely averted by the signing of the Jay Treaty. The difficulties with France had become grave and war seemed imminent. The young republic that Washington had done so much to establish was in danger of becoming involved in foreign entanglements. Party strife was already beginning to assert itself and not a few of the leading statesmen were siding with France. In writing to General Heath, Washington took occasion to caution the people to "advocate their own cause instead of that of any other nation under the sun." The letter is typical of that charm of style which characterizes all of Washington's letters. An extract follows:

> I can assure you, Sir, I never ascribed a motive to the letter you wrote me, on my election to the Chair of Government, so unworthy of you as to suppose it was written with a view of pressing yourself into notice, or seeking for a place. On the contrary, I was led to believe that domestic enjoyments in rural pursuits had more charms for you, and were more congenial to your inclination, than could be found in any appointment that would draw you from home.
>
> I hope, as you do, that notwithstanding our Political horizon is more overcast, the wisdom, temper and firmness of the Government (supported by the great mass of the People) will dispel the threatening clouds, and that all will end without the shedding of Blood. To me, this is so demonstrable that not a particle of doubt would dwell on my mind relative thereto if our Citizens would advocate their own cause instead of that of any other Nation under the Sun;

that is, instead of being Frenchmen, or Englishmen, in Politics, they would be Americans, indignant at every attempt of these or any other power to establish an influence in our Councils, or that should presume to sow the seeds of distrust, or disunion among ourselves.

No policy, in my opinion, can be more clearly demonstrated than that we should do justice to *all* but have no political connexions with *any* of the European Powers, beyond those which result from and serve to regulate our Commerce with them. Our own experience soon will (if it has not done so already) convince us that disinterested favours, or friendship from any nation whatsoever, is too novel to be calculated upon; and that there will always be found a wide difference between the words and the action of any of them. . . .

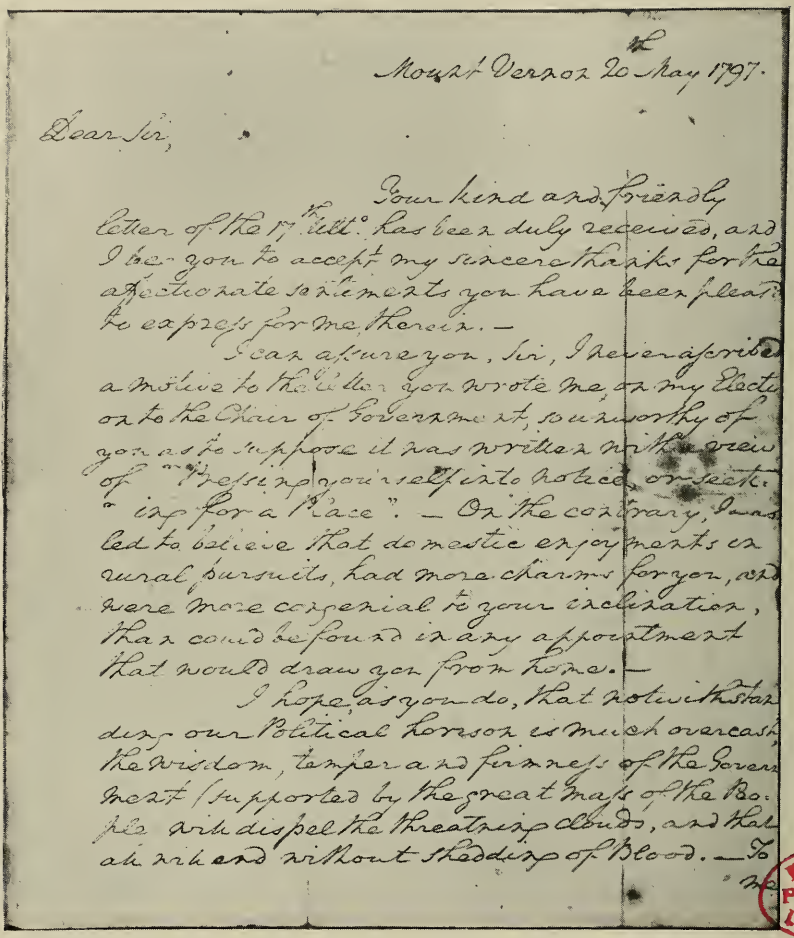
Retired from noise myself, and the responsibility attached to public employments my hours will glide smoothly away—my best wishes however for the prosperity of our country will always have the first place in my affections; while to repair Buildings (much gone to ruin) and to cultivate my farms (which require close attention) will occupy the few years (perhaps days) I may be a sojourner here, as I am nearing the 66th year of my peregrination through life. Mrs. Washington is very thankful for your kind remembrance of her, and joins cordially with me in a tender of best regards to you. With assurance of great esteem, I remain, Dear Sir,

Your Most Obedient and Affectionate Servant

Go. Washington

General Heath.

Still another letter of unusual interest written by Washington is the following addressed to Artemas Ward, the first major general of the Revolutionary Army, who, at the time, was in command of the Continental troops at Boston. It bears the historic date of July 4, 1776, and is the only letter written by Washington on that memorable day that has ever made its appearance in



Mount Vernon 20 May 1797.

Dear Sir,

Your kind and friendly letter of the 17th ult.o has been duly received, and I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for the affectionate sentiments you have been pleased to express for me, therein. —

I can assure you, Sir, I never ascribed a motive to the Letter you wrote me, on my Election to the Chair of Government, so unworthy of you as to suppose it was written with a view of "thrusting yourself into notice, or seeking "employment". — On the contrary, I was led to believe that domestic enjoyments & rural pursuits, had more charms for you, and were more congenial to your inclination, than could be found in any appointment that would draw you from home. —

I hope, as you do, that notwithstanding our Political horizon is much overcast, the wisdom, temper and firmness of the Government (supported by the great Mass of the People) will dispel the threatning clouds, and that all will end without shedding of Blood. — To

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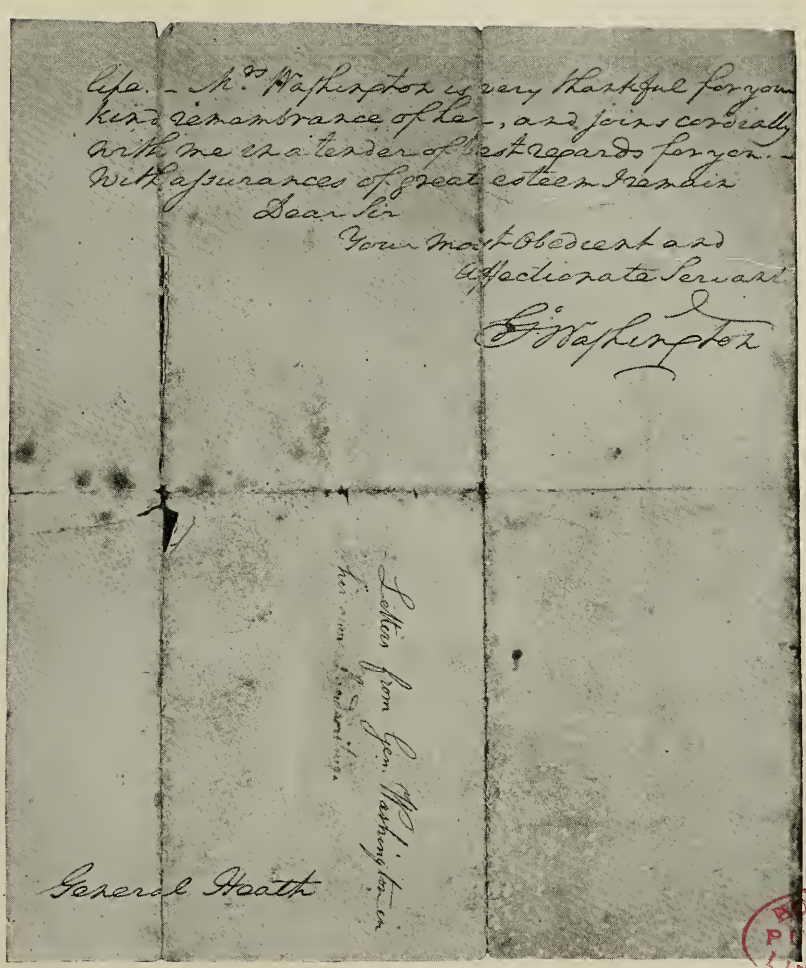
A MAGNIFICENT AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHEREIN HE SETS FORTH THE PRINCIPLES OF HIS FAMOUS FAREWELL ADDRESS ENUNCIATED A FEW MONTHS BEFORE

The letter, which is addressed to General William Heath, is dated from Mt. Vernon, May 20, 1797, and occupies four quarto pages.



LAST PAGE OF WASHINGTON'S LETTER TO GENERAL HEATH

the autograph market. It formed part of the notable collection of Revolutionary letters and documents which I acquired from Mrs. Albert B. White, wife of a former Governor of West Virginia, who, before her marriage, was Miss Agnes Ward. Mrs. White inherited the collection as a direct descendant of General Ward:

New York,
July 4, 1776.

Sir:

The distress we are in for want of Arms induces me again to urge your sending on all such as can possibly be spared with the greatest expedition. The enemy have landed under cover of their Ships and have taken possession of Staten Island, from which in all probability they will soon make a descent upon us. The Arms would have to be sent to Norwich and from there by Water to this place provided there is no rescue; otherwise by land.

Wishing you better Health, I am, Sir, your Most

Huml. Servt.
Go. Washington

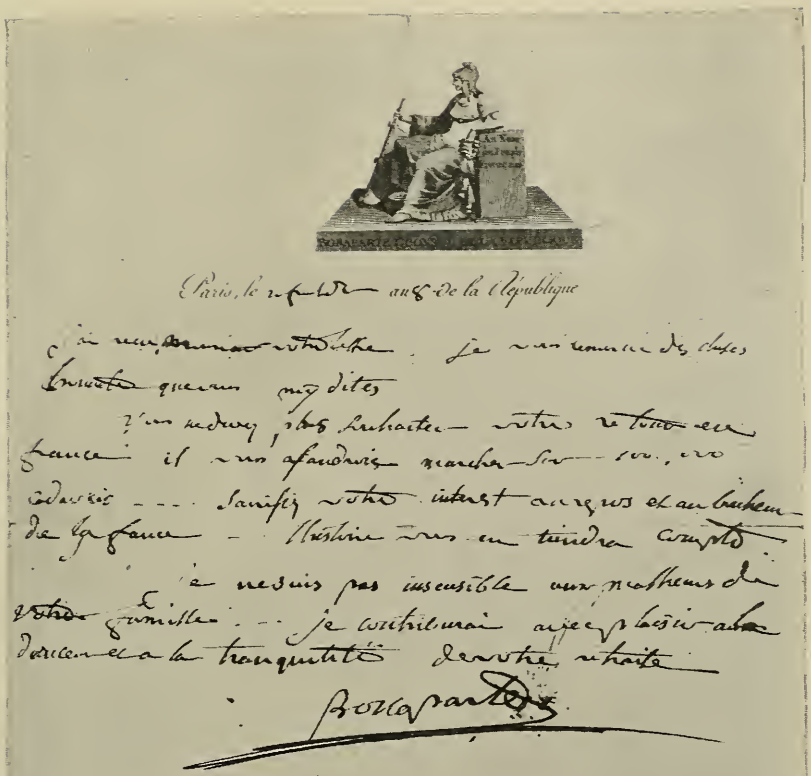
CHAPTER VIII

The Pomp of Power

Napoleon's the Most Sought For of European Historic Autographs—His Famous Letter to Louis XVIII—Through Marshal Savary Napoleon Courts the Favor of "les belles Russes"—Empress Marie Louise's Wifely Letter—Wellington Describes the Battle of Waterloo—"Bony Is Now Off to America"—The Metamorphosis of Napoleon's Signature—Relative Rarity and Profusion of His Autographs at Various Periods of His Career—English Royal Autographs—Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, Charles II—French Royal Autographs—Charles VII to Louis Philippe—The Female of the Species is Rarer than the Male—The French Revolution—The Rare Autograph of Charlotte Corday.

Of all historic autographs none is more universally desired than the majestic scrawl of Napoleon. He died more than a century ago; a greater war than ever he conceived has since been fought; yet the interest in his amazing personality and meteoric career is steadily growing. And the demand for the autograph of Napoleon continues to increase regardless of the fact that the Man of Destiny left behind him more than one hundred thousand letters and documents, of which a large supply is still available to the collector despite the quantities in public archives.

It is doubtful if any other individual ever produced a larger quantity of correspondence than Napoleon. Among the great figures of history he stands forth as one of the most prodigious as well as one of the most versatile correspondents. He has been called "the greatest letter-writer of all time." Out of the uni-



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NAPOLEON'S HISTORIC LETTER WARNING LOUIS XVIII AGAINST RETURNING TO FRANCE

One of the few holograph letters of Napoleon extant, Paris, Sept. 6, 1800. (Note that the pen almost collapsed as the rapidly written signature was completed.)

versality of his genius came some of the most fascinating letters ever written.

In 1799, Louis XVIII, the exiled King of France, seeking to regain his lost throne, wrote to Napoleon in his florid style, calling upon him to follow the example of General Monk of nearly a century and a half before. Napoleon dispatched in reply one of history's remarkable letters:

In the Name of the French People
Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic

Paris, September, year 8 of the Republic

I have received, sir, your letter. I thank you indeed for the things that you say to me in it.

Should you feel the desire to return to France, you will first have to march over 100,000 dead bodies. Satisfy your interest at a distance for the good of France. History will hold you to account for it.

I am not unfeeling as to the misfortune of your family. I will contribute with pleasure to the sorrow and ease of your retreat.

Bonaparte

This historic letter, entirely in Napoleon's autograph, emerged from the Morrison collection during the famous sale in London in 1918 and subsequently came into my hands. At this writing it reposes in a great collection of Napoleonana, a collection comprising nearly five hundred letters and documents of Napoleon, owned by an American lady.

A famous interview between Napoleon and Czar Alexander took place, on June 25, 1807, on a stately raft built for the occasion and diplomatically moored in the middle of the River

Niemen, so that neither emperor would be called upon to suffer any loss of dignity from having to set foot on the other's territory. After this meeting and the signing of the famous Treaty of Tilsit which followed it, Napoleon sent Marshal Savary to St. Petersburg as French ambassador.

Savary was unquestionably chosen for this commission on account of his well-known gifts of intrigue; but upon his arrival at the Czar's court he found that they availed him little. The Empress Dowager and nobles alike made no secret of their abhorrence of the executioner of the Duc d'Enghien, and Savary speedily found himself obstructed at every turn. His efforts further to cement the newly formed and still precarious alliance between France and Russia met with little success, and he was finally forced to inform Napoleon that only the Czar and the new foreign minister, Romantzoff, looked upon France with friendly eyes.

That Savary left no stone unturned to achieve his purpose, that he gladly, expertly curried favor with "les belles Russes" attached to the Czar's court with bribes of Parisian millinery and the blandishments of an accomplished diplomat, is an old story. What is more interesting and surprising, however, is that Napoleon so strongly urged him to these ends, as the following letter to the Marshal shows:

General Savary:

I received your letter of the 9th September. M. de Champagay will answer it in detail. I did not suppose you would become as gallant as you are; however, all the millinery you require for your beautiful Russian ladies will be forwarded instantly. I will be answerable for the expenses. You will present it & say that I opened by mistake the dispatch in which you ordered it, and that I myself

decided to make the choice. You know that I understand perfectly the business of the toilette. Talleyrand will send the actors and actresses. I am more and more displeased with the Prussians; they are a people with whom one can do nothing; they are as stupid as they have ever been.

Do not uselessly alarm the Emperor Alexander. Surrounded as he is by the love of his subjects, he has nothing to fear, at least if he shows a little vigor. I am expecting M. de Tolstoi, and I shall receive him not as an ambassador, but as a man honored by the particular friendship of the Emperor. To speak the truth, this will annoy me a little. You know that I am not accustomed to receive ambassadors or ministers, but I must overstep the rules to be agreeable to the Emperor. By this I pray God to take you under His Holy Protection.

NAPOLEON

Fontainebleau, 28 September, 1807.

It was but recently that I had the pleasure of possessing one of the most interesting and pathetic mementos of Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena that ever came to light—the account book of his humble ménage, showing the man whose gestures millions had obeyed, whose commands had swayed the destinies of nations, computing trivial household expenses. While its pages were kept by his majordomo, it bore numerous entries, corrections, calculations and memoranda in Napoleon's hand, including the translation into French of the English money with which he was provided.

The letters of Napoleon are the story of his life. I have an extensive collection of them—letters written as early as his youthful days in Corsica, during the turbulent period of the French Revolution, during the brilliant Italian and Egyptian campaigns,

during the wars against Austria and Prussia, during the Consulate and the Empire, during the disastrous invasion of Russia, the fateful hundred days after Elba, and the last bitter days at St. Helena.

But of the thousands of letters bearing on this dramatic period of world history that have from time to time come into my hands, two of the most interesting were not written by Napoleon. One came from the pen of his second wife, the Empress Marie Louise, and the second from Napoleon's conqueror, the Duke of Wellington. The letter of Marie Louise written at "five o'clock in the evening" on March 22, 1814, was addressed to Napoleon on the eve of his first abdication. It was the reply to this letter, written by the Emperor to his consort on the following day, that was captured by Blücher's cavalry and, by warning the Prussian leader of Napoleon's plans, led to the downfall of the Emperor. It is a simple wifely letter in which she expresses her anxiety over the lack of news from her husband and informs him that both she and their son, the King of Rome, the ill-starred "L'Aiglon," are in good health.

My dear friend:

I am sending you the letter for my father and the translation which I subjoin. In the envelope of the one for my father is a letter for my sister. I have not yet had any news from you today. I hope that it will come this evening, as I await it with great impatience. Your son is feeling well and his health is good. I shall write to you this evening as I am obliged to stop because the dispatch bearer is leaving. Good-bye, my dear friend, I embrace you and love you tenderly.

Your friend,

LOUISE

Wellington's letter was written just two weeks and a half after the Battle of Waterloo, which he describes. The victor was then in camp with his army on the northern outskirts of Paris. Blücher had pressed rapidly down on the city from the west, after completing the rout of the French Army, in the hope of seizing Napoleon dead or alive. He knew that the Emperor was at Malmaison, whither he had retired after his abdication, but the Prussian missed him by the margin of a few hours. For, at the order of the traitor Fouché, president of the executive commission which had taken over control of the affairs of France, Napoleon had fled to Rochefort, his mind wavering between the wish to make one more desperate effort against the Allies and the only less fantastic possibility of attempting to renew in America the career so disastrously ended in France. This letter of Wellington's is addressed to his friend General Beresford, later created Lord Beresford of Albuera in recognition of his brilliant victory over the French under Marshal Soult in the Peninsular War. So far as I know, this is the only letter of the Iron Duke describing the Battle of Waterloo ever to make its appearance in the autograph market:

. . . You will have heard of our Battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both sides were what the boxers call *Gluttons*. Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style of columns, & was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with infantry & supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery.

I had the infantry for some time in squares, & we had the French cavalry walking about among us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well.

Bony is now off I believe to Rochefort to go to America. The

Army about 40 or 50 thousand men are in Paris; Blücher on the left of the Seine; & I with my right in front of St. Denis & the left upon the Bois de Bondy. They have fortified St. Denis & Montmartre very strongly. The canal de l'Ourcq is filled with water & they have a parapet & Batteries on the bank. So I don't believe we can attack this line. However I'll see.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON

One fact the collector of Napoleon will speedily discover. He will have many comrades; and abetting this widespread specialization is the wealth of Napoleonic material. The dispersal of the immense Napoleon collection of the Earl of Crawford stimulated the collecting of Napoleonana more than any other single factor in many years. The Crawford collection, comprising about nine thousand letters and documents, which had for years been beyond the reach of collectors, was sold in London at public auction in 1924-25. For a time thereafter the market was saturated with Napoleon autographs, but these have been gradually absorbed as a result of the advent of many new collectors. I know of no other equally extensive collection of autographs relating to a single individual that has ever made its appearance. It encompassed Napoleon's career from Corsica to Saint Helena. Of the many interesting items which I acquired at that sale, perhaps the most extraordinary was the minute book of the Revolutionary Committee of Ajaccio, Corsica, to which Napoleon, then little more than a boy, had several times affixed, in a large, bold hand, the early Italian form of his signature, *Buonaparte.*

The metamorphosis of Napoleon's signature provides a fascinating study. Although his father, Charles de Buonaparte, the representative of the nobility of Corsica at the court of France,

had been given by virtue of a decree of the nobility, in 1771, the family name of *Bonaparte,* he persisted in using *de Buonaparte.* Napoleon in his youth dropped the *de* but continued to use the *u* in Buonaparte. It is this Italian form, so-called, that characterizes his earliest signatures. Not until he was given command of the Army of Italy in 1796, when it was apparent that his star was in the ascendant, did he jettison the *u,* which gave the name the hated Italian flavor. It was shrewd expediency which dictated this change.

In the "Memorials of St. Helena," volume I, page 132, French edition, 1823, Napoleon declares that during his youth he signed *Buonaparte* like his father and, having reached the command of the Army of Italy, did not alter the Italian spelling, but that in later years, being among the French, he signed *Bonaparte.* Napoleon was appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy on February 23, 1796, and he signed *Buonaparte* up to the 29th of that month. About the middle of March he set out from Paris to join the Army and in the first letter which he sent to the Executive Directory from his headquarters at Nice, on March 28th, informing them that he had taken command of the Army on the preceding day, he signed himself *Bonaparte.* The alteration was from that time generally adopted. In his celebrated proclamation in Milan on May 20, 1796, he thus addresses his Army:

> Soldiers, you have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the top of the Apennines. Milan is yours.
>
> BONAPARTE

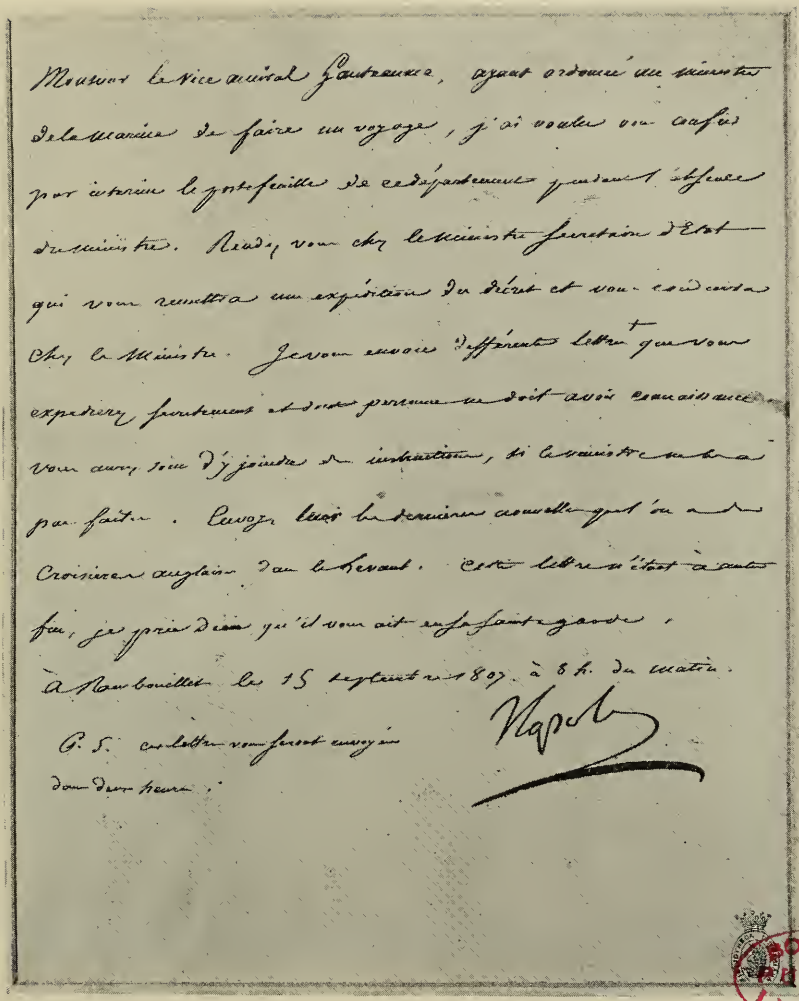
As *Bonaparte* he signed his voluminous correspondence, dispatches, documents and proclamations throughout the Italian and Egyptian campaigns and through the period of the Consulate.

But even in this form there may be observed a significant change. The *Bonaparte* becomes bolder; it becomes *BoNAParte;* and the three letters, *NAP,* in the middle of the signature are curiously like the first three letters of the imperial *NAPoleon* that he was soon to adopt. Becoming Emperor of the French on May 18, 1804, he dropped the surname forever. He now employed the name, *Napoleon,* in full—a sweeping arrogance in ink. In September, 1805, he charges General Massena, in command of fifty thousand men in Italy:

> I hope to cross the Raine on the 5th Vendemaire. I shall not stay before I am on the Inn, or even further, and I trust in your courage and skill. Gain me victories.
>
> NAPOLEON

As *Napoleon,* then, he carried his signature through the rise and fall of the Empire, to Elba, to his defeat at Waterloo and to St. Helena. Thus—as *Napoleon*—did he sign his last will and testament. But even within this imperial *Napoleon* there developed many variations. In these changes one may trace the fluctuations of his fortunes, the triumphs and vicissitudes of his career. While he was the young and ambitious Bonaparte he always signed his name in full. As Emperor, time became too precious. He must dictate to half a dozen secretaries at once. Hundreds of papers were to be read and dictated in a day. One encounters the Napoleonic signature in a multitude of forms. The rarest form of all, in truth, is the full *Napoleon* itself. Why should he bother to sign his name in full? Why the full imprint of the lion's paw when the mark of a single claw will do as well?

Nap is perhaps the most frequent variant—an abbreviation



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LETTER SIGNED BY NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR AND BEARING AN UNUSUALLY FINE BOLD SIGNATURE

It is addressed to Admiral Ganteaume and is dated from Rambouillet, September 15, 1807. The great majority of Napoleon's letters bear a much more abbreviated form of signature, the imperial pen seldom progressing beyond "Nap."

that swept into an almost inarticulate, indecipherable splutter of ink—a rapid-fire scrawl. Sometimes it became *Napol;* very frequently it contracted itself into an imperial *N,* a flourish preserved for the approving of documents and dossiers submitted to him. In a letter he wrote to Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno, just before the battle of Dresden, Napoleon's last great victory, when Russia, England, Sweden, Prussia and Austria were uniting against him, the signature expanded into *Napoln.* On at least one occasion Napoleon seems to have been at a loss to decide upon the form he would use. In 1813, he sent a dispatch from Dresden upon which, according to General Pelet, he deliberated far into the night. Twice he scratched out his name before he finally penned a weird and striking *Npoln.* I have seen letters of his from the Island of Elba, in 1814, signed with a wretched *Napn,* and from Saint Helena, in 1816, above a shaky but full-fledged *Napoleon.*

In spite of the great abundance of Napoleon autographs, there is a paradoxical rarity of his holograph. The principal reason: because he was an atrocious penman. How badly pens must have fared in his hands! The many blots in his impetuous signatures are ample proof that they often collapsed under the strain. So wretched was his hand that it is said (I do not vouch for the accuracy of this story) that when Napoleon's holograph account of an engagement was laid before the President of the Senate, the worthy man thought it was a drawn plan of the battle. "I cannot write well," said Napoleon to Gourgaud, "because my mind is engaged on two subjects at once; one, my ideas; the other, my handwriting. The ideas go on fastest, and then goodbye to the letters and the lines." Ninety-nine per cent of Napoleon's letters are in the handwritings of his aides. This, however, is not as bad

from the collector's point of view as it might seem, for many of his dictated letters bear numerous corrections and interlineations in his autograph.

At various times full autograph letters of Napoleon have come my way—one or two from his youthful days at Corsica, another during the closing days of the French Revolution, one from Elba regarding a flag for his island kingdom, and a few more. But of documents and letters signed by him I estimate that I have sold not less than four thousand.

The autograph of Napoleon is rarer at some periods of his career than at others. Letters written during the Egyptian and Russian campaigns are scarce, the latter especially so. Letters dated during the Hundred Days between his escape from Elba and his defeat at Waterloo are naturally not very plentiful; and letters from St. Helena are of the greatest rarity, due to the restrictions which his British jailers placed on his correspondence.

Napoleon, and those whose names are intimately associated with his, together offer as vivid and colorful a group of autographs as the collector can wish for. It has become the custom among those specializing in Napoleonana to collect the autographs of the men and women of his entourage who were in any way associated with his military or political career. Notable among the women in Napoleon's life are, of course, Madame Mere, Josephine, Marie Louise, and the fascinating Pole, Countess Walewska. There were his great marshals—Ney, "the bravest of the brave"; Lannes, the man among the many who fought for him whom Napoleon loved most, and whose death at the Battle of Essling caused the Emperor to weep; Prince Poniatowski, the Polish soldier; the traitor Bernadotte, who became King of Sweden; the dashing Murat, who married Napoleon's sister Caroline; Augereau, Soult,

Marmont, Victor. Of them all the autograph of Lannes is perhaps the rarest. It was not long ago that Poniatowski shared this distinction with him, but that indefatigable collector of Polish Americana, Dr. Alexander Kahanowicz, brought an end to his rarity by uncovering a quantity of Poniatowski's papers in Poland. As for the rest, with the possible exceptions of Massena and Bessières, they are not difficult to acquire—that is to say, not difficult when one considers their importance. They constitute altogether perhaps the most picturesque group of soldiers that ever unseated a king or forged the boundary lines of an empire.

Turning again to Napoleon, we find that the value of his autograph is as varied as his signature itself. One may have, for example, a brevet setting forth the rank, wounds and record of a soldier in the Grand Army, authorizing the payment of a pension to him or to his widow or children, signed by Napoleon as First Consul, which would be fairly priced, in this year of 1930, at $50. Or one may have—or try to have—a magnificent military letter, entirely in his handwriting, which might conceivably command several thousand dollars.

Consider now the kings, "the very dust of whose writings is gold," as Richard Bentley sang. It is possible that Mr. Bentley was not referring to their autographs; if so, I believe he took more liberties than even poetic license permits. For seldom do the writings of kings yield as much gold as the poet implies. With a few exceptions, the autographs of the great commoners who lent luster to their sovereigns' reigns command higher prices to-day than the autographs of the sovereigns themselves.

Royal autographs present marked contrasts in rarity and plenitude. Full autograph letters of any of the British kings, for example, are scarce, for no other reason than that they seem to

have been generally too busy to write them. On the other hand, letters and documents merely signed by them are generally not rare. This situation obtains as far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century. Of course, there are exceptions—no rule would be valid without them. But in general these are the circumstances that the collector will encounter when he ventures into the realm of sovereigns.

With three or four exceptions the autographs of British rulers do not especially appeal to American collectors. The exceptions are Henry VIII (whose love letters to Anne Boleyn, it is said, are to this day preserved in the archives of the Vatican), Queen Elizabeth, patroness of the most illustrious period in English letters, Charles I and Charles II. And in this royal autographic Hall of Fame the Virgin Queen stands out as the most sought for. Occasionally some of her letters—to Bacon, to the ill-starred Essex, to Sir Walter Raleigh and a few others of her glamorous court—appear in the catalogues, and you may be sure that they command high prices. So do the autographs of her much-married sire.

The autograph of Charles I is moderately scarce, as is that of his nemesis, Cromwell. Both are rare in holograph letters. Cromwell's signature is encountered in two forms, "Oliver P" (the initial standing for "Protector") and "O. Cromwell." The latter is the more desirable.

Charles II stands on the dividing line between the scarce British royal autographs and the plentiful. His autograph may be had without much difficulty. It is occasionally met with in the form of naval documents bearing also the signature of his Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, the famous diarist Samuel Pepys—a very desirable combination.

Without exception, the signatures of the successors of Charles II to the English throne are easy of attainment and inexpensive. Their official papers, letters and documents frequently adorn even the most modest of collections.

Often it is asked whence these royal autographs come. Why are they not preserved inviolate in sacrosanct archives? Many of them no doubt have been released by the descendants of important public servants—prime ministers, cabinet officials and such. Heirs are frequently short of cash as well as of sentiment —more than one treasure trove of autographs has come into the market for this reason. And in the manner of earthquakes exposing graves, political eruptions often help to dislodge them. Our own Civil War is a case in point. During the blustering days of the carpet baggers—"the tragic era"—the archives of the South were rifled of some of their most valuable historical treasures.

The French sovereigns, almost without exception, intrigue the autograph collector. Beginning with the last of them, Louis Philippe, and working back through Charles X, Louis XVIII, and their predecessors, one discovers that they can be rated autographically in direct ratio, it would seem, to their importance in history. The autographs (in the form of L.S. and D.S.) of many of them may be had with a minimum of effort and expenditure. It was through the coöperation of Louis XVI and his government that the United States was able to win its independence, and it is the practice among those concentrating on the American Revolutionary period to have this monarch represented in their collections, since he was a vital personage of that epoch. While his holograph is scarce, as in the case of most of his predecessors

on the throne of France, documents and letters merely bearing his signature are abundant.

Even as Charles II of England serves as the dividing line between the rare and the common in British royal autographs, so does Francis I separate the rare and the plentiful autographs of French sovereigns. As one progresses backward beyond Francis I the autograph of each successive ruler becomes more difficult to acquire. Those of the crafty Louis XI and his father, the pusillanimous Charles VII, to whom Joan of Arc returned a lost kingdom, are very rare and somewhat costly.

The autograph of Francis II, the boy king and youthful husband of Mary Stuart, alone of the successors of Francis I is exceedingly rare. As he died at the age of eighteen, the reason for this is evident. Yet it happens that his more famous consort, though she survived him for nearly thirty years, left behind an even scantier legacy of autographs. Here is a nice problem for the collector to figure out some rainy night.

There is in the field of French monarchs one pitfall for which the collector should be on guard. The French kings, especially the later bearers of the name of Louis, employed what have been called very aptly "secrétaires de la main." These men, whose business it was to shoulder a goodly part of the routine of the crown, signed great numbers of documents in the name of the sovereign. Fortunately, few of them made any deliberate effort to counterfeit the royal signature. Still, if one is not familiar with the autograph of the sovereigns in question, there is no other evidence to show that a signature is not genuine, for in every other respect the document or letter is absolutely authentic. Louis XVI, for instance, wrote a large sprawling signa-

ture. Beware, then, a document purporting to be his that bears a small cramped signature.

It is a curious fact that the autographs of famous women are, generally speaking, rarer than those of famous men. The freedom of speech that is feminine by tradition apparently did not extend to the pen. Martha Washington's autograph, for instance, is far rarer than that of her illustrious husband. The autograph of Marie Antoinette is rarer than that of Louis XVI. And I could cite any number of similar cases.

At almost any period and in almost any group of celebrities fewer autographs of women are available than of men. The reason for this seems to be obvious from the fact that women have had occasion to write fewer letters and to sign fewer documents than men. Speaking autographically it might be said that the female of the species is rarer than the male.

From the French kings it is but a step to the French Revolution—"that vast, tremendous, unformed spectre" from whose bloody chaos rose the weirdest assortment of patriots, idealists, rogues and cutthroats whom fate ever placed in juxtaposition—Mirabeau, Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, Marat, Saint Just, d'Herbois, Carrier and the others. The French Revolution did more than give to history a fresh direction. It furnished a host of vivid names for the autograph collector.

When one considers the aura of rarity and high prices that surrounds the autographs of the leaders of the American Revolution, which began but a few years before, the prevalence and comparative cheapness of the autographs of the leaders of the French Revolution is surprising. I refer, of course, simply to autographs in the form of L.S. and D.S. In holographs Robespierre, Danton, Desmoulins and many of the others are seldom

encountered. But a complete collection embracing the outstanding names of the French Revolution is quite possible of attainment, and I recommend it to the attention of new collectors. It is a group that has interest and permanence of value. Such documents and letters of the celebrities of the French Revolution as survive are invariably of the period of the Revolution, for it was only at that time that they enjoyed prominence, short-lived though it was.

Charlotte Corday is the outstanding *introuvable* of the period. So rare indeed is her autograph in any form that our own Button Gwinnett, a happy symbol for comparison, must appear common in contrast. In 1927 I obtained one of her last letters, a letter written eight days before she was beheaded for the assassination of Marat. It bears the date July 9, 1793. When I brought it to this country in the fall of 1927 it was, so far as I know, the only one of her letters to be found on this side of the Atlantic.

A singular character, Charlotte Corday. She lived, a gentle, simple-minded peasant girl, in stirring times. France was helpless in the maelstrom of the Revolution. The government, so called, was in the ruthless hands of Marat, Robespierre and Danton. Charlotte grew up in Caen, capital of Normandy, haven of the Girondists when the Montagnards were ravishing Paris. From her youth she was steeped in revolutionary thought. Her father, an impoverished nobleman, had no love for the kings of France. For ten years—from the age of nine to nineteen—she lived in the seclusion of a convent from which she withdrew to solace the last years of an aged aunt. Everywhere was turmoil. Wherever Charlotte Corday went she heard the name of Jean Paul Marat. People cursed him for their misery and for the plight of France. And slowly in her mind grew the thought

that the sooner France was rid of him, the sooner might Heaven "be more kindly to our country." So, on July 9, she wrote her father thus:

> I give you obedience, my dear papa, yet I leave without your permission. I leave without speaking to you because it would have been too painful. I am going to England because I do not believe that one can live happily and peacefully in France for any length of time. As I leave I put this letter in the post for you, and when you receive it I will no longer be in this country. Heaven refuses us the happiness of living together as it has refused it to others; it may perhaps be more kindly to our country.
>
> Farewell, my dear papa. Embrace my sister for me and do not forget me.
>
> CORDAY

Not to England, but to Paris, she went, her purpose fixed. On the morning of the 13th, when the shops opened, she bought a dagger. That night she entered the dingy house in the Rue des Cordeliers where Marat was writing his journal in a steaming bath, the only treatment that yielded relief from the ailment of the skin from which he was suffering. Having learned that no one could obtain an interview except on important business, Charlotte Corday had that morning sent him a letter saying that she had news of the Girondists in the Calvados. It was a note that struck a responsive chord. Marat's favorite food for his guillotine! The lie, it is said, is the one stain on her reputation.

All in white, the beautiful girl entered the chamber. Marat eagerly demanded the names of the traitors. She gave them. Then she whipped the dagger from her breast. "A moi, ma

chère amie!" he screamed. "A moi!" She plunged the dagger deep.

Four days later the executioner's assistant, Legros, lifted the head of Marie Anne Charlotte Corday d'Armont from the block, struck it smartly with the palm of his hand and raised it before the mob. The Bible she had carried with her in the tumbril lay open where she had left it at the verse: "Judith went out of the city adorned with a marvellous beauty which the Lord had given her for the deliverance of Israel."

CHAPTER IX

American Literary Autographs

An Awakening Interest—The Autographs of Edgar Allan Poe, Herman Melville, Lafcadio Hearn, Bret Harte, Walt Whitman and Others Considered—A Characteristic Letter of Mark Twain—Eugene Field's Amusing Letter to Marie Jansen, the Actress—Autographs of American Dramatists—The New England Group—Thoreau to Emerson on Henry James, the Elder—Emerson's Word Picture of Carlyle—Characteristic Letter of Nathaniel Hawthorne—Longfellow's Letters to His Friend, Sam Ward—Poetical Quotations—Bryant on "Thanatopsis."

Although the trans-Atlantic liners continue to unload on our hospitable shores poets, novelists, and lecturers from other lands who are distressed at our seeming materialism and lack of culture, it is none the less a fact, known to ourselves at least, that we have in America real literary traditions. There are those who believe that these traditions have the too shiny gloss of newness as compared with the patina which age has given to those of the Old World. But, on the other hand, those same traditions have the vitality of youth, and certainly they should have to Americans the transcendent appeal of having sprung from native soil.

American literature has made a notable record during the one hundred and fifty years since the nation's birth, and there is a rapidly growing appreciation of this fact. The awakening has been reflected in the steadily rising demand for the first editions and autographs of American authors. Dickens, Thackeray,

Shelley, Keats and others among their fellow countrymen will never lack a following, obviously, but many American favorites as well have come rapidly to the fore during recent years.

There is that most brilliant star in the American literary firmament, Edgar Allan Poe. There are other American literary autographs rarer than Poe's, but none that to such a degree combines the elements of desirability, rarity and value. For instance, the autograph of Herman Melville, author of "Moby Dick," is much rarer. Although Melville lived to be three score and twelve and wrote frequently, comparatively few of his letters and manuscripts seem to have survived, and fewer still have come into the market. Even rarer is the autograph of Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist, a Quaker who turned out some of the weirdest tales in American literature, whose accomplishments included not only extraordinary incursions into ventriloquism and somnambulism as themes for fiction, but who has the distinction of having been the first to introduce the American Indian into literature. One of his works excited the admiration of Shelley. Save for a very few letters, Brown is almost unrepresented in American autograph collections. The same is true of Philip Freneau, the poet of the American Revolution.

The autograph of Lafcadio Hearn, while by no means so rare as any of these, is nevertheless scarce and much sought for. A distinguishing physical feature of Hearn's letters is that they are generally written in purple ink on yellow paper. One of the most characteristic letters of this eccentric genius which ever came to my hands was addressed to Charles Warren Stoddard. In it Hearn paid tribute to Stoddard's "South Sea Idyls" and referred most interestingly to his own work, particularly to "Some

Chinese Ghosts," which Stoddard had praised. Here is a brief extract from this typical letter:

I can scarcely credit that the letter I have just received is from one whose book not only bewitched me before I had heard of Melville and before Viaud had begun to teach the new Gnosticism of nature-feeling and nature-religion in a series of startling studies, but subsequently never lost its power upon me, and charms me still, in spite of all the temptations of other writers to make us think in another way about the world and its beauties. The Idyls will always haunt me, and I am sure they will live in the hearts of many, as everything beautifully human must live. In fact, I have long believed that another American Romanticism is possible, and that the Realists are not going to succeed in imposing a new standard of their own. The same spirit that created the "South Sea Idyls" is, I am convinced, a part of the spirit of the Future, something of that which is eternal because beautiful. A civilization passes, a thought-curve of beauty is carried on through the Eternities.

I fear you place far too high an estimate upon my work; it is pleasure enough to have been able to give some pleasure to such as you, without allowing myself to believe I am yet what I would like to be. What else I have written I would scarcely recommend; it might destroy for you the pleasant impression of the "Ghosts." But you will see me soon, I trust, in the guise of a modern story-teller, dealing with living themes of Southern life; and in this, I am sure of pleasing you again, as the same methods adopted in the creation of the "Ghosts" I have applied, I think, with more success, to some phases of Gulf-coast existence.

Yes, indeed, I wish I could have seen what you have seen. I am told that all is now changed in those world's paradises, for the worse. There was enough left, however, for the inspiration of Loti's [Julian

Viaud's] marvellous Tahitian love story about eight years ago,—"Le Mariage de Loti." If I ever get rich enough, I will try to see those islands.

The best I can now do is to try the Antilles; and I hope to leave on the 1st June. There is a great deal of beauty there, not so fantastic and surprising as that of the Pacific archipelagoes, but almost equal, they say, in luminosity and sky-splendors.

Going down the list of American authors whose works have aroused the interest and industry of collectors one reaches the name of Bret Harte, remembered for his "Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," and that once universally known poem, "The Heathen Chinee" —or, to give it the title which Harte gave it, "Plain Language from Truthful James." Bret Harte was a prolific correspondent, and his letters as a consequence are not especially valuable. Much of his correspondence has survived, especially that of his later life, when he was representing the United States Government as commercial agent at Crefeld, Germany, and as consul at Glasgow.

In the case of James Fenimore Cooper, who may be said to have founded a new school of fiction, and whose name has been for nearly a century a household word in America, we meet a somewhat similar situation, although Cooper's letters are not as plentiful as those of Harte. Cooper, who did not write his first novel, "Precaution," until he was thirty, and then only because his wife took him up on his statement that he could write a better story than an English novel he had just read, turned out thirty novels, many books of travel, and a great quantity of correspondence during his busy life. He was a pugnacious, determined

controversialist, constantly attacking and being attacked by journals both in this country and in England. Thus he produced a steady stream of polemical papers in the shape of manuscripts and correspondence. Up to a few years ago his autograph was apparently not particularly attractive from the collector's viewpoint. Recently, however, much of the available Cooper material has been absorbed, and at this moment his letters are quite scarce and prices have moved up sharply.

Among American literary autographs that of Walt Whitman is of outstanding interest, and, during the past decade especially there has been a rapid growth in the demand for anything from his pen. As an instance, ten years ago an interesting Whitman letter referring to, say, "Leaves of Grass" could be had without difficulty at a price ranging from $25 to $50. To-day such a letter easily commands $100 and often more. Whitman collectors have garnered his autograph so assiduously that despite the fact that he was a prolific correspondent and that his manuscripts were widely scattered and numerous, it has become difficult to secure anything of importance in his handwriting. Some of the most interesting Whitman autographs that have ever come into the market have passed through my hands. A few years ago I had the good fortune to unearth a beautiful autograph transcript of "O Captain, My Captain," one of the very few made by the poet, and on another occasion I acquired a large part of Whitman's correspondence with his friend and brother poet, John Burroughs. Still later I secured his correspondence with his intimate friend, J. H. Johnston of Brooklyn, from Mr. Johnston himself, from whose lips I heard many interesting reminiscences of the Good Gray Poet.

Although Mark Twain's is one of the most plentiful of promi-

nent American literary autographs, the sureness of his fame and the firmness of his hold upon succeeding generations of American readers is such that his autograph is in yearly increasing demand. In my opinion there is no American literary autograph that is a better buy "at the market" to-day than Mark Twain's. Now it may be bought quite cheaply; a few years hence, when the large supply of his autographs that is at present available will have been absorbed, it will be a different story. His letters are invariably as pungent and characteristic as one would expect or hope them to be, which is more than can be said of many noted writers whose published works are brilliant but whose correspondence is often rather dull.

Of the scores of Mark Twain letters that have at one time or another been in my possession, none was more typical of its writer than the communication which the humorist addressed to the editor of the New York *World* in reply to a request for a Thanksgiving sentiment. It was occasioned by the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Co., which collapsed in the panic of 1907. Survivors of the 1929 débâcle should have no difficulty in appreciating this letter.

To the Editor of *The World:*

Sir: You ask me for a sentiment which shall state how much I have to be thankful for this time. For years it has been a rule with me not to expose my gratitude in print on Thanksgiving Day, but I wish to break the rule now and pour out my thankfulness; for there is more of it than I can contain without straining myself. I am thankful—thankful beyond words—that I had only $51,000 on deposit in the Knickerbocker Trust, instead of a million; for if I had had a million in that bucket shop, I should be nineteen times as sorry as I am now.

Trusting that this pæan of joy will satisfy your requirement, I am
Yours truly,

MARK TWAIN

Fifteen years ago Eugene Field's was one of the most keenly sought-for of American literary autographs. Whenever important letters or manuscripts by Field appeared, whether at public auction or at private sale, they were vigorously contested for. High prices were often paid for them. As far back as 1911 a Field manuscript sold for $1,700 at the sale of the library of Edmund Clarence Stedman. The vogue for Field was not without justification. He was and still is beloved for his poems of childhood. He himself was a collector and bibliophile of no mean attainments. He had the collectors' flair for craftsmanship, and brought that quality to bear upon his own correspondence. His letters are without exception beautifully written in a neat microscopic hand, often ornamented with illuminated initial letters in bright red, green or gold inks. Occasionally one finds Field's letters, and more frequently his manuscripts, with marginal illustrations which sometimes have a pretense of artistry but more often are a humorous embellishment of the text. He generally wrote his manuscripts in India ink and on a fine grade of Japanese paper, particularly when he transcribed his poems for friends and admirers, and on such manuscripts he lavished no end of labor. And it has not proved a case of love's labor lost. Although the prices of Field's autographs have remained more or less stationary for several years, while the values of once less sought-for names have greatly increased, few autographs have been more carefully treasured than his. Invariably collectors who have Field manuscripts rank them among their most cherished possessions. Who would

not treasure a letter such as this one which the poet addressed to the vivacious Marie Jansen, the actress:

Most incomparable lady:

Ever since the coming of the letter wherein you acknowledge me to be a satellite of the 32nd magnitude, I have sought with exceeding diligence and mighty earnestness to compose (to my own credit and to your delectation) a poem in honor of your eyes, which eyes I do and ever shall maintain to be without equal in all the category of visual orbs. For many hours I could get no further than "O thou"; when I cast aside and abandoned this apostrophe and started in this wise: "O engines of calidity, ebullient fulgurations, twin genii of sapidity," and there I stuck again, though I will confess that to be engaged forever with so pleasing a subject as a fair lady's eyes is by no means ungrateful to me. The poem must be finished, done, published, uttered and exploited; that much I vow, and I register the vow solemnly in high heaven. But, cruel damosel, shall I put it in swift-footed iambic, or in splay-footed Missourian; in pentameter Ionic catalectic, in saphic, in dimeter asclepiadic aminore or in gasmetric sulphuric borax-acidic? This is a question for you to determine in your own subtle feminine way, and, when you have chosen the instrument of torture and I have wielded it, may God have mercy on your soul. Oxalic-acidic metre:

Inveigled by thy siren song
That stirred a thousand wild emotions,
I've drifted merrily along
To shipwreck in those visual oceans.
On wings I scoured celestial steeps
To reach the orbs that glitter o'er me—
But drown in those Icarian deeps,
As other men have drowned before me.

Dear Mrs. Dixey – This is a picture of you and me sailing into the Boston Ideal Opera performance this evening. In order that we may not disappoint the public, I inclose you the fare, and Mrs. Field, Dr. & Mrs. Reilly and I will meet you in the bar at the theater.

Sincerely Yours,

Eugene Field.

AN ILLUSTRATED AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM THE PEN OF EUGENE FIELD, ADDRESSED TO THE WIFE OF HENRY E. DIXEY, THE ACTOR

The accompanying tableau, representing me drowning in oculos tuos, is felicitously designed but unhappily executed. I could depict the painful scene much better if I hadn't been nearly dead for a week with tonsilitis. Believe me

Sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD

Now if you tell me to put it in alcohol, I shall "overflow as to my liver," as Horace hath it.

It seems to me that the temporary eclipse of Field is due less to loss of interest or what might be termed a readjustment of value than to the passing of some of the great collectors of his day, such as William F. Gable, who stimulated interest in the poet because they knew the man and loved him. When they departed, the interest declined, the vogue subsided. There is a new generation of collectors in the game to-day whose associations and stimulations are new and who are more concerned with the autographs of George Bernard Shaw, Anatole France and Eugene O'Neill.

The name of Eugene Field is inseparably linked with that of his friend and associate, James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, whose letters seem to command increasing attention and to be in growing demand from year to year. Not only are his letters invariably interesting and delightful, but the very script itself, as with Field, makes them an attractive addition to an autograph collection.

The letters of the great American historians, William H. Prescott, Francis Parkman and John Fiske, are deserving of the attention of the autograph collector. Their place in American literature is permanent and assured and, although the autographs of none of them have as yet reached the stage where their acquisi-

tion is painful to the bank account, there is no doubt of their desirability.

The same may be said of the important American playwrights, among whom must be numbered George H. Boker, poet, playwright, patriot and diplomat, author of "Francesca da Rimini," which has been called one of the finest pieces of dramatic poetry written in the English language during the nineteenth century; Dion Boucicault, author of "The Shaughraun," "The Coleen Bawn" and other plays which have more recently resulted in the rediscovery of Hoboken and who, though born in Dublin, wrote and planned most of his plays in this country; Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas and Eugene O'Neill. It may come as something of a surprise to learn that the autograph of O'Neill, the most recent of the great American playwrights, is more difficult to procure than that of any of his predecessors, just as the autograph of Stephen Crane is rarer than that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Crane's autograph, incidentally, has appreciated greatly in value during the past five years, and the demand has all the appearance of a lasting interest in the brilliant author of "The Red Badge of Courage."

The quest for Americana has had its effect on the autographs of the great New Englanders. Once generally sidetracked in favor of standard English authors, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier are now riding high in the collector's favor and radiate that prosperous aspect that comes from assured recognition and enduring admiration. This, after all, is as it should be. They were ignored long enough.

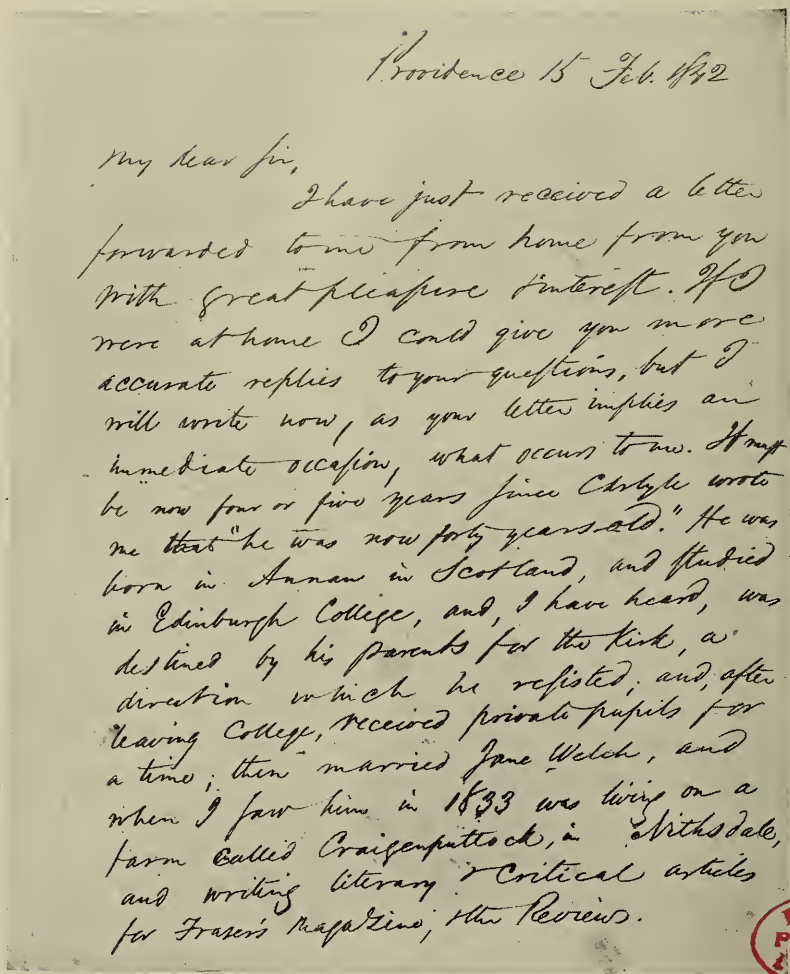
Of the New England group of authors, Henry D. Thoreau, the poet-naturalist, comes first in point of rarity. Due probably to his

natural reticence and self-consciousness, he was not a voluminous letter writer. When an occasional letter of his does make its appearance, however, it is invariably revealing, such as the one he sent to Emerson on June 8, 1843, which came into my possession several years ago:

"I have been to see Henry James and like him very much. It was a great pleasure to meet him. It makes humanity seem more erect and respectable. I never was more kindly and faithfully catechised. It made me respect myself more to be thought worthy of such sincere questions. He is a man, and takes his own way, or stands still in his own place. I know of no one so patient and determined to have the good of you. It is almost friendship, such plain and human dealing. I think he will not write or speak inspiringly—but he is a refreshing, forward looking, and forward moving man, and has naturalized and humanized New York for me. He actually reproaches you by his respect for your poor words. I had three hours solid talk with him, and he asks me to make free use of his house. He wants an expression of fair faith, or to be sure that it is faith. And confesses that his own treads fast upon the needs of his understanding. He exclaimed at some careless answer of mine: "Well, you Transcendentalists are wonderfully consistent. I must get hold of this somehow."

He likes Carlyle's books, but says they leave him in an excited and unprofitable state, and that Carlyle is so ready to obey his humor, that he makes the least vestige of truth the foundation of any superstructure—not keeping faith with his better genius nor truest readers. . . .

I don't like the City better the more I see it, but worse. I am ashamed of my eyes that behold it. It is a thousand times meaner than I could have imagined. It will be something to hate, that's



Providence R I Feb 1842

My dear Sir,

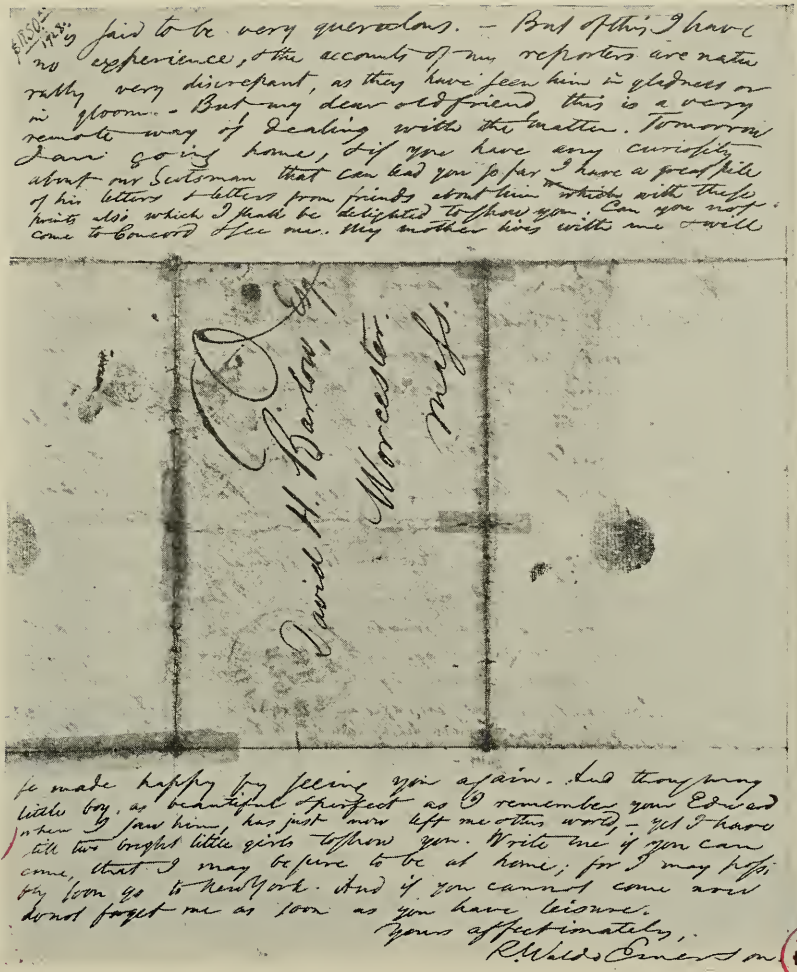
I have just received a letter forwarded to me from home from you with great pleasure & interest. If I were at home I could give you more accurate replies to your questions, but I will write now, as your letter implies an immediate occasion, what occurs to me. It must be now four or five years since Carlyle wrote me that "he was now forty years old." He was born in Annan in Scotland, and studied in Edinburgh College, and, I have heard, was destined by his parents for the kirk, a direction which he resisted; and, after leaving College, received private pupils for a time; then married Jane Welch, and when I saw him in 1833 was living on a farm called Craigenputtock, in Nithsdale, and writing literary & critical articles for Fraser's Magazine, the Reviews.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

EMERSON ON CARLYLE

A remarkable Autograph Letter Signed of Ralph Waldo Emerson, describing his friend, Thomas Carlyle:

"A great-hearted, brave and gentle person, from whom you are always sure of honor and kindness and truth." Providence, February 15, 1842.



AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Page four

the advantage it will be to me and even the best people in it are a part of it, and talk coolly about it.

. . . When will the World learn that a million men are of no importance compared with one man. . . .

I have very hastily written out something for the *Dial,* and send it only because you are expecting something—though something better.

Emerson and Carlyle! It would be difficult to find two other names in English and American literature with greater or even equal significance in combination than these. It was Emerson who published Carlyle's first books in America and it was Carlyle who introduced Emerson's essays into England. "The two men were bound together," writes Dr. Henry Van Dyke, "by a mutual respect deeper than a sympathy of tastes and a community of spirit stronger than a similarity of opinions. Emerson was a sweet-tempered Carlyle, living in the sunshine. Carlyle was a militant Emerson, moving amid thunder clouds."

It was in 1833 in Carlyle's lonely farmhouse at Craigenputtock that the two first met to begin a lifelong friendship. Nine years later another American traveler, Dr. Barlow, was about to sail for foreign lands. He, too, planned to visit Craigenputtock and in his pocket he carried a letter from the Sage of Concord in which the great philosopher of the new world painted a remarkable word picture of the great philosopher of the old.

Providence, 15 Feb., 1842.

My dear Sir,

I have just received a letter forwarded to me from home from you with great pleasure and interest. If I were at home I could

give you more accurate replies to your enquiries, but I will write now, as your letter implies an immediate occasion, what occurs to me. It may be now four or five years since Carlyle wrote me that "he was now forty years old." He was born in Annan in Scotland, and studied in Edinburgh College, and, I have heard, was destined by his parents for the Kirk, a direction which he resisted; and, after leaving College, received private pupils for a time, then married Jane Welch, and when I saw him in 1833 was living on a farm called Craigenputtock, in Nithsdale, and writing literary and critical articles for Frazer's Magazine and the Reviews.

In the beginning of 1834 he left Scotland and went to London, as he informed me, "literally to seek bread and work;" he lived at Chelsea next door to Leigh Hunt and has been there ever since, with the exception of a removal to Scotland, to Annan again, last Spring, having bought there a house with the intention to reside; but his courage failed him in the fall, and he has returned to London and Chelsea. He has never been out of Britain,—neither to Germany nor to France. Ever since the publication of his "French Revolution," he has been growing daily into popularity and influence in England. His books have a steady sale and his circumstances have become easy. Before that he had been very poor. I remember when I visited him in Scotland, he told me that no one person in Britain had yet expressed to him any interest in his writings, that is, none who were not already his personal friends had been drawn to him by those papers. Indeed I have heard that he fairly wrote himself out of the great Reviews, when the History which was the work of two laborious years made him known and honored at home.

One volume of that book in MS. was lent to a friend to make certain corrections in it, and whilst in his possession was by some terrible carelessness mutilated and destroyed. Carlyle sat down, strong man that he is, and wrote it all again.

He is a great hearted, brave and gentle person from whom you are always sure of honor and kindness and truth. His conversation is strong, humorous, picturesque, nay, panoramic like his writing. He speaks in the broad Scotch accent with native good will. He is tall, slender, well made, with dark complexion and a great projecting brow and is a person whom you would remark in any company for the intellectual strength expressed in his head. I have two prints of him, one a small full length which appeared in 1833, in Frazer's Mag. and is very good; and a lithographed profile taken by Count d'Orsay who is, you know, the Emperor of European Dandies; and this is declared by a person who saw him lately to be very true. What else shall I tell you? I remember he said to me that Sterne's Tristram Shandy was his great book in early youth and that Rousseau's Confessions first taught him that he (C) was not a fool. He is described by those who know him intimately (Harriet Martineau, for example) to be a great and constant sufferer from morbid constitution. She says "stretched always on an invisible rack" and that this accounts for the causticity and severity continually expressed in his conversation. In talk he is said to be very querulous. But of this I have no experience, and the accounts of my reporters are naturally very discrepant, as they have seen him in gladness or in gloom.— But my dear old friend, this is a very remote way of dealing with the matter. Tomorrow I am going home, and if you have any curiosity about our Scotsman that can lead you so far I have a great pile of his letters and letters from friends about him with these hints also which I shall be delighted to show you. Can you not come to Concord and see me. My Mother lives with me and will be made happy by seeing you again. And though my little boy, as beautiful and perfect as I remember your Edward when I saw him, has just now left me and this world,—yet I have still two little girls to show you. Write me if you can come, that I may be sure to be at home; for I may

possibly soon go to New York. And if you cannot come now do not forget me as soon as you have leisure.

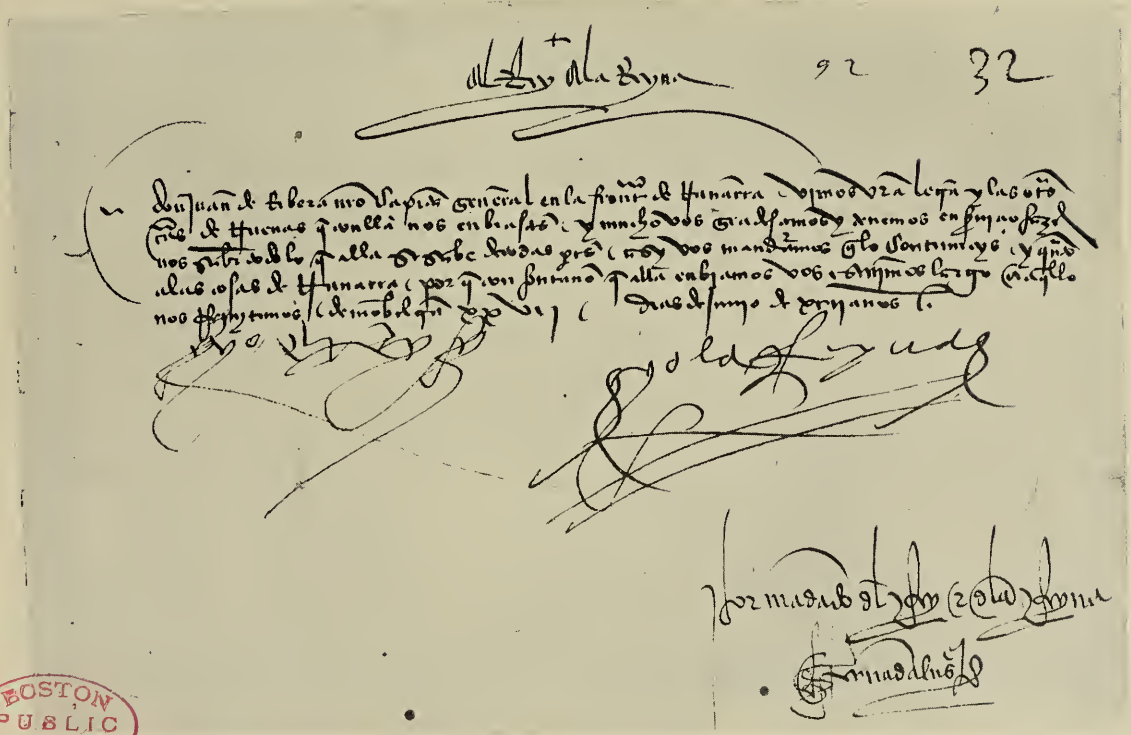
Yours affectionately,

R. Waldo Emerson

David H. Barlow, Esq.,
Worcester,
Mass.

The autograph of Nathaniel Hawthorne is by no means plentiful—much less so, indeed, than that of most other members of the New England group. That no great profusion of his letters survived is due perhaps to the fact that up to the age of forty-five, when he wrote "The Scarlet Letter," he was "the obscurest man of letters in America." Of course, one occasionally encounters letters of Hawthorne dating from an earlier period, but they are mainly in the form of official communications which he signed while employed at the Salem Custom House where, through the good offices of his friend, George Bancroft, the historian, he managed to get the job of weigher and gauger. From a still later period come documents and official papers signed while United States Consul at Liverpool where his intimate friend, President Franklin Pierce, sent him in 1853. Although James Russell Lowell served eight years as American Minister to Spain and Great Britain, strangely enough there seem to be in circulation few official documents of his dating from that period. They are probably in the archives of the State Department.

At one time or another I have had numerous Hawthorne letters, but none of them, it seems to me, was more characteristic than the one he sent to his friend, J. L. Sullivan, editor of the *Democratic Review*. Sullivan had borrowed money from Hawthorne—usually it is authors who borrow from editors. In



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ORIGINAL DOCUMENT SIGNED BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN, PATRONS OF COLUMBUS. DATED THE YEAR OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, 1492

April, 1840, an establishment in which Sullivan was financially interested was destroyed by fire and he hastened to assure the novelist that while the loss might compel him to ask for an extension of time on the debt, it had by no means ruined him. Hawthorne, who had little money himself at this time, responded in part:

I had learned from the papers the destruction of Langtrie's establishment by fire, and apprehended that you must be a sufferer; but I had not considered the event with any reference to myself. I never should have thought of requiring any additional security on this account and, in fact, never should have bestowed any thought on the matter, had you not written. I am in no present need of the money nor shall I be, so long as I continue in office, so that your proposed arrangement will be perfectly satisfactory to me, and if a more distant date of payment will accommodate you better, I entreat you to take your own time. As to interest, it sounds queer between you and me. If it will be any easement to your mind, it is not worth while for me to object, but it quite deprives me of the pleasant feeling of having done you a kindness.

The draft on Messrs. Otis & Broaders, for $50, was not available, they having paid a draft to that amount before I presented mine.

Unless Congress puts that accursed restriction on the fee offices of the Custom-House, I shall soon have a good deal of cash coming in, and should there be any occasion, I beg you to make use of it, as if it were your own. I will not lend you any money on interest because then I should lose the security of your faith and honor, and make a mere commercial speculation of it, and put myself in the same category as other usurers. But if you will borrow it as a friend you may command every cent that I can spare.

I should rejoice that there might be a possibility of my spending any part of the summer in Stockbridge, but I can see none. Last

summer was no summer at all to me, every golden day of it having been spent in one filthy dock or other, and so it must continue to be, as long as I remain in the Custom-House. What a miserable sort of thrift it is, to give up a whole summer of this brief life for a paltry thousand or two thousand dollars! I am a fool.

But I will not give up the hope of your paying a short visit to Boston. Did I tell you in my last that our friend, Mrs. S. has had a miscarriage? Such seems to be her fate, in her life as a whole, and in all details.

The letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow are perhaps the most numerous of all American literary autographs of importance. He was a genial and prolific correspondent and his unfailing good nature made him the perfect answer to the autograph hunter's prayer. It would seem from his diary that he never refused a request for his autograph. This abundance of his letters, however, applies mainly to his later years. His early letters are scarce and invariably very interesting. Later in life, when the poet's name had become a household word and he was beset by a multitudinous correspondence, his letters, even to his most intimate friends, were generally very brief. His early letters, however, are delightful and reflect the poet's peculiar charm, and they are valuable for the light they throw on that period of his life when he first taught modern languages at Harvard. I once had the good fortune to acquire a whole series of these early letters, Longfellow's correspondence with his lifelong friend, Samuel Ward. The first of these was written while Longfellow was visiting Portland in February, 1840, during the long winter recess which formerly separated the terms at Harvard. The previous year "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night" had been published, and, with the other works that soon followed, won for their

author immediate and widespread recognition. The obscure professor became almost overnight a writer of considerable reputation and an associate of the leading literary men of the time. To quote briefly from these charming letters:

> I write you from the extreme Down East, from the fair city, which gave birth to John Neal, Nat Willis and myself, and into which I entered triumphantly last evening, just as the town-sexton was ringing nine. . . .
>
> How suddenly I have passed from New York into the retirement of a provincial Capital. The cries and carriage wheels of Broadway are still ringing in my ears. I can see the smoky light coming through the window curtain in the Cadle attic; I can hear your boots on the stairs, and hear you say "Well, old gentleman!" and have almost the filial impiety to wish I were still with you, and that we were to sit with Mersch this evening and drink Johannisberg. These things pass away; but they are the aroma in the enameled goblet of Life, whose rich perfume we perceive before and after, but not while drinking, the strong reality then overpowering with anticipation and remembrance. . . .

The following letter was written a short time after Dickens had come to the United States to gather material for his "American Notes." Recalling the English novelist's attitude toward America as expressed in that book, it is amusing that Longfellow should have taken him to see Bunker Hill Monument:

> "Cambridge, Jan. 30, 1842.
>
> My dear Sam:
>
> I am much obliged to Mr. King for showing Armstrong his *bijou* in regard to that stanza; and in return for Halleck's criticism on the "falling star." Ask him what he means by

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Things immortal are not generally born to die, are they? Put that in your pipe.

Today I have walked ten miles; namely, to town, through town, and out of town to Charlestown (Bunker Hill) and back again. I went to hear Father Taylor preach, with Dickens and Sumner, and then we made a pilgrimage through North End, over Copp's Hill to Bunker's. Dickens is a glorious fellow. You will be delighted with him; and I have promised him a letter to you, and want you to see him first, on his arrival in New York,—before anyone has laid hands upon him. He will reach New York on Saturday week—that is, Feb. 12. I beg you have him and his wife to dine that day, with Irving, Halleck and Dr. Francis. And in order to secure to yourself the great pleasure of introducing to each other two such men as Irving and Dickens, write an invitation to Dickens, and inclose it to me, and I and Sumner will arrange the whole matter beforehand, if you like the plan.

When shall you be here? Dickens breakfasts with me on Friday. Will you come? Let me know beforehand, for every place at table is precious;—and I shall count upon you.

How do you like the parody on Excelsior? The idea is good,—but the execution execrable. The builder of that rhyme is no artist.

Well,—in May I shall go into exile on the Rhine. I presented my request to the Corporation yesterday, and it was allowed forthwith, and I shall cross the great sea again. I hope I shall return with a sound body and mind.

Julia is enjoying herself much in Boston, and making many friends and admirers. Felton is in love with her; and in speaking of her uses the superlative degree only. Park Street was never more brilliant than now.

Good night; my great lamp is going out and darkness falling on the sheet. Nevertheless, "while the lamp holds out to burn," and long afterwards,

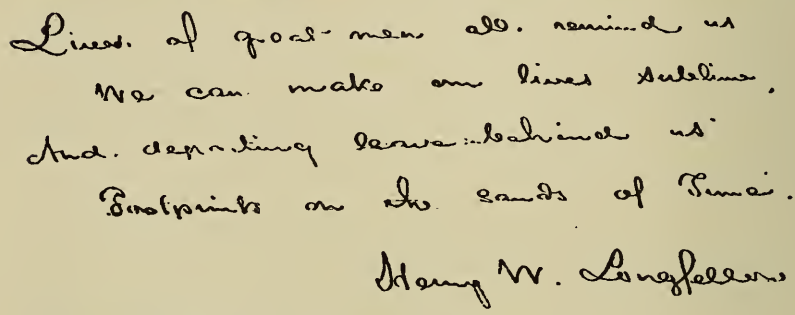
Yours very truly,

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Longfellow was not in good health in 1842. The summer he spent at the Marienberg Water Cure and it was from there that he wrote the three charming letters which he entitled "Letters from Under a Pump." Two of them were addressed to his friend, Charles Sumner, already on the high road to fame as a statesman, and the third was written to Samuel Ward. The letter to Ward is too long to print in full but a quotation from it descriptive of his meeting with the famous French critic, Janin, is well worth quoting:

In Paris I stopped at the Hôtel de Paris, which I think was your hotel. Of course, I saw Jules Janin. He is living in the Rue Vaugirard, opposite one of the gates of the Luxembourg gardens. His apartment is *au quatrième*. I was shown through a bathing room, into a drawing room, where sat the redoubtable Jules under the barber's hands. He was sitting in an arm chair, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his feet thrust into a pair of high shoes, and his *ventre-saillant*, as the Charivari calls it, arrayed in a pair of brown linen trousers without straps and not reaching to the tops of his stockings. He read your letter; said I was welcome to his house; and asked a great many questions about you; all of which I answered to the best of my ability. He is a curious character. He has quarrelled with Geo. Sand, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas;—in fine with all the literary characters. He says he does not like them and does not visit any of them. He then washed his face with a huge sponge; shook his ambrosial locks, and invited me to dinner for that evening

(Sunday). I accepted the invitation and went. Saw his wife, a very pretty woman, rather a spoiled child; and her mother, who wears green spectacles. There was also at table a rough, silent lawyer, a friend of the family, to whom I was introduced, and did not wish to be. We had a nice little dinner; and after dinner played whist. I left them at ten; upon the whole not very much delighted with Janin. He is not a well-bred man; and is altogether too selfish. He seems to be very happy in his marriage; is desperately in love with his wife; and she with him;—even to caressing and kissing each other at the card-table! He has lately picked a house and



AUTOGRAPH STANZA OF LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "A PSALM OF LIFE."

garden at Passy, where he means to pass the rest of his days—so he says. As a critic, he still maintains his sway; and there is an amusing caricature of him sitting in a car drawn by dramatic authorlings.

Longfellow's style of handwriting did not lend itself to economy of paper. It is the one-page Longfellow letter that is unusual; a two-, three-, four- and even five-page missive is the rule. It was the habit of those days, before the advent of the telephone, the typewriter, the radio, and other means of speedy communication. Every one wrote long, newsy letters. When Oliver Wendell Holmes complained to one of his cor-

respondents that he "might be tempted to write a long letter but for a lame wrist," he unflinchingly held himself down to five hundred words. What applies to Longfellow is equally true of Lowell, Holmes, Emerson and Whittier.

As far as values go, the autographs of the New England group have suffered more or less because of the large quantity extant—it is the penalty of profuseness. And yet time and the acquisitiveness of new and greater numbers of collectors are fast remedying this. The autographs of the great New Englanders, vanishing into collections, no longer flood the market. It used to be possible to acquire an excellent letter of any of them for a few dollars. But such bargains are now seldom seen. As for their manuscripts, particularly those of their more important works, they are practically unobtainable, being mostly "frozen" in large collections. For all this lack of complete manuscripts, however, there is no scarcity of autograph quotations from their most famous works. Their autograph collecting contemporaries thought nothing of writing to Longfellow, Holmes or any other prominent literary luminary of the day requesting him to jot down a verse or two of his best-known poem, and the poet not only submitted to the practice, but apparently looked upon it as an unescapable obligation. That is why, particularly among the New England group, one so frequently encounters these poetical quotations.

Longfellow's favorite was the often quoted lines from "A Psalm of Life":

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

How often he wrote this I cannot estimate—certainly hundreds of times. And yet not so often as to prevent the lines from being souvenirs of which the available number decreases yearly and the value of which moves upward perceptibly. While neither Emerson nor Whittier apparently had any favorite quotation or verse, displaying a catholic choice of wares for their importunate admirers, Holmes seems to have leaned generally toward the concluding stanza of "The Last Leaf":

> And if I should live to be
> The last leaf upon the tree
> In the Spring,
> Let them smile, as I do now,
> At the old forsaken bough
> Where I cling.

Synthetic as it may seem as compared with the original manuscript, this form of autograph is not to be despised. Although William Cullen Bryant lived to a ripe old age and as poet and editor bequeathed a profusion of autograph material to posterity, there are few collectors who would be unwilling to find room in their portfolios for a quotation which he seldom transcribed, the concluding lines of "Thanatopsis," and for this fascinating letter which accompanied it:

> The poem of which you speak, "Thanatopsis," was originally a fragment beginning
>
> Yet a few days and thee
>
> and closing with
>
> And make their bed with thee.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
As the swift season roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

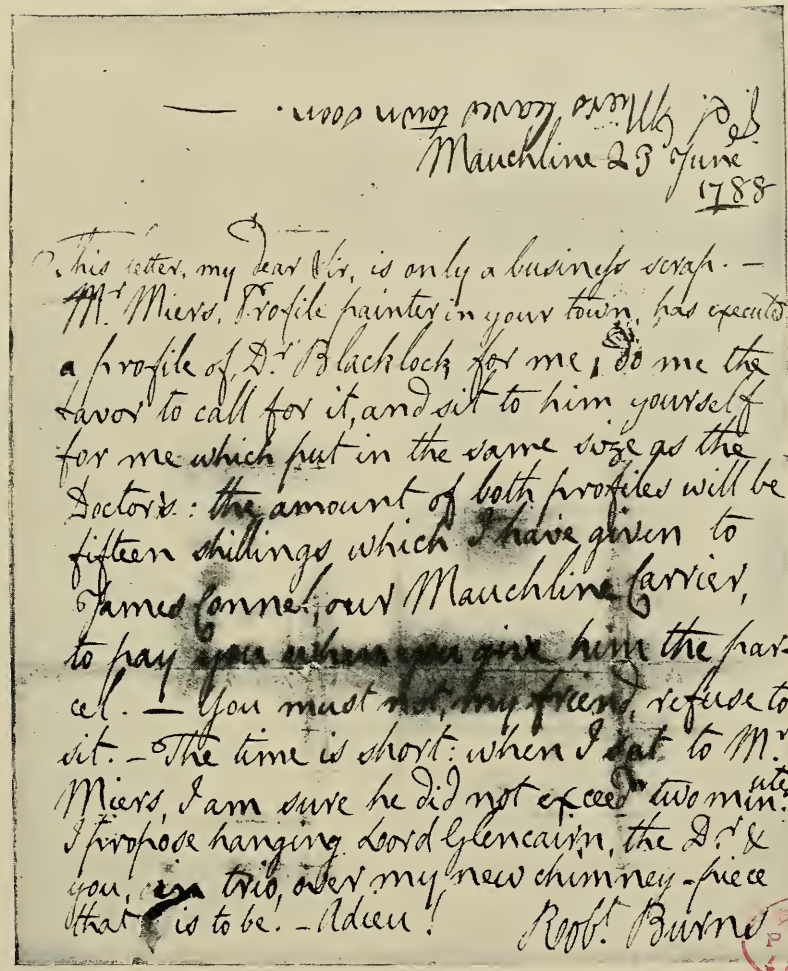
Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Beverly Farms. Mass.
August 11th 1885.

AUTOGRAPH STANZA OF HOLMES' POEM, "THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS"

My father found it among my papers which I had left in Cummington and took it with him to Boston, where it was published in the *North American Review*. In 1821 I added the introductory and closing lines, and it was printed at Cambridge in a little collection of my poems. I have not the *North American Review* of that time here to refer to, or I might be more particular. But the poem was not "substantially rewritten." I made some changes in the introduction. . . . The poem attracted as much attention when first published as anything I ever wrote, and the elder Dana, the poet, when he saw it, insisted that it could not have been written on this side of the Atlantic. Excuse this egotism.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



Mauchline 23 June 1788

This letter, my dear Sir, is only a business scrap. — Mr. Miers, Profile painter in your town, has executed a profile of Dr. Blacklock for me, do me the favor to call for it, and sit to him yourself for me which put in the same doze as the Doctors: the amount of both profiles will be fifteen shillings which I have given to James Connel, our Mauchline Carrier, to pay upon whose upon give him the parcel. — You must not, my friend, refuse to sit. — The time is short: when I sat to Mr. Miers, I am sure he did not exceed two minutes. I propose hanging Lord Glencairn, the Dr. & you, in trio, over my new chimney-piece that is to be. — Adieu!

Robt. Burns

PUBLIC LIBRARY

AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED OF ROBERT BURNS TO HIS FRIEND, ROBERT AINSLEE

A magnificent letter of the great Scottish bard written a few weeks before his marriage to Jean Armour. It is dated from Mauchline, June 23, 1788, the year in which Burns wrote his immortal "Auld Lang Syne" and "Tam o' Shanter."

CHAPTER X

English Literary Autographs

Charles Dickens', the Most Universally Desired of English Literary Autographs—William Makepeace Thackeray's Autograph, Scarcely Less Eagerly Pursued—His Letter to a New York Boy—His Two Styles of Handwriting—The Autographs of Dr. Johnson and the Members of His Circle—Oliver Goldsmith's, One of the Rarest of English Literary Autographs—Swift, Defoe, Fielding and Other Eighteenth Century Literary Autographs—The Rare Autograph of Robert Burns—The Autographs of the Great Triumvirate, Byron, Shelley and Keats—Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott and Other Autographs of the Early Nineteenth Century and of the Mid-Victorian Period—Charles Lamb Makes His Will—His Commonplace Book—Oscar Wilde's Brilliant Letter to a Critic of His Plays.

There are few autograph collectors of whatever nationality who do not wish to have the greatest of English novelists represented in their collections. Even as Napoleon's is the most sought-after among European historical autographs and Lincoln's among American, so is that of Charles Dickens the most universally desired of English literary autographs.

Happily he wrote what would seem to have been enough letters to gratify everybody. Hundreds upon hundreds of them flowed from his inexhaustible pen, from the less hurried pre-Pickwickian days, through the years of his world-wide fame, to the time of his death. But had he written twice as many, his letters would be no less keenly treasured. Among the twenty

thousand autographs, or thereabouts, that are collected, I know of none that remains so short a time in a dealer's files as an interesting letter over the signature of Charles Dickens. This is true because his place in world literature is as secure as that of Shakespeare, and because his works are so enduringly popular, transcending the changes of time and fashions, as real, as comic, as tragic, as vivid to-day as in the Victorian era which gave them birth.

As in the case of Washington, Napoleon and Lincoln, the autograph of Dickens is frequently sought by lovers of the great novelist who are not primarily collectors of autographs. There is a predilection among collectors of autographs of great authors for letters referring to their writings, and among collectors of autographs of great historical personages for letters referring to the historic events in which they played a part. The former preference has been given notable impetus by the entrance of book collectors into the lists of autograph collecting. Whereas ten or twenty years ago the average book collector had little interest in autographs, it has become a general practice to-day to seek an author's autographs with which to embellish his first editions. If a letter can be had which actually refers to a particular book, so much the better—failing that a letter of date contemporary with the book is often inserted in it. Consequently prices have risen as the available supply has slowly—and sometimes rapidly—decreased.

The value of Dickens's letters ranges all the way from twenty-five dollars for one of slight interest to well into the hundreds, even thousands, for important letters discussing his books. I have had many superlatively interesting letters of the great novelist, such as the one he wrote to his friend Clarkson Stanfield in which

he invites his correspondent to dine with him and a few other friends in celebration of the completion of "Nicholas Nickleby."

My dear Stanfield:

On Saturday next, the printers and publishers of the "Nickleby," and one or two mutual friends of ours dine with me at the Albion in Aldersgate Street at half past 6 precisely to rejoice with me upon the conclusion of the book. Do give me an additional reason for remembering the occasion with pleasure, and join the little party.

Always faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

Here is one addressed to his American friend, Professor Charles Felton of Harvard, in which he writes: "I have been devoting myself to the 'Tale of Two Cities' with tremendous interest and fervor and Carlyle says 'it's wonderful' and Forster turns white with admiring approval."

In one of the most interesting letters of Dickens that it was ever my good fortune to own, the novelist gave his opinion of the works of his great precursor, Oliver Goldsmith, with particular reference to "She Stoops to Conquer":

"Let me recommend to you as a brother reader of high distinction, two comedies, both Goldsmith's, 'She Stoops to Conquer' and 'The Good Natured Man.' Both are so admirable and so delightfully written that they react wonderfully. A friend of mine, Forster, who wrote the life of Goldsmith [and was later to write Dickens's], was very ill a year or so ago and begged me to read to him one night as he lay in bed, something of Goldsmith's. I fell upon 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and we enjoyed it with such wonderful intensity that I believe he began to get better in the first scene and was all right again in the fifth act."

N. York. Sunday Dec. 19.

My dear Sir

I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and now that I have children of my own, ~~would like to~~ love young people all the better: and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper.

When I got into the Railroad car to come hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name: and I bought the book, was pleased by his kind free and friendly voice who seemed as it were to welcome me to my own children to this country. And as you are the first American boy who has written

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY IN HIS VERTICAL STYLE OF HANDWRITING

One of the Most Charming Letters That Ever Came from the Great Novelist's Pen, Written in New York Shortly Before Christmas, 1852

to me I thank you and shake you by the hands, & hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children. and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth are the best of all: pray God that young & old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you ~~best~~ a line this Sunday morning: but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where they are, and they said their prayers for me whilst I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you & others show me. I bid you farewell and am

Your faithful Servant

W. M. Thackeray

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. *Pages Three and Four*

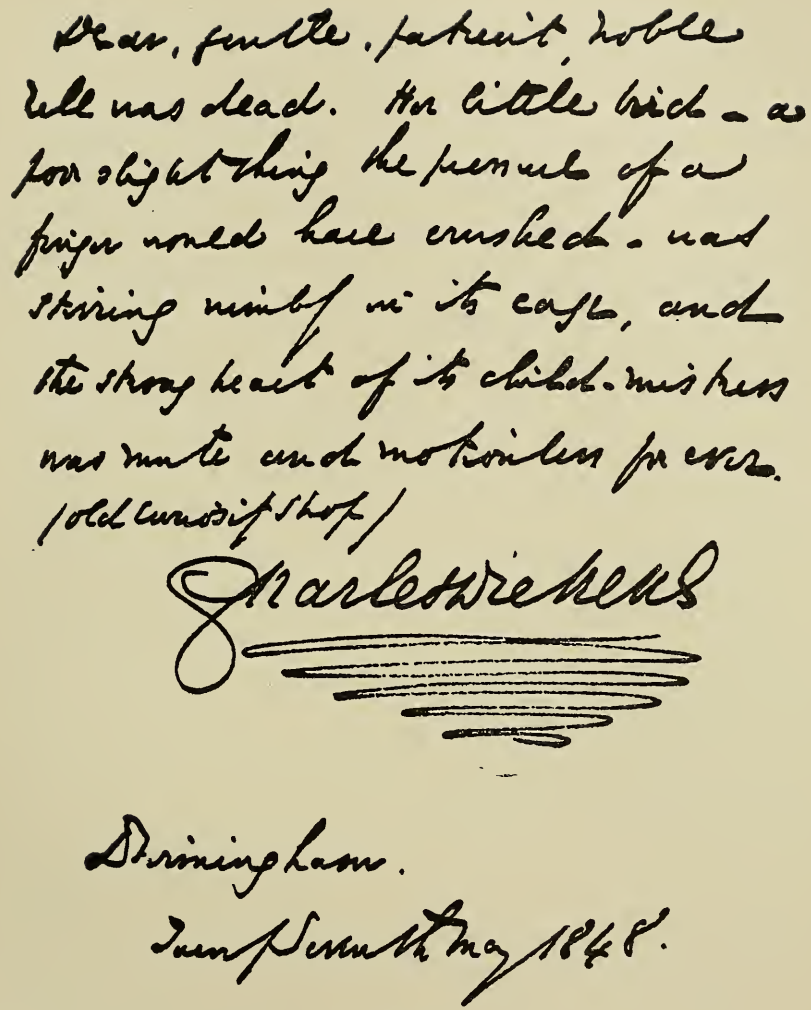
Like all of his contemporaries, Dickens was harassed by the importunate good will of his admirers. He occasionally responded by transcribing a paragraph or two from one of his most popular works. Perhaps his most frequent formula was that often quoted passage from "The Old Curiosity Shop" describing the death of Little Nell: "Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever." But unlike the similar forced productions of the New England authors, this autograph fragment of Dickens is a relatively scarce and costly piece. The last one I had fetched $675.

Scarcely less eagerly pursued is the autograph of that other giant of Victorian literature, William Makepeace Thackeray, whose letters happen to be not nearly so numerous as those of Dickens. Also Thackeray's letters are generally somewhat briefer than Dickens' and invariably command higher prices; they are usually imbued with a distinctive charm, a quaint humor, that Dickens' often lack. Almost any Thackeray note, however brief or hasty, has something characeristic, something whimsical, something Thackerayan about it. Even so slight a matter as declining an invitation to dinner he turned into a sprightly communication which must have softened the disappointment of his would-be hostess. Witness this letter written on heavy mourning paper:

36 Onslow Sq.,
Sunday.

Dear Mrs. Arabin:

I have chosen this black-edged paper to denote my grief, that I am unable and can't go out to dinner. Why, I think I have had



AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF CHARLES DICKENS

The Famous Description of the Death of "Little Nell" from Dickens' Great Novel, "The Old Curiosity Shop." May 27, 1848

to refuse ten friends this week, and believe me, the person who is most sorry of all, is

Yours faithfully,

W. M. Thackeray

It was over three quarters of a century ago—to be exact, in late November, 1852—that the famous Mr. Titmarsh set foot on American shores to begin a six months' lecture tour that was sandwiched, as it were, between those two triumphs of the Thackerayan pen, "Henry Esmond" and "The Newcomes." His lectures in New York were received with the greatest enthusiasm and the lecturer was lionized and fêted as he had never been before. Indeed, luncheons, dinners and suppers were so numerous that he spoke of his sojourn in the United States as "an unbroken round of indigestion."

Shortly before the Christmas season of 1928 it was my good fortune to acquire the tender and charming little letter which follows, and because it was written by Thackeray in New York on the Sunday before Christmas, 1852, to a small American boy who had applied to the great novelist for his autograph, I reproduced the letter in facsimile as a Christmas card.

N. York,
Sunday, Decr. 19, (1852).

My dear Sir:

I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better: and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man and I hope will prosper.

As I got into the railroad car to come hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name; and I bought the book, pleased by his kind face and friendly voice, which seemed as it were to welcome me & my own children to this country. And as you are the first American boy who has written to me I thank you and shake you by the hand & hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth are the best of all; pray God that young & old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning; but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where they are, and they said their prayers for me whilst I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you & others show me. I bid you farewell and am

Your faithful Servant,

W. M. THACKERAY

An unusual characteristic of Thackeray's letters is the fact that he had two distinctive styles of handwriting, one definitely upright and the other definitely slanting. Occasionally he employed both of these styles in a single letter, and I recall one in which the body of the communication was in the slanting style and the signature in his upright manner; and, the letter being an oddly formal one, it was probably Thackeray's amusing intent to convey to his correspondent, without, of course, real attempt at deceit, the impression that the letter was written by a secretary and only signed by the novelist. Whether Thackeray, who often wrote for long periods at a time, shifted from one style to the

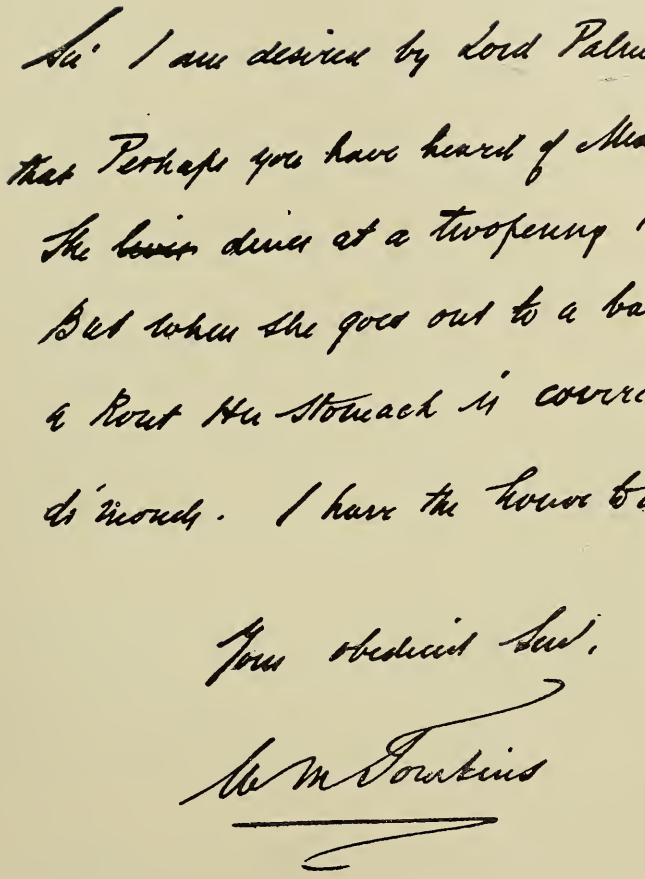
other to rest his hand I have been unable to determine. He was not ambidextrous, as is Sir James M. Barrie, whose two styles of handwriting are another literary phenomenon. Barrie, I am told, can write with equal facility with either hand and there is some similarity between the two forms.

It would be difficult to imagine a more desirable association of famous literary names in a single item than a letter in which one of the two great Victorians, Dickens and Thackeray, appraised the greatness of the other. In London recently I acquired such a letter of Thackeray:

> I will subscribe with pleasure to your young protégé's verses, but now comes the unpleasantry. I think they are very good for a young man who has not had opportunities of education, but not good verses as yet—and when he is 10 years older he'll say so too. I remember some of mine wh. were much worse at his age—and I had been to school, etc.—there.
>
> Old "Don't Care" is a copy of a bad master. Mr. Dickens was very young and unlettered when he wrote the "Ivy Green"—though a prodigious genius as I needn't tell you who know it.

It was Thackeray's custom also occasionally to employ humorous pseudonyms in signing his letters, such as his famous nom-de-plume, Titmarsh. Here is a letter signed "W. M. Tomkins," the name embodying his initials, and the letter itself a limerick:

> Sir:
>
> I am desired by Lord Palmerston to say that Perhaps you have heard of Miss Simons. She dines at a twopenny Pieman's. But when she goes out to a ball or a rout her stomach is covered with di'monds. I have the honor to be, Sir,
>
> Your obedient Servt.
>
> W. M. Tomkins


Sir I am desired by Lord Palmerston &c.
that Perhaps you have heard of Miss Simcox?
She lives down at a twopenny Pieman's
But when she goes out to a ball or
a Rout Her Stomach is covered with
diamonds. I have the honour to be, Sir;
Your obedient Servt.
W M Tomkins

HUMOROUS AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY IN HIS SLANTING STYLE OF HANDWRITING

Written in the Form of a Limerick and Signed with the Pseudonym, "W. M. Tomkins," the Initials of the Name Corresponding to Thackeray's

It is but a step backward to Dr. Johnson, whose name in recent years has become something to conjure with in the collecting game. A remarkable growth in interest has taken place not only in Johnson's letters but also in those of the members of the brilliant coterie that made up the Johnsonian circle. The popularity of Johnson has touched them all—Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, Edmund Burke, Goldsmith, Gibbon, and Mrs. Thrale. This back-to-Johnson movement has acquired such momentum that the letters of most of them, once easy of acquisition, have almost disappeared from the market. This is particularly true of Johnson himself. Of course Goldsmith's autograph has always been rare. It is, in fact, one of the rarest of all English literary autographs. And it is valued accordingly. A letter of his of only ordinary interest will command a price well above one thousand dollars, and a short manuscript was sold recently in London for $13,500.

Curiously enough, although Johnson's letters up to a few years ago were more numerous than those of Boswell, and much easier to secure, the recent discovery in England of a considerable number of Boswell letters addressed to Andrew Gibb, overseer of Boswell's estate at Auchinleck, and their dispersal has tended to reverse the situation.

Initiated under the patronage of Good Queen Anne, the eighteenth century became the most cosmopolitan age in English literature. It was the age of Swift, of Addison and Steele, of Richardson, Sterne and Defoe, of Cowper, Burns and Pope, of Sheridan, Blake and Fielding, of Hume, Walpole and Young, of those brilliant personalities who gathered about Johnson and of many others besides. Letters of most of these are now in high

favor among collectors, especially those of Richardson, Pope, Sterne and Burns, all of whose autographs are extremely scarce. As for letters of Defoe and Fielding, they are as rare as those of Goldsmith. The last Defoe sold fetched $2,200. And in 1929 a Fielding letter went under the auctioneer's hammer for $6,700.

Like most of the other surpassing names in literature, the autograph of Robert Burns has long been at a premium, but the peak has by no means been reached. His letters are unusually scarce, and the appearance of an interesting example at public sale is always the occasion for keen competition. From time to time I have had splendid letters of Burns, but the one I recall with most pleasure I parted with some five years ago. It was written by Burns a few weeks before his marriage to Jean Armour. It was dated from his farm at Ellisland, on the Nith, June 23, 1788—a momentous year in the life of the poet. For it was in that year that he returned to Ayrshire, bought a farm, married, lost all the little money he had made on his first book of poems, and wrote "Tam O'Shanter" and "Auld Lang Syne." I sold this fine letter for $450, and I would gladly give several times that amount to have it back in my files. It was addressed to Burns's friend, Robert Ainslee and read:

Mauchline, 23 June, 1788.

This letter, my dear Sir, is only a business scrap. Mr. Miers, Profile painter in your town, has executed a profile of Dr. Blacklock for me. Do me the favor to call for it, and sit to him yourself for me which put in the same size as the Doctor's; the amount of both profiles will be fifteen shillings, which I have given to James Connel, our Mauchline Carrier, to pay you when you give him the parcel. You must not, my friend, refuse to sit. The time is short; when I sat to Mr. Miers, I am sure he did not exceed two minutes.

I propose hanging Lord Glencairn the Dr. & you, in trio, over my new chimney-piece that is to be. Adieu!

ROBERT BURNS

P.S.—Miers leaves town soon.

Another group of outstanding interest in English literature is the great triumvirate Byron, Shelley and Keats. Of the three, the autographs of Byron are the most numerous and the least costly —but least only in a relative sense. Far from being rare, his letters are in fact fairly plentiful. This, however, has but slightly affected their desirability and value. He wrote many exceedingly interesting letters, and these are treasured almost as highly as those of Keats and Shelley. A few years ago I secured a most important part of his correspondence—his letters to Lady Byron regarding their marital difficulties. These are now in the possession of a Western collector.

Shelley is next in point of rarity, and Keats is rarest of all. The scarcity of Shelley's autograph was relieved somewhat by the discovery a few years ago of a considerable number of his bank checks. Their appearance in the market made it possible for lovers of the poet to obtain his autograph for as little as fifty dollars. Otherwise they would have had to pay a high price for anything in his hand. To cite an example: an ordinary letter of Shelley fetched $1,450 in 1928. Keats has no such intermediate point. The few of his autographs that have made their appearance have brought astonishingly high prices. A not extraordinary Keats letter was sold in 1927 for $5,500.

Among the great names of the latter part of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries those of Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Lamb and Sir Walter Scott

are all in demand among collectors. The autograph of none of them, with the possible exception of Lamb, is especially rare. Carlyle, George Eliot, Tennyson and Hardy are staples, so to speak, of the autographs of the mid-Victorian period. At the beginning of 1930 letters of all of the latter were still easily procurable, at prices ranging from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars for those of average interest to several times those figures for letters of greater importance. And I am willing to prophesy that another generation will find these autographs much more difficult to acquire and much more costly than they are to-day; and the contrast must seem all the greater then, for they are really underpriced to-day.

The autograph of Robert Browning suffers from the fact—a disadvantage to some and a boon to his more impecunious admirers—that it is one of the most numerous of English literary autographs. Compared with it, the autograph of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, though far from being rare, actually seems so. The same may be said of Ainsworth, Reade, Wilkie Collins and other minor celebrities of that prolific day in English letters. Collectors for years to come will probably never suffer for want of them.

As a letter writer Charles Lamb is entitled to a high place in English literature. When he wrote in nonsensical mood there have been none to equal him. His letters are always charming, frequently uniting cordial pleasantry with heart-touching pathos.

"There is," says Talfourd, in the prefact to the "Final Memorials," "scarcely a note (a notelet he used to call his little letters) Lamb ever wrote which has not some tinge of that quaint sweetness, some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim, which distinguishes him from all other poets and humor-

ists." It was such a letter that he wrote to his friend, Thomas Allsop, on the heavy blue-grayish mercantile paper of the old India House, with the edges rough where Lamb tore it into note shape. Allsop was for many years an intimate friend of Lamb, but he is known chiefly through his "Life and Letters of S. T. Coleridge" (1837). In 1823 Lamb wrote to Allsop under date of August 9th but did not post the letter until one month later, telling him that he was about to make his will and asking him if he would act as his executor. "The other two I shall beg the same favor of are Talfourd and Proctor." The reply must have been immediate, for this touching letter which I acquired and sold several years ago was postmarked September 10, 1823. The Proctor referred to is Barry Cornwall, the poet.

My dear A.,

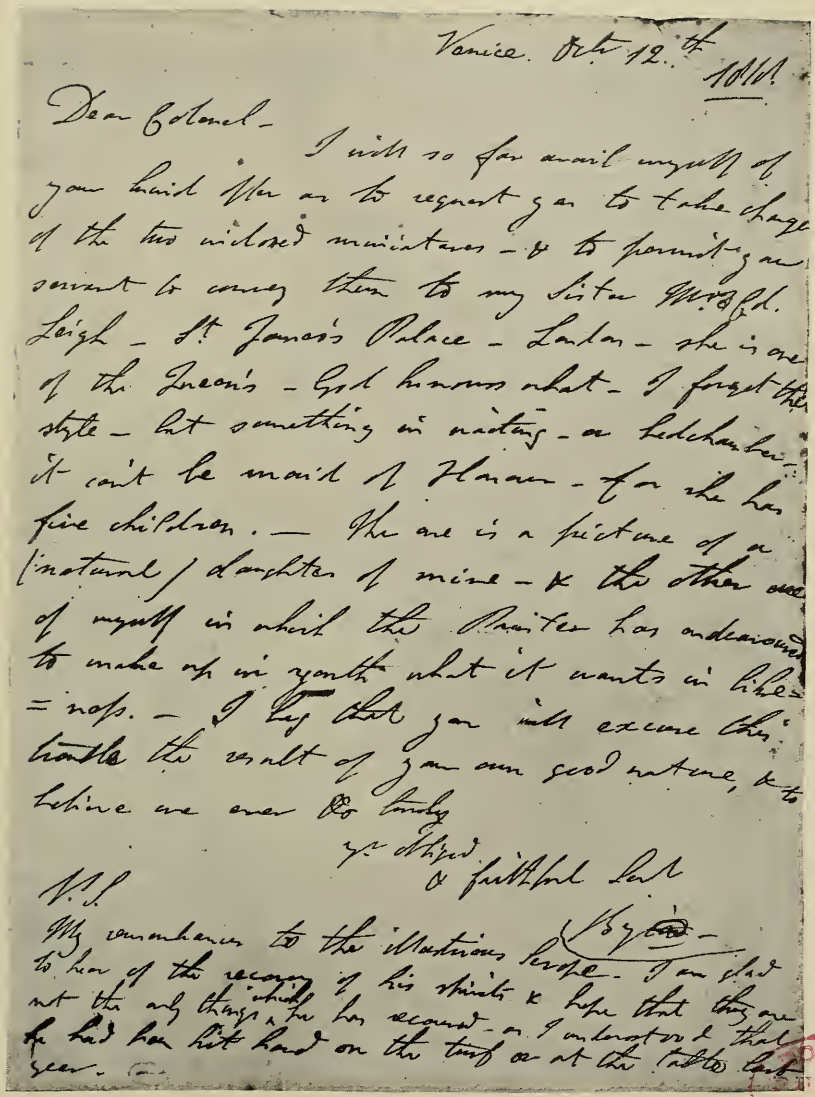
Your kindness in accepting my request no words of mine can repay. It has made you overflow into some romance which I should have checked at another time. I hope it may be the scheme of Providence that my sister may go first (if ever so little a precedence), myself next, and my good Executors survive to remember us with kindness many years. God bless you.

I will set Proctor about the will forthwith.

C. Lamb

One of the choicest literary treasures that has ever come to light, certainly one of the most precious mementoes of Charles Lamb in existence, is his commonplace book, which it was my good fortune to obtain in the winter of 1928.

To the multitude of disciples of Thackeray's "St. Charles" this is one of the most interesting books in existence. The account



Venice. Octr 12th 1818.

Dear Colonel—

I will so far avail myself of your kind offer as to request you to take charge of the two inclosed miniatures — & to permit your servant to convey them to my Sister Mrs Gd. Leigh — St James's Palace — London — she is one of the Queen's — God knows what — I forget the style — but something in waiting — a bedchamber — it can't be maid of Honour — for she has five children. — The one is a picture of a (natural) daughter of mine — & the other one of myself in which the Painter has endeavoured to make up in youth what it wants in like=ness. — I beg that you will excuse this trouble the result of your own good nature, & to believe me ever &c truly

Yr obliged
& faithful Servt
Byron

V.S.

My remembrance to the illustrious Scrope. I am glad to hear of the recovery of his spirits & hope that they are not the only things which he has recovered — as I understood that he had been hit hard on the turf or at the table last year.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED OF LORD BYRON
October 12, 1818.

of it which follows is summarized from an old catalogue description. It is a faithful record of Lamb's thoughts and adventures among books all in a volume of one thousand pages—a large quarto copy, bound in old calf, of Thomas Holcroft's "Travels in Germany, Holland and France." On its wide margins and blank pages Lamb recorded—generally in his most "clerky" hand but sometimes in his most inebrious scrawl—poems and other writings of his own, stories and incidents that he thought worth preserving, puns, acrostics, extracts from books that appealed to him. Moreover he pasted in essays and poems by himself and his friends (especially Coleridge) as they first appeared in the magazines.

The record covers a period of thirty years from 1804 to as late as 1833, the year before Lamb's death. The book has a curious history. It was in 1804 that Lamb's friend Thomas Holcroft, the dramatist, wrote an account of his adventures abroad which Hazlitt called "one of the most interesting and instructive books in the language." The proof sheets of the two large volumes were revised by Lamb, as many of the corrections are in his hand. It is possible that Lamb saw the work through the press, as Holcroft had left England owing to a prosecution for treason. The page proofs eventually reverting to Lamb, he saved the purchase price of a blank book by using them for his notes and memoranda, the wide margins and many blank pages lending them admirably to this purpose. That the book was utilized in this way for nearly thirty years is indicated by an entry in the diary of Henry Crabbe Robinson mentioning a visit to Lamb in 1833: "After Lamb and his sister went to bed, I read in his album (Holcroft's Travels) with extracts in manuscript." Mary Lamb writes of one of Robinson's visits that "he spent a long evening

by our fireside, and there was much gin and water drunk. . . . H. R. [Robinson] professed himself highly indebted to Charles for useful information . . . even after Charles could not speak plain for tipsiness."

Lamb's own compositions in the album include thirteen poems in his autograph, mainly verses addressed to his friends. Many of the margins are filled with anecdotes, short verses, epitaphs—anything that happened to strike the Elian fancy. For example, in reading "Josephus" it amused Lamb to find that, by a misprint, Goliath was described as "six Cupids and a span high." Of another giant it is recorded: "The Rabbins make the giant Gog—or Magog—the contemporary with Noah and convinced by his preaching; so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the Ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter it, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in stormy weather, he was more than half-boots-over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely when the Ark landed on Mount Ararat."

A contemporary Methodist hymn must have filled Lamb with an unholy joy, and it may be imagined that he chuckled as he transcribed:

> Come, needy; come, guilty; come loathsome and bare.
> You can't come too filthy—come just as you are.

Among the epitaphs we find the famous one of Shakespeare's daughter, "good Mistress Hall," with Lamb's comments, also the often quoted:

> He played the father's, brother's, husband's part,
> And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.

It is not difficult to imagine Lamb glancing around at his bookshelves as he writes: "Edwards, Book Collector, desired his coffin to be made out of some of the strong shelves of his library." One of the most notable entries in the volume which to Lamb must have seemed important is a quotation from Cowper's Letters: "I consider England and America as once one country. They were so in respect of interest, intercourse and affinity. A great earthquake has made a partition and now the Atlantic Ocean flows between them."

Then there is this amusing bit:

Porson's Gerundial Pun.
When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence and was di do dum.

One of the most interesting of the discoveries made in an examination of the volume is that Lamb possessed a copy of Tennyson's "Poems" of 1830. As Lamb bought only old books, this was probably presented to him by the rising young poet, and possibly was one of the volumes by contemporaries which he used to throw over the wall to Thomas Westwood, his neighbor. One page of Tennyson's book he retained—page one, with the poem, "Claribel." It is pasted in this volume, and on the blank portion is a priceless note about a dull divine whom Dr. Barnard of Teon considered a nuisance, frequently telling him that "so dull a man ought not to appear at Coffee Houses or at all in public, 'for you know how stupid you are.' This he said to him in public without reserve. He bore this (B. added) with a coward's patience, but one day remonstrated: 'You are always,' he told him, 'running your rig upon me, and calling me stupid, for you don't consider

that a broadwheel wagon went over my head when I was ten years of age." Perhaps the choicest morsel in the book is an illustration of innate depravity in the case of a person who "was wicked from a boy; he wrote God with a little *g* when he was ten years old."

There are many such bits of the "true Elia," some showing his love of the whimsical, others in serious mood. Knowing, as we do, that Lamb read from this book to De Quincey and other guests, that Crabbe Robinson spent an evening with it while the "gentle Elia" in the next room slept the sleep of the just and ginny, we may be fairly sure that it has been in the hands of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, and most of that circle of friends. But such imaginings are only incidental—for we know that the book was Lamb's intimate companion for thirty years.

It is a far cry from Charles Lamb to Oscar Wilde. Yet the autograph of Dr. Wilde's bad boy also enjoys a degree of favor among collectors. The brilliant thought and deftly turned phrase that characterized Wilde's literary productions flash continuously through his correspondence. His letters are often sparkling, witty, and always interesting, such as one which I recently acquired, written to the editor of a newspaper whose dramatic critic in an unfavorable review of one of Wilde's plays added insult to injury by referring to the dramatist as "John":

> John is an admirable name. It was the name of the most charming of all the disciples, the one who did not write the Fourth Gospel. It was the name of the most perfect of all the English poets of this century, as it was of the greatest English poet of all the centuries. Popes and princes, wicked or wonderful, have been called John. John has been the name of several eminent journalists

and criminals. But John is not amongst the many delightful names [they included, besides Oscar, Fingal O'Flahertie Wills] given to me at my baptism. So kindly let me correct the statement made by your reckless dramatic critic in his last and unavailing attack on my play.

The attempt he makes to falsify one of the most important facts in the history of the arts must be checked at once.

Oscar Wilde

This letter may be aptly cited as evidence that an autograph is the most vital souvenir of the departed great. In its flawless delicate irony and balanced phrase, it is the witty word shadow of Oscar Wilde.

CHAPTER XI

The Lesser Lights

Quality vs. Quantity—The One Hundred to One Shots—The Autographs of Minor Literary Lights—Joseph Rodman Drake, Rarest of American Literary Autographs—Samuel Woodworth, Author of "The Old Oaken Bucket"—Dr. Clement C. Moore, Author of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas"—The Various Sets: Presidents' Cabinets—Continental Congress—Signers of the Constitution—Justices of the United States Supreme Court—The Oldest Perpetuating Line of Autographs: the Popes of the Roman Catholic Church—A Great Collection of Papal Autographs—Extra-Illustrating or Grangerizing Considered—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett's Invocation.

In every branch of collecting sooner or later the collector arrives at the cross-roads where he must choose between the broad, smooth highway that leads to quantity and the narrow, often difficult road to quality. Disappointment and dissatisfaction are sure to be his lot if he makes quantity alone his goal. Then it may well be that his collection will become a cumbersome burden to him, a bore to his friends and not unlikely an unprofitable investment. On the other hand, a collection in which quality predominates is sure to be of enduring interest, an unfailing source of pleasure to its owner and of permanent value. One may have a score of autographs worth a king's ransom or a collection numbering hundreds of items worth altogether less than a second-hand flivver. There should be no question as to which sort of collection to form—or at least to strive for.

But you may have quality in an autograph collection without necessarily making a large investment—without going in for the

more costly items. In previous chapters I have discussed, rather briefly, some of the lesser figures on the American scene whose autographs may be collected with both pleasure and profit. For, minor characters though they may have been in comparison with the universally acclaimed, there is still something of greatness in them and a solid and often underestimated value in their autographs. To the collector who has little money to expend on his hobby, but who nevertheless would spend that little well, I strongly recommend that he consider them.

If you like to gamble there is always the possibility that one of these lesser lights, among your contemporaries especially, may some day come to be of stellar magnitude. Think of the thrill that the collector of college presidents, for example, experienced when his letter of Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, developed into a letter of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, or when his autograph of Calvin Coolidge, in his collection of governors, became a letter of President Coolidge, or his Warren G. Harding, in his collection of senators, came to be one of the most sought-for American autographs. As senator, governor or college president these autographs, though they were full A.L.S., would have been dear at a dollar each, while as President of the United States a holograph letter of any one of them is worth upwards of $100. These, however, would have been hundred to one shots, and, as every one knows, hundred to one shots seldom come home first. And furthermore let it be understood that I do not urge any one to collect college presidents, governors or senators.

There is real enjoyment to be had in collecting the minor things, but the collector must exercise some discretion. Not all the lesser lights are worth having, and, even among the minor

celebrities, fine and characteristic letters or documents of importance should be chosen in preference to inconsequential items, letters which are really little more than signatures. I recall one huge collection that was dispersed a few years ago. It comprised sets of the Presidents' cabinets, from Washington's down, the governors of the States, United States senators, bishops of the Anglican Church, signers of the Constitution, members of the Stamp Act Congress, and thousands of miscellaneous autographs. Included in this mass of material were some sets and many names of real excellence, but the collector had vitiated their appeal by acquiring only commonplace letters and documents—by stressing quantity in his collecting rather than quality—and the result of the sale was most disappointing to its owner.

Among the outstanding minor groups available to the autograph collector are the less notable American poets and authors. The former would include such names as Fitz-Greene Halleck, George P. Morris, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Sidney Lanier, Joaquin Miller, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Father John B. Tabb, Louise Imogen Guiney, James K. Paulding, and so on. Their lyric achievements will always have a place in the story of American literature, for they were leaders, the earliest among them at least, when culture in America was in its springtime. I said their autographs were "available," but those of some of them, such as Joseph Rodman Drake's, are exceedingly difficult to procure. Of all the names in American literature, it is doubtful if there is one more rare than Drake's, autographically speaking. Born in 1795, he produced, before he was twenty-five, poems that are still famous; and at that age, in 1820, he died, mourned by all New York and par-

ticularly by his friend and brother poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who in his grief wrote the famous eulogy beginning:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

It is futile to attempt to appraise the potentialities of genius when death cuts it short of fullest achievement, but so great was Drake's promise at twenty-five, and so brilliant his reputation, that it does seem he might have become, had he lived, one of the foremost of American poets. In his maturity he might well have stood among the great New Englanders, at the threshold of whose epoch he died. His life follows the orthodox literary cycle in its contrasts, its poverty and its brilliance. Born in New York, one of four children, he early met privation following the death of his parents. But the strain of lyricism was in the family; he and his two sisters, Caroline and Louise, were creating verse at an early age. Drake wrote his "Mocking Bird" and "The Past and Present" at fourteen, and the literary circle of Old Manhattan, such as it was, admired his juvenile craftsmanship.

Like so many other poets, Drake was apprenticed to a tradesman. But four years of this was enough, and before he was seventeen he began the study of medicine. Then a fortunate thing happened to him. Drake was handsome—the handsomest man in New York, according to Halleck—and soon he wooed and won the daughter of Henry Eckford, one of New York's wealthiest ship-builders. There was no further need of an apprenticeship that would find the long, laborious hours of the practicing physician at its end. Drake turned to poetry, and at the age of

twenty-two produced his masterpiece, "The Culprit Fay," which was followed by "The American Flag":

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

In 1818 and 1819 Drake and Halleck delighted New York with a series of anonymous, almost daily, versified contributions to the *Evening Post,* which in sprightly fashion satirized the political and social life of the New York of those days. They wrote under the noms de plume of "Croaker," "Croaker Jr.," and "Croaker & Co." "We each had a finger in the pie," said Halleck, when he was asked to identify their individual contributions in later years. To Drake, however, his poetry was never more than a passing fancy. While he lay on his deathbed, his friend Dr. DeKay, at Mrs. Drake's request, collected all of his poems that he could find, and brought them to their author. Drake waved them away. "Burn them," he pleaded, "they are valueless." Several years later thousands of copies of an illustrated edition of his "Culprit Fay" were sold, and in 1860 the Bradford Club of New York brought out in a handsome edition the collected poems of "The Croakers."

While it is extremely difficult to find any of his letters, there is always the chance that an unsuspected source may yield one or more of them. About twelve years ago I made what was undoubtedly the greatest of Drake finds—in fact, one of the most important of recent American literary discoveries. From descendants of the poet in New Haven I procured his original manuscript note-book, containing complete transcripts of his

principal works. An offer of several hundred dollars beguiled it to my safe, where it remained for a time, eventually to find a permanent and appropriate repository in the Henry E. Huntington Library in California, for a price in the neighborhood of $1,000. How much more it would fetch to-day I do not even venture to guess.

Samuel Woodworth, author of the venerable lyric, "The Bucket," now universally known as "The Old Oaken Bucket," was not a song-writer, but a poet who wrote a single song. Woodworth's autograph is among the rarest in American literature. He had an unusual career. Apprenticed to a New York printer, he attained in time considerable success as a publisher. With George P. Morris he established, in 1823, the extremely fashionable New York *Mirror,* quite a different paper from its modern tabloid namesake, and besides writing a number of poems he was the author of a history of the War of 1812 and several dramatic pieces, one of which, "The Forest Rose," was a hit on the Broadway of his day.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" first made its appearance, in 1826, as a poem. At the time Woodworth was a substantial citizen of New York, a business man of wealth and prestige, and a literary light of considerable brilliance. His home on Duane Street was a salon where gathered many of the important literary personages of the time, among them James Fenimore Cooper, Daniel Verplanck and Fitz-Greene Halleck.

One day, some generations before the passage of the Volstead Act, Woodworth and a number of convivial friends were sitting and drinking at Mallory's, a fine old hostelry, which was to the New York of the early nineteenth century what the Waldorf was

to the New York of a later day. Sipping a glass of port, Woodworth proclaimed it the finest beverage he had ever tasted.

"No, you are mistaken," said a companion of more simple tastes. "There is one thing in my estimation that far surpasses it."

"What is that?" asked Woodworth, skeptically.

"The draught of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from work in the fields on a hot summer day."

Woodworth's thoughts went back, no doubt, to his boyhood on Cape Cod. He grew pensive and, leaving his companions, he went to his office, and within an hour returned with the ballad of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Before long, all the country was singing it to the tune of "The Flower of Dunblane."

Letters of Woodworth have occasionally come my way, though infrequently. A few years ago a singular piece of good fortune brought me the autograph manuscript of "The Old Oaken Bucket" itself. This manuscript is now treasured in the collection of a prominent Chicagoan.

Dr. Clement C. Moore is one of America's little known poets, by name at least, but his jolly " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas" (or, more properly, "A Visit from St. Nicholas") is immortal. From the time of its first appearance the authorship of this poem has been the subject of controversy. It was originally published anonymously in the Troy (N. Y.) *Sentinel,* and the editor, either from real or pretended ignorance, introduced it with the note: "We know not to whom we are indebted for the following description of that unwearied patron of music, that homely and delightful personage of kindness, Santa Claus." On each succeeding Christmas, the same newspaper reprinted it. Its fame

spread; newspapers throughout the country copied it, and in 1844 it appeared in Moore's own volume of "Poems."

Moore's claim to authorship of the poem is quite convincing. To his friend, Colonel Post, he told of the circumstances under which he came to write it. On Christmas Eve, Mrs. Moore, following her custom, was packing baskets of provisions to be distributed among the poor of the neighborhood. One turkey was lacking, and she sent her husband to the market to purchase another. On his way home, with the turkey under his arm, the doctor noted the beauty of the night, the brightness of the sky, the crunch of crisp snow under foot. The thought of writing a tribute to St. Nicholas occurred to him, and when he reached home he repaired to his study and wrote the poem. That was his story and, as the modern saying goes, he stuck to it. He was a man of high attainments and reputation. It does not seem likely that he would stoop to piracy. The world remembers Moore as the author of "'Twas the Night before Christmas," and is probably right in doing so, and his autograph is correspondingly valued. Incidentally, it is very scarce, and the letter from which the following is quoted is the most interesting example I have ever seen. It reflects, unmistakably, the sentiments of the doctor toward the War of 1812, which was even then rolling toward its smashing climax at New Orleans:

> I assure you, my dear sir, that Mars is not to be blamed for the apparent neglect and indifference with which you charge me. And I can conscientiously declare, that, if I know my own heart, I would not, for the sake of becoming a Cæsar or an Alexander, be capable of forgetting friends so amiable and respectable as you and your family. The truth is, I have been engaged all the last autumn in arranging and copying accounts of a very complicated nature, which

have been accumulating for more than ten years, during the administration of my father and mother upon an estate of which I was appointed an executor. In consequence of my father's illness and of the impudent demands of one of the heirs, the whole business has suddenly devolved upon me. . . .

The increase of your flock [his correspondent was a farmer] gives me great pleasure, not only for the benefit which you derive from it, but on account of the profit which I think must eventually result to the country in general from the merino breed of sheep. Every ewe that produces a healthy lamb, appears to me a much more useful member of the community than any recruiting officer who enlists a soldier for this wicked war in which we are engaged. . . .

Of the various collected groups of autographs, the Presidential cabinets set is the most extensive and, what is more, it is constantly growing. Scarcely a year passes but one or more names are added to it through new appointments. Including every member of every Cabinet from Washington's to Hoover's inclusive, the set numbers 339. There are, of course, many great names among them—men who rose to higher position, to the Presidency and to the Chief Justiceship—and, for added zest, the collector can handicap himself by trying to obtain autographs written during the period when they served in the Cabinet. This is far from being the most expensive set available to the collector. With a few exceptions and despite the importance of some of the names involved, it is possible to obtain fair examples of the autographs of many of the members of the President's cabinets in the form of letters or documents for as little as one dollar each or even less. Most of the others may be had for slightly more.

In the old days the office of Secretary of State was the springboard to the White House. Jefferson, Secretary of State under Washington, Madison under Jefferson, Monroe under Madison and Adams under Monroe, all reached the Presidency after having first served as premier. Herbert Hoover, the eighth Secretary of Commerce, was the first to step from that newer post to the Chief Magistracy. Curiously, the only other cabinet members to reach the Presidency were both Secretaries of War. In the cabinet list, too, fall the names of Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, and John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who had previously served as Secretary of State under Washington. Of course, these two are not inexpensive autographs, but neither are they exclusively in the millionaire collector's class; good examples of each in D.S. or L.S. form may be had for less than $50.

There are a few scarce names on the list, but no Gwinnetts. The outstanding cabinet rarity is Titian J. Coffee, who was Attorney General *ad interim* in Lincoln's cabinet. Yet even his autograph is but moderately scarce, and to no enterprising collector need it present an insurmountable difficulty.

The cabinets set, as I have said, is, naturally, forever increasing. The Continental Congress group, on the other hand, is as naturally static. Among its number are, of course, the fifty-six Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Exclusive of the rare Signers this set is not extremely difficult to complete, and it is a mighty interesting one. For they were a heterogeneous group of men, these Conscript Fathers of the nation—physicians, preachers, farmers, lawyers, rebels and Tories, men of strong minds commingled in the crucible of the Revolution.

There is George Washington, member from Virginia, who

served until he was recalled to take command of the Colonies' green army. And there is also that singular Tory, Joseph Galloway, Pennsylvania member, who, when the cross-roads were reached, turned back to the Crown. Wealthy, powerful, capable, his services were needed by the Colonies; his defection was a severe blow to the cause. "What price glory?" Joseph Galloway might well ask. Had he stood fast with the others, his name would rank with Hancock, Franklin, Patrick Henry.

One of the rarest names in the old Congress group (it was *the* rarest) is that of Simon Boerum, member from New York, who served from 1774-1777. Several years ago his signature was so difficult to procure that Dr. Emmett, experienced collector that he was, exchanged a Button Gwinnett for a Boerum. The identical Boerum document that figured in this exchange was sold at the Hollingsworth sale in 1927 for $180, while in the same sale a Gwinnett document fetched $19,200. Some one discovered a batch of Boerum's papers in the interval and his stock immediately fell. This is one of the vicissitudes of collecting. Such rapid deflation, however, is possible only in the case of a name that is not of surpassing historic significance and that is sought by a very limited number of collectors. The discovery of a trunk full of Button Gwinnett's papers would unquestionably have a most depressing effect on the value of his autograph, whereas any quantity of autographs of Washington, Franklin, Napoleon, Lincoln, Poe, Dickens, Thackeray, or other names of as general and permanent interest would be absorbed by eager collectors without affecting in the least their current market value. Other rare names of the "Old Congress" set, as it is frequently referred to, are John Gardner of Rhode Island and David Ross of Maryland. Their autographs are as rare as Gwinnett's, but have

no such high value. It is fortunate for collectors that they did not sign the Declaration of Independence. Had they done so the number of complete sets of Signers would have been limited to the dozen or so examples of their autographs known to exist. The autograph of Henry Middleton of South Carolina occupies in the Continental Congress set a place similar to that held by his father, Arthur, among the Signers, *i.e.,* only slightly less rare than the rarest.

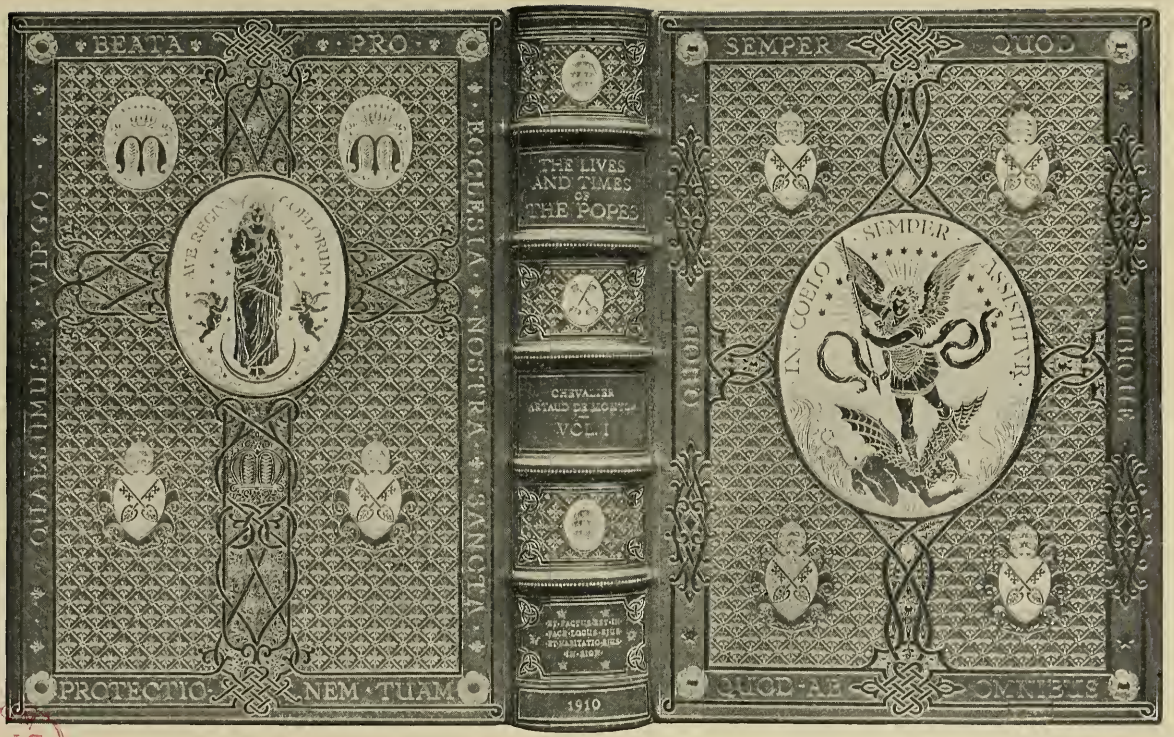
Another excellent set, and an increasingly popular one, is that made up of the men who signed the Constitution. Here, too, is a vivid assemblage—Washington, who served as President of the Federal Constitutional Convention, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, "the Father of the Constitution," Gouverneur Morris, and the others. It will be remembered that the Federal Convention sat in session in 1787 and drew up the Constitution. Not all the members signed the document, however. Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland, and Edmund Randolph of Virginia were among those who for various reasons did not append their signatures to the Constitution. But it is the practice of most collectors of this group to include the autographs of the men who attended the Convention and did not sign as well as those who attended and signed, and their inclusion certainly lends interest to the set.

There are a few moderately scarce names in this group, but no *introuvables.* George Wythe, delegate from Virginia and Signer of the Declaration of Independence, probably left fewer autographs than any of the others. He was a barrister and it was in his office that Thomas Jefferson studied law. A puzzling aspect of the rarity of his autograph is the fact that Wythe lived to a ripe old age. It is surprising that more of his letters have not

been found. Altogether, the Signers of the Constitution form what is to my mind the most attractive set, after the Presidents, for the new collector. Such a set has real significance; it presents no great difficulties, and it is not an expensive collection.

Another set, the interest in which has accelerated considerably in recent years, is that of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Like the cabinets, this is a constantly increasing group. When a new justice is appointed another autograph must be added to the set. Lawyers especially—and appropriately—are attracted to the autographs of the justices. Generally their ambition is to secure letters signed during the period the justices were on the bench. Such an objective is attainable, though difficult in the cases of some justices, and it is not too costly.

The rarest autograph among the justices is that of Alfred Moore, of North Carolina, who served for five years, 1799-1804. During that time he should have, must have written many letters and signed many documents, but very few, apparently, have been preserved. Col. Robert H. Harrison, secretary and aide-de-camp to General Washington during the Revolution, and John Blair of Virginia are second to Moore in point of scarcity, although the late Chief Justice White presses hard on their heels. Full letters by White seem to be very rare; certainly few of them have as yet appeared. Individually, the autograph of John Marshall is the most sought-for of the Chief Justices, with John Jay and Salmon P. Chase running close seconds. I have always been impressed by the absence of interesting contents in the letters of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Of course, there are exceptions, but I cannot recall another group of eminent men who turned out colorless copy with such consistency. Even in their early letters one seems to sense a sobering anticipation of the judicial robe.



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A MAGNIFICENT INLAID AND JEWEL BINDING BY RIVIERE

Sides and back of Volume One of a fifteen-volume copy of de Montor's "The Lives and Times of the Popes," extra-illustrated with autographs and engravings.

No discussions of the various collected sets would be complete without a consideration of the Popes of the Roman Catholic Church. Here is the oldest perpetuating line of autographs in history; and I feel competent to speak of it with authority by reason of the fact that, after more than ten years of intensive labor, I have accumulated possibly the most comprehensive collection of the sort in private hands. The fruits of these labors I have incorporated in a copy of "The Lives and Times of the Popes," by Chevalier de Montor, and the result is, I believe, one of the finest examples of extra-illustration in existence. Some idea of the scope of this work may be gained from the fact that its volumes embrace over a thousand autograph letters and documents representing nearly all the Popes of the past five hundred years, not to mention kings, statesmen, cardinals and other notables with whom their lives and works were associated; and this mass of material, the residuum of a much sifted larger bulk, has compelled the extension of the work from ten octavo volumes to fifteen volumes of folio size.

I have journeyed far and sought diligently to gather material for this *magnum opus.* Sources the world over have yielded papal material. In Italy, France, Switzerland and England I have delved in out-of-the-way corners, and many fine old letters have rewarded my search. But it was reserved for me to secure in the United States—in my own back yard, as it were—the most important accession to the work in the collection of papal letters and documents of the late Charles F. Gunther of Chicago. The greater part of the Gunther collection of papal autographs is now incorporated in this extra-illustrated set.

It may be of interest to describe the manner in which these autographs are treated and the manner in which extra-illustrating

in general is done. Take the volume containing an account of the life and pontificate of Pope Pius IX. There are numerous engravings and autograph letters of Cardinal Mezzofanti, the great linguist, Cardinal Antonelli, Papal Secretary of State, and other figures prominent in the turbulent reign of Pope Pius IX. The Pope himself is represented by one letter written when he was a humble Italian priest, another as Archbishop of Spoleto, another while cardinal, and a fourth during his stormy pontificate. Appropriately there is included a letter of Garibaldi, for the same reason that there accompanies the autograph of Pope Clement VII a document bearing the signature of that other arch enemy of the Catholic Church, Henry VIII of England. There are even autographs of several of the saints in this collection.

It is an interesting fact that perhaps the earliest of obtainable autographs are those of the Popes. In my safe, for instance, I have at present a document signed by Pope Lucius III. It is dated April 14, 1182, more than three centuries before the discovery of America. Despite a slight fading of the ink during more than seven centuries the characters on its well preserved old parchment stand out almost as legibly as the day on which they were put there by scribe or secretary and signed by the Pope himself with that curious ancient form of signature, the rota.

Of course there are many rarities in the long line of the Popes. Some of them reigned for very brief periods, several for less than a month. Again, many of the Popes of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were comparatively young men when they were elected, and died, under the strain of those turbulent times, at an early age. Pope Leo X, one of the greatest of the Popes, second son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was only fourteen when he was made a cardinal, only thirty-eight when he became Pope

in 1518, and only forty-six when he died. He was a brilliant, cultured, able prince of the Church, a patron of Michelangelo and Raphael and other great craftsmen of his day.

Another Pope whose autograph is extremely rare is Alexander VI, the picturesque Borgia pontiff. Although he reigned for eleven years he left a lamentably small legacy of autographs, whereas his successor, Pope Pius III, who lived less than a month after he was elevated to the Chair of St. Peter, provided a fairly liberal supply, due to his advanced age at the time of his accession. He was sixty-four years old when he died.

But most of the Popes, of the past three centuries at least, were not at all sparing in their use of pen and parchment. During the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when church and state were one in much of Europe, an endless stream of documents, papal dicta and decrees flowed out of Rome to all corners of the Christian world. Revolutions, changes in family fortunes, the dispersal of great collections and political upheavals of one sort and another have from time to time dislodged these papers from the archives and treasure houses in which they have been kept, and a goodly portion of them have made their way into the market place and thus into the hands of the autograph collector. The autographs of many of the Popes of the past two or three centuries are quite inexpensive for the reason that they are not widely collected. For instance, letters and documents signed by Pope Gregory XIII, reformer of the calendar, may be had for $50, of Pope Leo X, the great Medici pontiff, for $75, of Pope Pius VII, whom Napoleon brought to Paris for his coronation, for $25, and A.L.S. of Pope Pius IX may be had for as little as $15.

In my opinion, the extra-illustrated book, embellished by the addition of prints, engravings and autograph letters of the char-

acters mentioned in the work, offers a felicitous method for the preservation of autographs. I believe that an extra-illustrated copy of an authoritative biography of, say, George Washington, with contemporary portraits, maps and views, and letters of Washington and his generals and associates, is a fascinating memorial. I do not approve of haphazard commercial products made up of half-tones from magazines and fragments of documents and signatures inserted. Rather I mean a book with fine impressions of scarce engravings and interesting autograph letters.

Since the art of extra-illustrating or grangerizing was invented a century and a half ago by Dr. James Granger, the good Vicar of Shiplake in Oxfordshire, many hard things have been said of the practice or malpractice, as it has been termed. Surely Granger himself would have been sadly disconcerted and chagrined could he have anticipated the storm of criticism that was in store for his disciples in years to come. This clergyman was an assiduous collector of portraits of historical characters. Not finding in print a book which he considered his portraits would fittingly illustrate he hit upon the scheme of arranging them in chronological order and constructing a story around them. The result was "A Biographical History of England," which appeared in 1769 in two quarto volumes dedicated to Horace Walpole, and this book, the forerunner of books extended by the insertion of prints, illustrative of their texts, inaugurated a fashion which has remained more or less popular ever since.

Without going into the pros and cons of the question of the propriety of extra-illustrating, it must be admitted that many good books have been mutilated by the removal of the plates which they once contained. But what critics seem to overlook, as Laurence Hutton long ago pointed out, is that the extra-inserted

print of man or house or town may indicate simply the survival of what in a particular book was most fit to be retained. No one will deny that in many volumes the illustrations are the best part, sometimes indeed the only part of any value whatever. Thousands of ephemeral books have come in the past from the printer's hands, as they still do, containing little or nothing worthy of preservation except the plates. Finally, that objection has little basis in fact to-day for the reason that thousands of prints and engravings not contained in books and that have never been in books are now available to the extra-illustrator. And when the denouncers of the Grangerites have said their worst, the extra-illustration of books with autographs remains beyond the reach of their wrath. For no one who inserts a letter or a document in a volume can be accused of being a biblioclast. On the contrary, he may lay claim to being a very devout bibliophile. Certainly an authoritative life of Washington, Lincoln, Dickens or Napoleon embellished with their autographs and those of their friends and their contemporaries cannot fail to be a perennial source of inspiration and instruction.

Autographs may be used for extra-illustration by attaching them, by means of paper hinges at the left hand edge of the letter, to blank sheets bound in the book. Thus inserted they may be removed at any time without injury to the autograph. This further may be said for the practice of extra-illustrating books with autographs. Inserted in a volume, an autograph is removed from the damaging influence of light and air and its preservation assured.

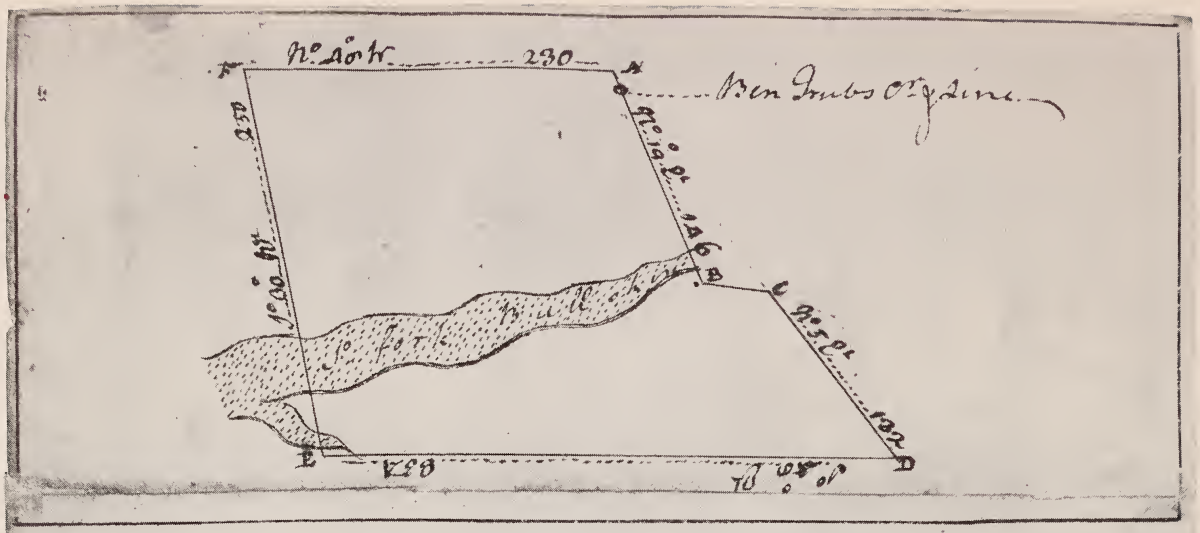
To return to the extra-illustrated copy of the "Lives and Times of the Popes," I am told by Arthur E. Calkin, proprietor of the eminent firm of bookbinders, Robert Rivière and Son, of

London, by whom the work was executed, that it is the most sumptuously bound set of books that has ever been done. It required nearly three years for its completion and is an exquisite example of the bookbinder's art.

Irving's or Marshall's "Life of Washington," Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln," Forster's "Life of Dickens," "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" are some of the works that lend themselves appropriately to extra-illustrating. A wealth of autograph material is available for the purpose and no end of prints and engravings, the latter without recourse to other books.

How appropriate to incorporate in the "Life of Washington," for instance, in the chapter descriptive of the Battle of Saratoga, letters of Generals Gates, Schuyler, Arnold and Burgoyne on the subject of the Northern Campaign. Perhaps the outstanding example in America of excellence in the art of extra-illustrating was the result of the patient, resourceful efforts of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, whose extra-illustrated copy of Lossing's "Field Book of the American Revolution," now in the New York Public Library, contains a large part of his priceless collection of American historical autographs. One of his sets of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence is so preserved, with its copy of the Declaration itself in Jefferson's hand, made on July 5, 1776, letters of John Hancock transmitting the Declaration, and other letters of equal interest. The value which Dr. Emmett placed on this almost priceless set may be gauged from the amusing yet touching warning which appears in several volumes of the collection:

> In the same spirit that Shakespeare wished his bones might remain at rest, I would ask that these relics of mine may be kept together. I commenced this collection at twelve years of age, and



March 23d 1750-1 Surveyd for John Grub of Pensylvania one Moiety of a tract granted to him and Emanuel his Bro: for 730 Acres by Jost Hite bounded as followeth (Viz

Beginning at and Oak on a knowl cor. to Emanuel now Ben. Grub's part of the Patent Land and extended with a Line thereof No. 19 Et. One hund. and thirty Six poles Xing Bullskin to a large stooping white Oak in a hazel Hollow thence with the Lines of his own Patent No. 42 Wt. thirty eight poles to a large red Oak in the Barrens No. 5 Et. 132 poles to a locust stake in the Barrens Rich. Stephenson's Cor. in y. s. Patent Line thence with Stephensons Line So. 40 Et. 290 poles to his Cor. Three hund. and fifty four poles to a white Oak and hick saplins standing by an Arm of Bullskin Meadow thence So. 30 Wt. Xing the said Meadow Two hund. and fifty poles to a locust stake near three small locust thence No. 40 Wt. Two hund. and thirty poles to Ben: Grubs Line th: with his Line No. 19 Et. 10 poles to y. Beg. Conf. 431 Acres this 23d of March 1750-1

by

Washington

Willm Crawford } 66
Owen Thomas }
Thos. Wadlington Mr.

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ORIGINAL SURVEY AND PLAT MADE BY GEORGE WASHINGTON IN HIS EIGHTEENTH YEAR

The entire document, including the map or plat, is in Washington's handwriting, the early form of which differs considerably from the familiar hand of his later years. March 23, 1750-1.

some portion of it has been my companion through a long life. But there will come a time, in the near future, when we must separate, and dear to me is the wish that the labor of years, collected in all these volumes of historical matter, may not be lost and scattered through the destructive spirit of some new owner. A happy conscience will certainly be the reward, for respecting so charitable a request, and in the spirit hereafter, so far as may lie with me, I will invoke it, as I would burden the conscience of the vandal who disregarded my wishes.

I place my portrait here, as my representative, that it may remain in the years to come a silent pleader, and selfish indeed must be the person who does not respect the appeal.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMETT, M.D.

CHAPTER XII

An Autograph Collector's Baedeker

An Autographic Hall of Fame—One Hundred Representative Celebrities, Fifty American and Fifty European—Effect of Condition on Value—Repairing and Restoration of Damaged Autographs—The Process of Inlaying Explained—Various Mehods of Keeping Autograph Collections Described—Other Questions of the Neophyte Autograph Collector Answered.

At the risk of setting up a mark for the sling-shots of hero worshippers and critics who may find cause for grievance in the omission of favorites and the inclusion of, shall I say, aversions, I have undertaken the selection of one hundred representative celebrities, fifty American and fifty European, whose autographs are reasonably available and whose fame, in my humble opinion, is reasonably secure. This autographic Hall of Fame is offered in reply to the question frequently proposed by new autograph collectors: "What shall I collect?"

Perhaps no one can answer that question so satisfactorily as the collector himself; and I have invariably replied: "Who is your favorite hero in history, or your favorite author?" Once the candidate betrays his predilection his fate is sealed. "Excellent—collect him." This is but a compromise, however, and soon the collector is looking for new worlds to conquer.

Let it be understood that the list which follows is a roster of illustrious personages of my own choosing, my own preferences. In its formation, however, I have been governed solely by auto-

graphic considerations. The noble company who have been fitted into the niches of this pantheon combine peculiar and varied autographic requirements, such as availability, reasonableness of value and greatness. It is my own Baedeker of autograph collecting. It pretends to do no more than point out one hundred outstanding American and European celebrities whose accomplishments entitle them to fame, whose fame establishes the desirability of their autographs, and whose autographs may be acquired without vast expenditure.

In eliminating not a few great names I have been motivated by cogent reasons. Why, for instance, have I included Ibsen and omitted Shakespeare, included Edison and not Columbus, Dumas and not Cervantes? Simply because the autographs of those excluded are so excessively rare as to be practically unobtainable or, if procurable at all, may be had only at great cost. Yet, even after this first division on lines of rarity was made, a further problem presented itself. In the fields of literature, history, science and art, many names of almost equal prominence made claim for attention. Which should be chosen—Reynolds or Gainsborough, Burke or Pitt, Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot? In those cases where there seemed to be an approach to a parity of greatness, I selected the celebrity whose autographs were dynamic rather than static. It is my belief that a collection of autographs comprising the names in this list will combine the elements of lasting interest and sound investment.

AMERICAN

1. Adams, John. Statesman, diplomat, President of the United States.

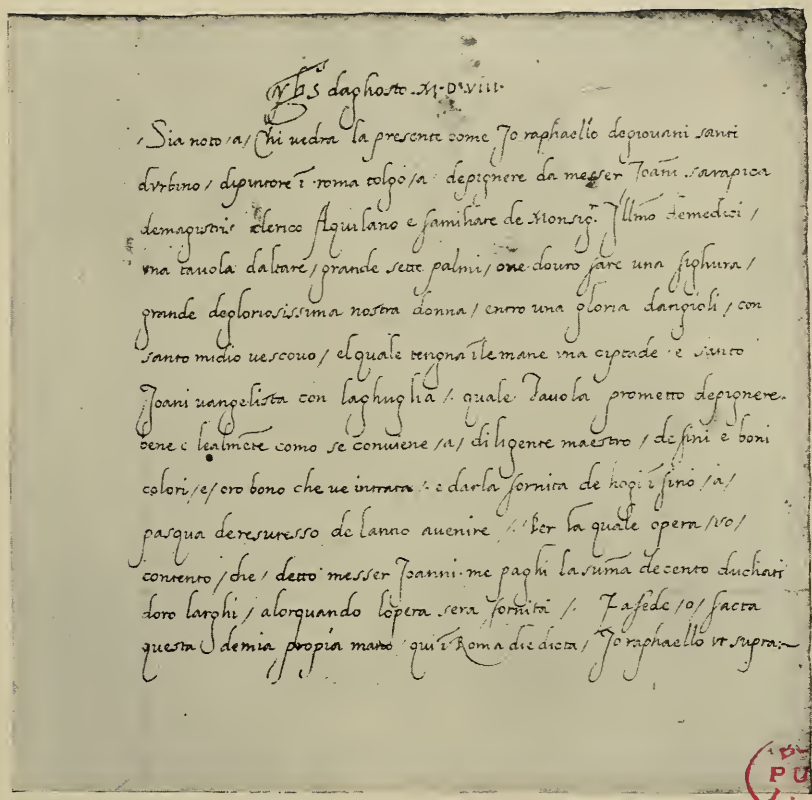
2. Adams, John Quincy. Statesman, diplomat, President of the United States.
3. Audubon, John James. Naturalist, artist.
4. Chase, Salmon P. Statesman, financier, jurist.
5. Clay, Henry. Statesman, orator.
6. Clemens, Samuel L. (Mark Twain). Author, humorist.
7. Cleveland, Grover. Statesman, President of the United States.
8. Davis, Jefferson. Statesman, President of the Confederacy.
9. Edison, Thomas A. Inventor.
10. Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Essayist, poet, philosopher.
11. Farragut, David G. Admiral.
12. Field, Eugene. Poet.
13. Franklin, Benjamin. Statesman, diplomat, philosopher, scientist.
14. Fulton, Robert. Inventor.
15. Grant, Ulysses S. General, President of the United States.
16. Greeley, Horace. Journalist, statesman.
17. Greene, Nathanael. General.
18. Hamilton, Alexander. Statesman, financier.
19. Hancock, John. Statesman.
20. Harte, Bret. Author.
21. Hawthorne, Nathaniel. Romancer.
22. Henry, Patrick. Statesman, orator.
23. Holmes, Oliver Wendell. Essayist, poet.
24. Irving, Washington. Author, biographer.
25. Jackson, Andrew. General, statesman, President of the United States.
26. Jackson, Thomas J. (Stonewall). General.
27. Jay, John. Statesman, diplomat, jurist.
28. Jefferson, Thomas. Statesman, author of the Declaration of Independence, President of the United States.
29. Lee, Robert E. General.

30. Lincoln, Abraham. Statesman, President of the United States.
31. Longfellow, Henry W. Poet.
32. Lowell, James Russell. Author, essayist, poet, diplomat.
33. Madison, James. Statesman, President of the United States.
34. MacDowell, Edward. Composer.
35. Marshall, John. Jurist.
36. Monroe, James. Statesman, President of the United States.
37. Paine, Thomas. Political philosopher.
38. Parkman, Francis. Historian.
39. Poe, Edgar Allan. Author.
40. Roosevelt, Theodore. Statesman, President of the United States.
41. Seward, William H. Statesman.
42. Sherman, William T. General.
43. Stanton, Edwin M. Statesman.
44. Stowe, Harriet Beecher. Author.
45. Washington, George. General, statesman, President of the United States.
46. Webster, Daniel. Statesman, orator.
47. Whistler, James McNeill. Artist.
48. Whitman, Walt. Poet.
49. Whittier, John Greenleaf. Poet, reformer.
50. Wilson, Woodrow. Statesman, President of the United States.

EUROPEAN

1. Balzac, Honoré de. French novelist.
2. Beethoven, Ludwig van. German composer.
3. Bismarck, Otto von. German general and statesman.
4. Boswell, James. English biographer.
5. Browning, Robert. English poet.
6. Burke, Edmund. British statesman.
7. Burns, Robert. Scottish poet.

8. Byron, George Gordon, Lord. English poet.
9. Carlyle, Thomas. British essayist, historian and philosopher.
10. Catherine II (The Great). Empress of Russia.
11. Cromwell, Oliver. Lord Protector of England.
12. Darwin, Charles. English naturalist.
13. Dickens, Charles. English novelist.
14. Disraeli, Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield. English statesman and novelist.
15. Dumas, Alexandre. French novelist.
16. Eliot, George. English novelist.
17. Elizabeth. Queen of England.
18. Foch, Ferdinand. French general.
19. Frederick II (The Great). King of Prussia.
20. Gainsborough, Thomas. English portrait painter.
21. Garrick, David. English actor.
22. Gibbon, Edward. English historian.
23. Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von. German poet.
24. Hardy, Thomas. English poet and novelist.
25. Hindenburg, Paul von. German general.
26. Hugo, Victor. French poet and novelist.
27. Ibsen, Henrik. Norwegian dramatist.
28. Johnson, Dr. Samuel. Author and lexicographer.
29. Keats, John. English poet.
30. Kipling, Rudyard. British author.
31. Lamb, Charles. English essayist and critic.
32. Louis XIV. King of France.
33. Macaulay, Thomas B., Lord. English historian and essayist.
34. Marconi, Guglielmo. Italian inventor.
35. Napoleon I. Emperor of the French.
36. Nelson, Horatio, Lord. English admiral.
37. Newton, Sir Isaac. English natural philosopher and physicist.
38. Pasteur, Louis. French chemist.



THE EXTREMELY RARE AUTOGRAPH OF RAPHAEL SANZIO DE URBINO

A contract by which the great artist agrees to paint a Madonna for the Bishop of Aquila. The document is entirely in Raphael's handwriting and is signed by him at the beginning and at the end. It is dated from Rome, August 5, 1508.

39. Richelieu, Armand, Cardinal de. French statesman.
40. Schubert, Franz. German composer.
41. Scott, Sir Walter. Scottish poet and novelist.
42. Shaw, George Bernard. Irish dramatist.
43. Shelley, Percy Bysshe. English poet.
44. Stevenson, Robert Louis. British essayist, novelist and poet.
45. Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. English poet.
46. Thackeray, William Makepeace. English novelist.
47. Tolstoy, Leo. Russian novelist.
48. Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de. French writer and philosopher.
49. Wagner, Richard. German operatic composer.
50. Wellington, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of. British general and statesman.

The brief questionnaire with answers which follows is designed to cover in a few pages several points of interest to the neophyte autograph collector that have not been referred to in the preceding chapters. During my nearly twenty-five years' experience I have often been asked these and similar questions, and in answering them I have tried to direct the collector along paths which in the light of that experience seemed to lead in the right direction—namely, to the continued satisfaction of the collector with his hobby:

To what extent does the condition of an autograph affect its value? The new autograph collector soon learns what constitutes value in an autograph. He learns that a letter with contents of literary or historic significance is more valuable than one on some trivial topic of a social or business nature. He also learns that it is rarity and the demand for a particular autograph that are the principal determining factors of its value. As far as it is possible to apply a fixed formula of value to autographs, showing

the relative importance of contents, condition, rarity and demand, many years of close observation have led me to believe that the following is a fair apportionment of the elements of value:

Demand	40%
Contents	25%
Rarity	20%
Condition	15%

It will be observed that condition is the least important of these factors of value. It will be further observed that where the first *two* of the four factors are present in an autograph to a marked degree, and one or both of the other factors to a small extent only, the value of such an autograph may still be fairly high.

Is it possible to repair a damaged autograph, and what is the relative value of an autograph so restored as compared with an autograph in perfect condition? Any book collector will tell you that a "doctored" copy of a first edition is infinitely less desirable and far less valuable than a copy in "mint condition." This is true also, only to a lesser degree, of autographs. Assume that you have a letter of George Washington which, through years of handling, has become worn in the folds, frayed at the edges and otherwise dilapidated, although the writing is still intact and unfaded. If such is the case, if the injury to the letter is confined entirely to the paper, a restoration is possible that will put the letter in almost as acceptable condition, from the collector's viewpoint, as it ever was. This is the case, however, only if the writing has not been affected. If a word or a line is injured or missing, or if the writing is badly faded, then a permanent depreciation has taken place. Injured or missing writing cannot be restored or supplied. To attempt to do so does more harm than good.

If you have a valuable autograph that is in need of repairing, do not attempt the restoration yourself. You can have the work done by experts at trifling cost compared with the value of the autograph. There are bookbinders and others who specialize in this work of repairing old and damaged autographs and who are very skillful at it—although some of them are inclined to sidestep a tedious restoration job by covering a damaged document with transparent silk cloth. This should never be done where a repair with paper is possible, and if silk is used at all it should be employed only on *one side* of the repaired document.

What is meant by inlaying autographs? It is the process of attaching a letter or document to a larger sheet of paper by cutting from the center of the larger sheet a piece of paper slightly smaller than the letter or document to be inlaid. The margin of the larger sheet then forms a sort of frame to which the autograph is attached at its extreme edges by paste, the edges of both paper frame and autograph having first been shaved down to a thin bevel, so that the line of joining is no thicker than any other part of the paper. This last procedure requires considerable skill, but when expertly done it provides a neat looking method of preserving one's autographs.

Does this process of inlaying impair the value of the autograph? There is some difference of opinion on this point. Beveling the edges of the autographs sometimes damages the writing where it comes close to the edges of the paper. Then again it is usually difficult to remove an autograph from the paper in which it is inlaid, should one have occasion so to do. It becomes necessary to immerse the inlaid autograph in water, and when it is removed from the paper frame the beveled edges cannot be easily repaired.

Need one have an expert knowledge of papers and inks to

collect autographs with safety? No, indeed. Few collectors have any technical knowledge on this subject. They rely, and are quite safe in so doing, on the experience and skill of the dealers from whom they purchase their autographs. There are a few simple tests, however, to determine the integrity of ink that even the amateur may apply with satisfactory results. If there is any doubt as to the genuineness of an autograph which must, if authentic, have survived fifty years or more, the ordinary commercial ink-removing chemicals will usually decide the question. Genuine ink of that age will resist the eradicator, where spurious writing will invariably fade under the chemicals or even be entirely obliterated. This test may be made without damage to the questioned document if applied only to a single letter or even to a part of a letter. It is best, however, not to make the experiment on the signature. Old ink, not unlike old wine, has a mellowness that cannot be successfully counterfeited. The iron in the ink during the lapse of years usually penetrates the texture of the paper. This oxidization sometimes results in a complete stencil effect which defies imitation. Of course, ink is of little use as a gauge of genuineness in a modern autograph. In his interesting work on "Autograph Collecting" (1894) Dr. Henry T. Scott, pioneer English autograph expert, writes:

> With reference to the subject of ink, we need only consider one kind, since only one fluid has been used during the whole history of letter writing until recent years, *viz.*, ink made by macerating or infusing coarsely powdered nut galls in pure water, in which green copperas (sulphate of iron) had been previously dissolved with sufficient gum arabic or animal glue added to cause the fluid to flow readily from the pen and adhere to the paper. . . . Few inks have ever produced enduring jet-black writing, but they generally

result in peculiar shades of color of their own through the long-continued action of the atmospheric oxygen, and thus old writing supplies a wonderful variety of yellows, browns and reds.

Paper presents less of a problem to the industrious forger than ink. For it is not a difficult matter to obtain fly-leaves out of valueless old volumes or blank pages from old letters. However, even this has its pitfalls into which the forger occasionally stumbles. I recall a Napoleon letter which was sent me from Europe not long ago. It did not "feel" quite right. Making full allowance for the variations of the Napoleonic scrawl, the autograph somehow had the appearance of having been manufactured. In the course of a careful inspection of the item I held the paper up to the light. It bore the usual manufacturer's water mark and the date 1820. The letter was dated 1804!

Can faded writing be restored? I know of no successful chemical process of restoring faded handwriting. Of course, retouching or retracing faded writing is not to be considered. Far better a badly faded letter than a retouched one. From the autograph collector's viewpoint, a retraced letter is a worthless letter.

I have frequently seen autographs framed. Is it advisable to do this? Will not the autograph fade? The practice of framing an autograph of your favorite author or historical hero with a portrait and hanging it on the wall of your library is largely a matter of personal preference. It is not always practical to treat more than a few autographs of one's collection in this manner, unless one has unlimited wall space. The possibility of fading can be eliminated by hanging the autographs where they will not be exposed to direct sunlight. If this precaution is taken there is little danger of fading. I have seen autographs that have been

framed for twenty-five years or more and have shown no ill effects.

Does the fact that a letter is signed with the initials instead of the full name of the writer make a difference in its value? Yes. Other things being equal, a letter signed with the writer's full name is more valuable than one signed with his initials.

Is a letter written in pencil less valuable than one written in ink? Usually it is, although it is a fact that writing in pencil is actually more durable than writing in ink. Ink fades; pencil does not. But pencil blurs and is easily erased unless protected by fixative, a colorless liquid solution used by artists which may be sprayed on a pencil-written letter or manuscript. It is best to do this, however, with the guidance of one who is familiar with its use. Letters and manuscripts written in ink, however, have always been regarded by collectors as more desirable and more valuable than those written in pencil.

What are the best ways of keeping one's autograph collection? There are many different methods. Perhaps the neatest and most practical is to place each autograph in a separate folder, similar to a legal-size business letter folder (14″ x 9″) and then to place the various groups of autographs—Signers, Presidents, authors, etc.—in separate leather-bound cases similar to letter files. These cases or files may be appropriately lettered and made very attractive. They may be had from any bookbinder specializing in custom work at about $25. Each file will hold from fifty to one hundred folders, depending on the quantity of autographs or inserts in each folder. An interesting practice is to lay in with the autograph an engraved portrait of the writer. On the cover of the folder may be recorded facts concerning the autograph it contains.

Still another method of keeping one's autographs is the loose-leaf binder, either with rings and holes or the spring back. Of course, this method involves the inlaying or the fastening of the autographs to sheets of uniform size. Should you not care to inlay your autographs they may be neatly hinged with paper strips or hinges similar to those used by stamp collectors. *Never paste them down.* They can be securely fastened in this manner and yet are easily removed without damage to the autographs.

It is often advisable to have individual protecting cases of leather or cloth made for important letters or manuscripts. These cases may be had at small cost, $5 to $25 each, and where the value of an autograph runs into hundreds of dollars it is an investment that pays large dividends in the preservation of the autograph from injury.

CHAPTER XIII

Two Great American Manuscripts

The Autograph Manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's World-Famous Poem, "The Raven," Is Brought to Light—Interesting Facts Regarding It—The Autograph Manuscript of Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" Is Purchased—Its History, Significance and Value—Facts Concerning the Address—"The Battle Was Less Important than the Speech."

On May 9, 1927, there appeared in *The New York Times* an item that attracted world wide attention, evoking the interest not only of autograph collectors but of men and women everywhere who were familiar with the name of Edgar Allan Poe. It was the announcement, to quote *The Times,* that "the only known autograph manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's world-famous poem, 'The Raven,' has just been sold by the family of Mrs. Edith D. Whitaker of Philadelphia to dealers who value it at more than $50,000. The manuscript has been in possession of the Whitaker family ever since Poe penned and signed it." Certainly no other American literary manuscript even approaching "The Raven" in interest and value had ever appeared in the autograph market. The figure mentioned by the newspaper writer was even then conservative. To-day the manuscript is rightly valued by its present owner at several times that amount and was recently insured for $200,000.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact connected with the unearthing of the manuscript of Poe's masterpiece is that its whereabouts

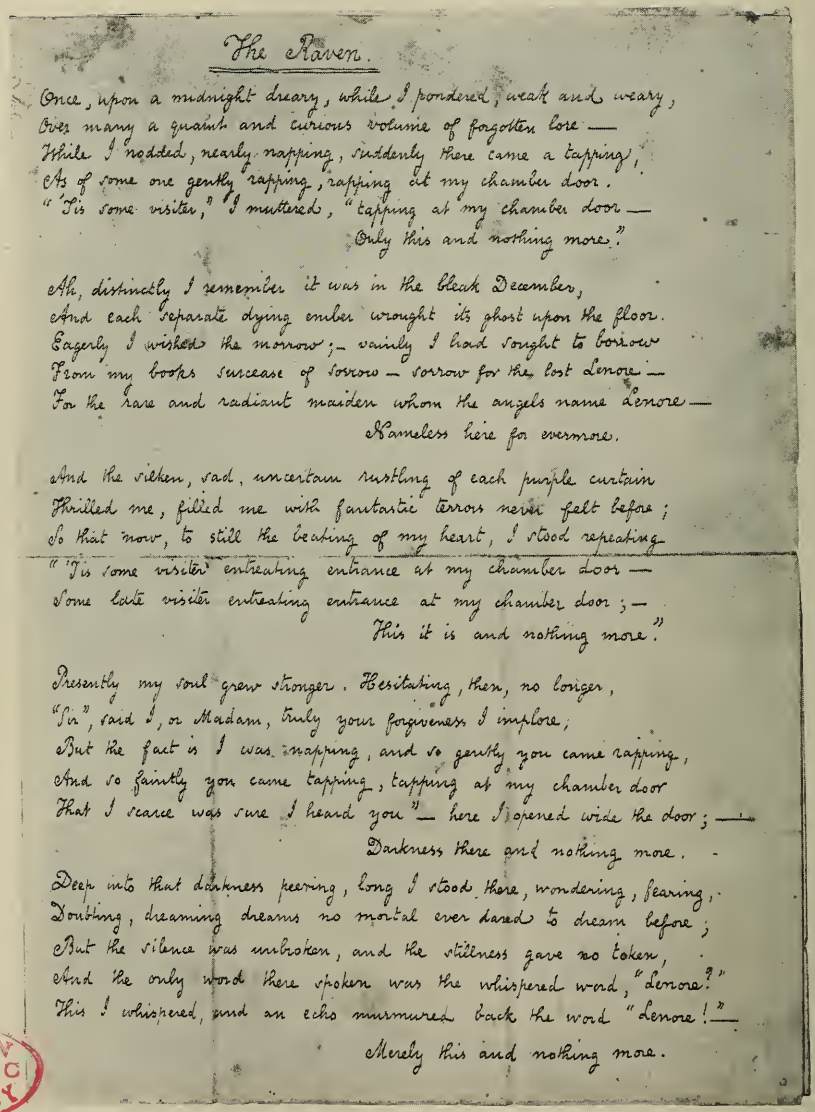
was no dark secret. It had lain for years, a golden nugget, within reach of any collector or dealer who might have troubled to seek it out. Not that it could be had for the asking. The owners were by no means unaware of its value and had placed a fairly high price on it—not so high, however, as to preclude its being a prize for the collector or dealer who was lucky enough to acquire it. Miss Mary E. Phillips in her meticulously documented study of "Edgar Allan Poe, The Man" gave a detailed account of this particular manuscript and indicated where it was located and how the owner might be reached. Apparently the passages relating to the manuscript escaped the attention of autograph collectors.

It remained for George J. C. Grasberger of Philadelphia to pick up the scent that led to this great autographic quarry. An acquaintance of Grasberger's told him of the manuscript and its whereabouts. It was right in Philadelphia's back yard. Grasberger apprised me of the facts and together we journeyed to the home of Mrs. Whitaker. Only a most casual examination of the beautifully written manuscript was necessary to convince me of its genuineness. The transaction was a brief and pleasant one. Mrs. Whitaker had formed a definite opinion of the value of the manuscript and it was only a matter of minutes before an agreement was reached. The following morning the manuscript passed into our hands, where it remained until it was acquired several months later by a prominent Philadelphia collector, whose already important library was thus enriched by the possession of the only known manuscript of the most representative work of the greatest genius of American literature.

Miss Phillips in her account of this manuscript of "The Raven"

quotes from the diary of Albert J. Edmunds, Pennsylvania Historical Society: "July 10, 1914, Samuel W. Pennypacker, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, tells me that he had a cousin Whitaker, a student of medicine and an 1833 graduate of our University (of Pennsylvania), who was a companion of Poe and to whom Poe gave a manuscript copy of 'The Raven.' As Pennypacker has stated in his latest work that 'The Raven' was written in Phila., the MS. was doubtlessly presented before April 6, 1844, when Poe and Virginia left the Quaker City for New York." Mr. Edmunds' diary continues: "Dr. Samuel A. Whitaker, after his graduation, in 1833, was one of the founders of the Library Co., Phoenixville, Penn., in 1843; and one of his University of Pennsylvania records is, 'Samuel A. Whitaker, Penn., 1833, Intermittent Fever.' Mr. Edmunds concludes: 'It was evidently as a book-lover that Whitaker cultivated Poe.' By will, Dr. Whitaker left this precious Poe script to his son, Joseph C. Whitaker of Phoenixville. Through the courtesy of his cousin, Isaac R. Pennypacker, the owner's address was obtained, and thereby the gracious privilege of two examinations of the remarkably well-preserved Poe item. It is the only known Poe MS. copy of 'The Raven' in existence. The paper is oyster white in tone, eight by ten inches, four-paged double sheet, on which in the upper left-hand corner is a 'P & S' stationer's impress design. 'Price & Son, 74 Chestnut St.,' Philadelphia, appears in the city directory from the years of 1837 to 1842 only, and Poe had no surplus cash to buy paper for other than immediate needs.

"After a study of variants between this unusual manuscript and Poe's last revision of 'The Raven' in print, James H. Whitty, the noted Poe authority, regards the text as of the 1845 period, but against this are several statements that the poem was seen in MS.



The Raven.

Once, upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger. Hesitating then, no longer,
"Sir", said I, or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the door; —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!" —
Merely this and nothing more.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ONLY KNOWN AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE'S IMMORTAL MASTERPIECE, "THE RAVEN"

The manuscript covers four quarto pages, is entirely in Poe's handwriting and signed.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore".

Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore".

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting — still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore.

Edgar A. Poe.

Inscribed to Dr. S. A. Whittaker
of Phœnixville

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

LAST PAGE OF THE ONLY KNOWN AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF "THE RAVEN"

form prior to 1843 in Philadelphia and that the germ of 'The Raven' was set down by Poe about the time of his revision of 'Lenore' for Lowell's *Pioneer* in February, 1843."

The story of the publication of "The Raven" has often been told. The poem was printed first under the pseudonym of "Quarles," in the February, 1845, *American Whig Review* which was actually printed the first week in January. From the sheets of this magazine it was reprinted with an eulogy by N. P. Willis in the *Evening Mirror* (New York) of January 29, 1845. The fate of the original manuscript of "The Raven" is unknown and undoubtedly always will be. Like most manuscripts in a newspaper office in all probability it found its way into the waste-paper basket. Certain it is that the most persistent efforts of Poe's biographers and of Poe students for seventy-five years have found no trace of any other than this copy of "The Raven" which he transcribed for his friend Dr. Whitaker. Except for a stanza of the poem which appears in a letter of Poe in the J. Pierpont Morgan Library and another single stanza which was sold at auction several years ago, no other manuscript fragment of this immortal poem has ever been discovered.

Though he received but ten dollars for the poem and though it had been refused by one publisher, George R. Graham of Philadelphia, despite Poe's plea that he was in pressing need of money and that his wife was starving, few poems have ever gained for their authors such instantaneous popular recognition as came to Poe through "The Raven." What irony that the manuscript is now valued at a substantial fortune! "The Raven" was for Poe none the less, as Edmund Clarence Stedman said, "the bird that made the breeze to blow." "For a time," continues Stedman, "he was the most marked of American authors. The hit stimu-

lated and encouraged him. Like another and prouder satirist, he too found 'something of summer' even 'in the hum of insects.' Sorrowful enough, but three years elapsed—a period of influence, pride, anguish, yet always of imaginative or critical labor—before the final defeat, before the curtain dropped on a life that for him was in truth a tragedy, and he yielded to 'the conqueror worm.'"

Good things come in pairs. Though it seemed incredible at the time, another great American manuscript, a manuscript of historical as well as literary interest, the manuscript of a work that has been ranked among the greatest masterpieces of all times and languages, was soon to fall to my lot.

What American is there whose pride of citizenship is not kindled anew and in whom a profound sense of veneration is not stirred as he stands before the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence in the Library of Congress and reads the names on those great charters of liberty, written in their own living hand by the men who founded the nation? There, too, may be read, in its original state, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, pronounced by George William Curtis, one of the foremost American scholars of the last century, "the most perfect piece of American eloquence and as noble and pathetic and appropriate as the oration of Pericles over the Peloponnesian dead."

It is little wonder that every vestige of writing by these men, they who created and, later, defended and preserved American institutions, is eagerly sought by Americans of to-day. Before me as I write lies the most precious American manuscript, literary or historical—and this is both—which has not yet found its way into a public institution. It is the autograph manuscript of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address—my own copy. Appropriately bound with it in the same volume is the original manuscript of

the oration of Edward Everett delivered on the same occasion. Everett's oration consists of fifty-four pages, Lincoln's of less than two. The one required two hours for delivery, the other consumed exactly two minutes. On the day following the dedication ceremonies Everett wrote to Lincoln: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

In reply to this tribute Lincoln, on the same day, wrote to Everett: "In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that, in your judgment, the little I did say was not a failure. Of course I knew Mr. Everett would not fail; and yet while the whole discourse was eminently satisfactory, and will be of great value, there were passages in it which transcended my expectation. The point made against the theory of the General Government being only an agency, whose principles are the States, was new to me, and, I think, is one of the best arguments for the national supremacy. The tribute to our noble women for their angel-ministering to the suffering soldiers surpasses in its way, as do the objects of it, whatever has gone before. . . ."

The invitation to President Lincoln to speak at the dedication of the Gettysburg battlefield was an afterthought, according to Colonel Clark E. Carr, one of the members of the Commission in charge of the ceremonies. The President, with others, was invited to attend, but he was not asked to speak until six weeks after Mr. Everett had been invited to deliver the "oration." There was some question in the minds of the Committee whether Lincoln could be trusted to deliver an adequate address on such a "grave and solemn occasion as that of the memorial services." On November 2, 1863—the dedication was to take place on November

19th—David Wills of Gettysburg, President of the Board, formally wrote to Lincoln in part as follows:

"These grounds will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose by appropriate ceremonies on Thursday, the 19th inst. Hon. Edward Everett will deliver the oration. I am authorized by the governors of the different States to invite you to be present, and to participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that, after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

At the same time Mr. Wills also invited the President to be his guest at his home. It will be readily understood, therefore, that Lincoln had little time in which to prepare even the "few appropriate remarks" that were expected of him. This was especially true in view of the many matters of overwhelming importance that were pressing upon him from all quarters with the eyes of the entire country upon him. Furthermore, this was to be his first unofficial pronouncement since the beginning of the war.

When and where did Lincoln prepare the Gettysburg Address, destined in after years to be given the superlative praise of being "the supreme masterpiece of the English language"? There are numerous legends concerning it. One of the most popular has it that the President wrote the Address on a scrap of paper while en route to Gettysburg, but all the evidence is against such an assumption. "There is neither record evidence nor well founded tradition," writes John G. Nicolay, Lincoln's secretary and biographer, "that Mr. Lincoln did any writing or made any notes on the journey between Washington and Gettysburg." The first page of the first draft is written in ink on the stationery

of the Executive Mansion. The second page is written in pencil on ordinary foolscap paper with ruled lines. It is interesting to observe that the second page of the first draft, the entire second copy and the second Inaugural Address, written nearly two years later, are written on the same paper, all bearing the same watermark. This paper was apparently used at the White House during Lincoln's administration. It is a fair assumption, therefore, that Lincoln, not having completed his address before leaving Washington and in anticipation of working upon it after reaching Gettysburg, took a few sheets of paper with him.

Mr. Wills relates that at about nine o'clock on the night of the 18th the President sent for him and asked him what was expected of him. The President was seated, Mr. Wills says, and had some paper before him evidently in preparation for writing. After explaining the part that he was to take in the proceedings on the following day, Wills left him. At about ten o'clock Lincoln sent for Wills again and asked him where Seward was. Upon being informed that the Secretary of State was at the home of a neighbor, Lincoln, accompanied by Wills, called on Seward and remained with him for an hour. It is known to have been Lincoln's custom to consult Seward on his public utterances. Wills noted that both when going to call on Seward and when returning, the President carried in his hand some of the writing paper he had seen in his room.

On the following morning, after breakfast, Nicolay, the President's secretary, called on him "to report for duty, and remained with the President while he finished writing the Gettysburg Address, during the short leisure he could utilize for this purpose before being called to take his place in the procession, which was announced on the program to move promptly at ten

o'clock." The first draft of the Address, together with the second, reposes in the Library of Congress, the gift of the children of John Hay, Lincoln's assistant secretary. Although Nicolay states that the second draft or revised copy of the Address was made by Lincoln a few days after his return to Washington, it appears more likely that it was written on the morning of the day of the dedication and that it was this second autograph copy which Lincoln held in his hand when he delivered the Address.

As the weeks passed, the country began to take increased interest in his remarks at Gettysburg and requests came to him for autograph copies. One came from Mr. Wills, who requested the "original manuscript of the dedicatory remarks made by you here last Thursday. We desire them," he wrote, "to be placed with the correspondence and other papers connected with the project." Mr. Wills later said that he never received the copy. In January following, Mr. Everett wrote to Lincoln, stating that he had promised to give the original manuscript of his oration to Mrs. Hamilton Fish, head of a committee of the Metropolitan Fair which was to be held in New York City for the benefit of wounded soldiers. "It would add very greatly to its value if I could bind up with it the manuscript of your dedicatory remarks, if you have preserved it," Mr. Everett wrote. In compliance with this request, Lincoln wrote: "I send herewith the manuscript of my remarks at Gettysburg, which, with my note to you of November 20th, you are at liberty to use for the benefit of our soldiers, as you have requested." This copy, with his own oration, Mr. Everett had bound and in his own hand carefully indexed it and wrote the title page. The volume was sold at the Fair to an uncle of the Hon. Henry W. Keyes, United States Senator from New Hampshire, in whose family it has remained for sixty-six

years, until it was reluctantly relinquished to me a few months ago. It is the first manuscript of the great Address to fall into the hands of collector or dealer.

At the request of George Bancroft, the historian, two other autograph copies of the Address were made by Lincoln for reproduction in facsimile for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair held in Baltimore in April, 1864. Because the first copy was not transcribed as desired, the President prepared another copy. These two manuscripts remained in the possession of the persons who acquired them at the time they were written and passed to their descendants. The five manuscripts to which I have alluded are the only extant autograph copies of the Gettysburg Address made by Lincoln. The first two drafts differs slightly in the wording, though not in substance, from the other four copies. In the first draft, for example, that part of the second paragraph which reads, "We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final resting place for those who died here, that the nation might live. This we may, in all propriety do," was later changed to read: "We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this." The words, "under God" are omitted from the first two drafts, having been inserted for the first time in the copy which I possess and which is therefore the first autograph manuscript made by Lincoln of the Address as it is now known, in what is now the accepted standard version. The stenographic reports of the leading newspapers of the time conform substantially to the revised version. As Lincoln delivered the Address from memory, although he held the prepared copy in his hand, the interpolations were probably the result of momentary inspiration.

What is the commercial value of this manuscript? Who shall say? No American manuscript of equal interest or importance has thus far come into the market-place. What shall it be compared with? With a transcript of the Declaration of Independence in the hand of Jefferson? With the manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address? But these are permanently locked in institutional collections forever beyond the reach of the individual collector. Certainly it seems reasonably conservative to regard Lincoln's Gettysburg Address as the most valuable, the most important American manuscript that is now or is ever likely to come within the range of even the wealthiest collector's powers of acquisition.

It has been said that the phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people" was borrowed by Lincoln. Variations of the phrase have been traced to several sources, the earliest known being that of Cleon, the Athenian, in 430 B.C. It is next found in William Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," in 1818, where the words "a government of the people by the people" are used. In his memorable reply to Hayne, Webster said, "It is, sir, the People's Constitution, the People's Government; made for the People; made by the People; and answerable to the People." Chief Justice Marshall used similar language in one of his opinions in 1819, as did also President Monroe in a message to Congress in the following year.

One of Lincoln's biographers, Jesse W. Weik, in an article in *The Outlook* in 1913, relates that, when he assisted William H. Herndon, close friend, law partner and biographer of Lincoln, in removing the vast store of papers that had accumulated in his

office, he encountered a package on the top of which was written in Lincoln's hand, "When you can't find it anywhere else, look into this." Therein he found a pamphlet containing an address by Theodore Parker, delivered in 1858, one passage of which read as follows: "Democracy is direct self-government, over all the people, for all the people, by all the people." "Evidently this expression," Mr. Weik says, "had caught Mr. Lincoln's attention, for the paragraph in which it occurs he had encircled with pencil marks —an indication of his approval, or, at least, his deep interest in it."

The fact is that the phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people" wholly epitomizes the character of the government under which we live. It was the cornerstone of Lincoln's political philosophy. It doubtless suggested itself to him, as it had done to others, as the most comprehensive definition of our Constitution. His use of the phrase in the Gettysburg Address was the natural culmination of the thought that preceded it. He used the words here as no one else had used them before and as he himself had done on another occasion. In his special session message to Congress, July 4, 1861, he said, "This issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic, or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals . . . can . . . break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth."

That "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth," was Lincoln's immovable pur-

pose throughout the war. In the Gettysburg Address he summarized the basic principle upon which the government was founded, namely, that "all men are created equal," and that we were then "engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived . . . can long endure." He not only dedicated the battlefield of Gettysburg to the cause of the war, and to the memory of those who there "gave the last full measure of devotion," but he dedicated the entire people to the principle of free government and political equality among men—to what he, at another time, declared to be "the last best hope on earth."

The Gettysburg Address is the more remarkable when it is reflected that it consists of but ten sentences, 272 words, of which 203 are words of one syllable. Horace Greeley said of the Address: "I doubt that our national literature contains a finer gem than that little speech at the Gettysburg celebration, November 19, 1863, . . . after the close of Mr. Everett's classic but frigid oration." And Charles Sumner actually ranked the Gettysburg Address as of more importance than the Battle of Gettysburg itself. "That speech, uttered at the field of Gettysburg," he said, "and now sanctified by the martyrdom of its author, is a monumental act. In the modesty of his nature he said 'the world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.' He was mistaken. The world at once noted what he said, and will never cease to remember it. The battle itself was less important than the speech. Ideas are always more than battles." Goldwin Smith, distinguished English publicist, said, "Not a sovereign in Europe, however trained from the cradle for state pomps, and however

prompted by statesmen and courtiers, could have uttered himself more regally than did Lincoln at Gettysburg." If the Gettysburg Address were his only legacy to posterity, it would justly entitle Lincoln to a foremost place in the pantheon of immortals.

APPENDIX

The Autographs of the Presidents of the United States

A Consideration of the Autographs of the Presidents from Washington to Hoover, Inclusive, Their Relative Rarity and Profusion, the Character of Their Handwritings and Their Values in Various Forms.

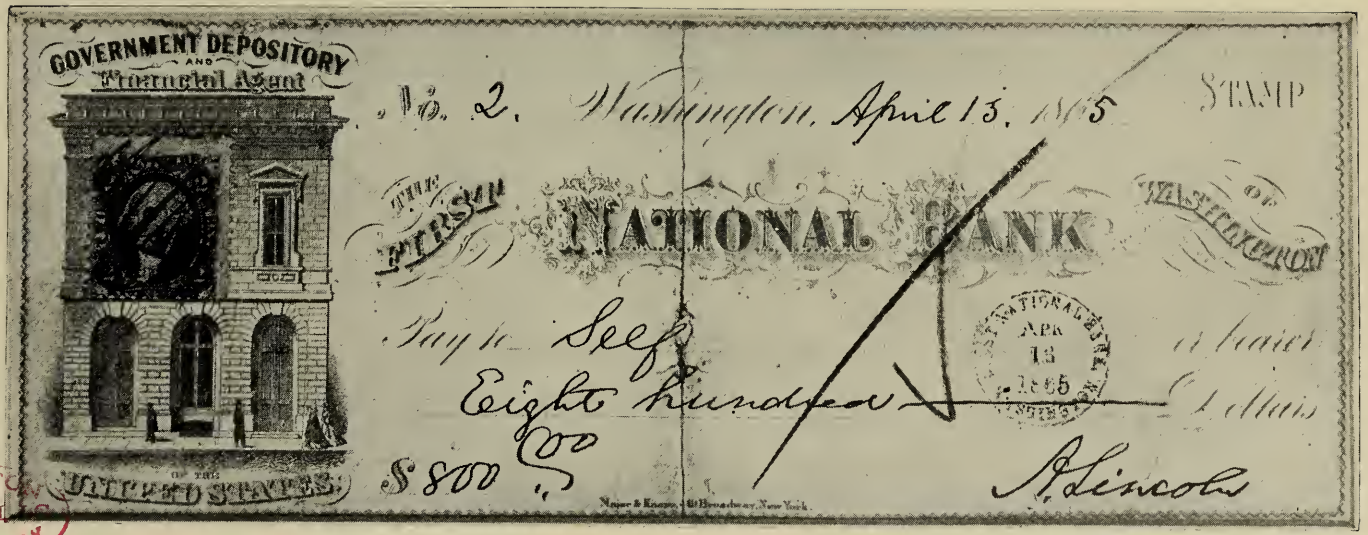
"The Presidency of this Republic is the greatest political office known among men. Whether merit or geographical location, whether luck or accident has elevated them to that high office—and in the election of most of them there was something of each and all—the Presidents and their careers are well worth studying. Taken all in all, they will bear comparison with any line of monarchs or statesmen that ever lived in any age or country. They were all men of high character in this important station, of broad patriotism and unimpeachable integrity. At least four of them wrote their names on the scanty lists of immortals." So spoke Champ Clark, who, had it not been for the opposition of William Jennings Bryan, might himself have been numbered among the Presidents.

As an account of the lives of the Presidents of the United States is in fact a history of the nation, so a judiciously selected collection of autographs of the Presidents reflects the story of America from the establishment of the Federal Government, and even before, to the present day. It is the most appropriate and therefore justly the most popular group of autographs among American collectors.

Fortunately, the autographs of none of the Presidents are particularly rare and as they may be had in a variety of forms and a wide range of value, from mere signatures to letters of great historic import, they are not only within reach of collectors of modest means, but they also offer plenty of scope for the acquisitiveness of the most ambitious. I have learned from long experience that the desires of collectors invariably converge on the more important autographs. Letters or documents having little of interest in their contents are not much more than signatures, and they soon give place in the collector's esteem to letters of real significance. And the sooner the collector graduates to this latter group the more satisfaction will he derive from his hobby.

Because of the great range in their value, because they are the most sought-after of American autographs and because it is on this group that the attention of new collectors is invariably focused, I venture to append a glossary of the Presidents and their autographs which will serve, I hope, to convey an idea of the relative scarcity, interest, desirability and value of Presidential autographs in their varying forms. And be it remembered that I am writing as of the end of 1929, and that, like the man who compiles time-tables, I am not responsible for subsequent changes in schedule. Such changes are certain to be upward.

George Washington: First President; born, 1732; died, 1799; President, 1789-1797. He was a prolific letter writer. Thousands of letters and documents in his handwriting are extant, but despite this fact the number of his autographs available to collectors is yearly decreasing with a resultant steady increase in value. The Washington Papers, which were purchased by the Government in 1834 and 1849, and which are now in the Library of Congress, fill no less than 302 royal folio volumes. In addition



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LINCOLN'S LAST CHECK

A most interesting memento of the Great Emancipator. This check was made out by Lincoln to "self" on April 13, 1865, the day before his assassination. In Lincoln's handwriting are the words "self" after the printed "Pay to," the amount, $800.00, written out and in figures, and the signature, "A. Lincoln," as well as the date and "2," the number of the check. It bears the cancelled Revenue Stamp and the circular rubber stamp cancellation of the bank indicating that the check had been cashed. For what specific purpose President Lincoln drew the check is not known. The funds were probably intended for current use, and Lincoln may well have had some of the money drawn with this check on his person at the time of his assassination.

to these there are 36 volumes of original diaries, 32 volumes of record letter books, 58 volumes of accounts and miscellany, and 44 volumes of what are known as the Varick Transcripts, making a total of 472 volumes in the entire collection. In "The Writings of George Washington," edited by Worthington C. Ford, more than 2,000 Washington letters appear and probably far more than that number are unrecorded in the possession of private individuals and collectors.

Surveys of land made during his seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth years are not uncommon, but as they are disappearing in private collections the diminishing supply steadily increases their value. Ten years ago one of these surveys could be picked up for $150. Two years ago I sold a group of ten of them for $2,500. To-day any one of them is very moderately priced at $500 and some have fetched much more than that in the auction room. Many of these surveys were made by Washington for his friend and neighbor, Lord Fairfax, who owned extensive tracts of land in Western Virginia and Ohio.

Letters written by Washington during the pre-Revolutionary phase of his career are much scarcer than those of the Revolutionary period and afterwards. Holograph letters written during the Revolution are not often met with, since at that time Washington dictated most of his correspondence to his numerous aides.

The collector will note an unusual change in the character of Washington's handwriting dating from his 25th year. The chirography of the earlier period is small and precise and possesses few of the characteristics which distinguish the magnificent, bold and legible hand of his mature years—the unwavering, fluent, symmetrical style which, once familiar to the collector, can never be forgotten. Washington's was probably the most

splendid handwriting among the Presidents. The neophyte collector meeting the prim "Go. Washington" identifying the survey finds it difficult at first to accept it as authentic. Very rarely did Washington use his full name when signing a letter or document. He employed the full name, George Washington, only when it occurred in the body of a legal document, such as a deed, many of which he drew up himself. Values: A.L.S., $350 upwards; L.S., $200 upwards; D.S., $150 upwards; all moderately plentiful.

JOHN ADAMS: Second President; born, 1735; died, 1826; President, 1797-1801. The autograph of the elder Adams is the rarest of the first eight Presidents, whose combined terms of office extended over a period of fifty-two years, 1789-1841. Although he was actively in public life for nearly forty years, full autograph letters by him are scarce, as are documents signed by him as President. This is traceable in part to the fact that he occupied the Presidential chair for only one term, whereas his predecessor Washington and his immediate successors, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, served two terms each.

Adams' handwriting is plain, free from flourish, somewhat labored, but very legible. Yet, while it retained these characteristics throughout his life, it nevertheless underwent an interesting change as his career broadened and, later, narrowed. At the period of the Revolution his writing is quite small, even a bit crabbed, but it gradually increases in size until, as President, the characters are unusually large, almost as enthusiastically magnified as a schoolboy's. After his return to private life the form decreases somewhat in size and evolves finally into the palsied hand of his last years, of which examples are occasionally met with. Values: A.L.S., $150 upwards; L.S., $50 upwards; D.S., $50 upwards; all scarce as above.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: Third President; born, 1773; died, 1826; President, 1801-1809. Jefferson's autograph is common in all forms. Only letters of the Revolutionary War period and before may be properly considered scarce. As in the case of Washington, though with less frequency, land surveys and plans drawn up by Jefferson are sometimes met with. He wrote a small, very legible hand that varied little throughout his life. Punctuation is generally eschewed. It was his habit to write his signature in much larger characters than those of the body of the letter. This is such a marked characteristic that those unfamiliar with the fact often mistake letters entirely written by him for letters merely signed. Another feature of Jefferson's calligraphy is the absence of capitals. He usually began his sentence with a small letter. Values: A.L.S., $75 upwards; L.S., $35 upwards; D.S., $20 upwards; all plentiful.

JAMES MADISON: Fourth President; born, 1751; died, 1836; President, 1809-1817. His letters are fairly plentiful, although not nearly so much so as those of his predecessor, Jefferson, or his successor, Monroe. Madison wrote a small, angular, easily-read hand, devoid of flourish. The signature differs in no respect from the body of the manuscript, proof, it is said, that its author was not given to affectation. During his declining, enfeebled years his vivacious wife, the celebrated Dolly Madison, wrote many of his letters and these he signed in a labored, print-like hand. Values: A.L.S., $35 upwards; L.S., $20 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; the first two groups fairly plentiful, the last very common.

JAMES MONROE: Fifth President; born, 1758; died, 1831; President, 1817-1825. Monroe's autograph is very plentiful in all its forms. His chirography is in keeping with his character—compact, rugged. Letters written during the Revolution, when he

was serving as a lieutenant and captain, are seldom encountered, but from that time on, beginning with his entrance into politics and until his death, his autographic productions were numerous. Values: A.L.S., $25 upwards; L.S., $15 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; the first two groups common, the last very common.

John Quincy Adams: Sixth President; born, 1767; died, 1848; President, 1825-1829. His autograph is plentiful in all forms. He wrote a small, round, very distinct hand, notable for its regularity—a veritable model of pre-Spencerian preciseness. The letters written while on his foreign missions are remarkable for their exquisite neatness, excelled only by Washington's in this respect. In later life, enfeebled by age, his handwriting became unsteady, but the beauty of his letters persisted to the end. Letters of the younger Adams written during the Presidential period are somewhat scarcer than those written at other periods of his life, due in part to the fact that he was the second of the first five Presidents to serve but one term. He was the only President who ever published a volume of verse, and one occasionally comes upon a poem in his autograph. Values: A.L.S., $35 upwards; L.S., $15 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; all plentiful.

Andrew Jackson: Seventh President; born, 1767; died, 1845; President, 1829-1837. The forcefulness of Jackson's character is evident in his virile handwriting. His crude, bold penmanship is somehow just what one would expect of him. It is characteristic of energy and spirit. Though often written hastily it is usually legible and generally picturesque. Letters of the period before and during the War of 1812 are scarce. From that time on, however, his autograph is quite plentiful. As in the case of most of the early Presidents, documents signed by him are common. Times have changed. In those days almost every

scrap of official paper, the commission of every Federal appointee, land grants and hundreds of documents of similar insignificance received not only the scrutiny, but also the signature of the President. In time Jackson, realizing the necessity of curtailing this practice, delegated his signatory power to a secretary. To-day such documents are signed by the heads of the various governmental departments and bureaus and it is because of this fact that documents signed by the Presidents of the past forty years are scarcer than the D.S. of earlier Presidents. Values: A.L.S., $35 upwards; L.S., $15 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; all fairly plentiful.

Martin Van Buren: Eighth President; born, 1782; died, 1862; President, 1837-1841. From the point of view of chirography, the letters of Martin Van Buren are probably the most uninteresting of Presidential autographs. His was an unattractive, free-running scrawl that never yielded to improvement. Nor was he for that matter a very interesting correspondent. Most of the hundreds of his letters that have passed through my hands have been colorless communications. Perhaps this justifies the conception of Van Buren as a cautious and evasive politician. Letters of the Presidential period are somewhat scarcer than those dating from other periods of his life, but from his home, Lindenwald, on the east bank of the Hudson, to which he retired after the Presidency, he made up for any previous scarcity by carrying on a voluminous correspondence. Values: A.L.S., $20 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; all common.

William Henry Harrison: Ninth President; born, 1773; died, 1841; President, March 4, 1841, to April 4, 1841. To the collector, Harrison's autograph is one of the most interesting of the Presidential group owing to the fact that he was the first President

to die in office. He fell ill a few days after his inauguration and died a month to the day after he took the oath of office. It is hardly necessary to observe, therefore, that there exists only a handful of Harrison's autographs written during the brief period of his residence in the Executive Mansion. Harrison's letters even of the pre-Presidential period are scarce. A soldier in the field most of his life, he was never a voluminous letter writer. However, turning to politics at an age when most men turn to the easy-chair, he wrote during the four or five years immediately preceding his election to the Presidency a considerable number of letters—but not so many as to prevent his autograph from being one of the rarest of the Presidents. The autograph of William Henry Harrison dated during his Presidency is the *rara avis* of Presidential items. I doubt if there survive more than a dozen of them written during the month that intervened between his inauguration and his death. I have seen but two documents of that period and a signature cut from a document—never a letter.

The scarcity of Harrison's autograph of Presidential date renders the completion of what is known as a "White House set" a difficult if not an impossible task. With the single exception of Harrison, letters of the Presidential period of all the Presidents are obtainable. It is the custom to compromise on a letter of Harrison written during the Presidential campaign or a letter referring in some way to the Presidency. I have had several such letters—written in a rough, virile hand, not unlike Jackson's. Values: A.L.S., $100 upwards; L.S., $75 upwards; D.S., $50 upwards; all scarce.

John Tyler: Tenth President; born, 1790; died, 1862; President, 1841-1845. The scarcity of Harrison's autograph is refresh-

ingly relieved by the comparative plenitude of that of his successor. Tyler was the first Vice-President to reach the Presidential chair through the death of the President. Before his Presidency, during it and afterwards, his autograph is very plentiful, with the single exception of the period of the Civil War. Letters written at that time seem to be quite scarce. Tyler took an active part in the Secessionist movement, was a delegate to the Confederate Provisional Congress of 1861, and was elected a delegate to the Confederate Congress, but died before it assembled.

The same curious transition noted in John Adams' autograph is evident in Tyler's. Its early form is a small, careful, round, even prim hand. Later it grows vigorous, and by the time the Presidential autographs appear it is large, forceful and commanding. Perhaps the Presidency does that to a man's handwriting. Values: A.L.S., $25 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; all fairly plentiful.

James K. Polk: Eleventh President; born, 1795; died, 1849; President, 1845-1849. There was a time when Polk's autographs were numerous, but the available supply has been gradually absorbed by collectors and he may now be properly ranked among the scarce Presidents. This applies both to his letters and documents. Although he left a goodly number of political papers, a large percentage of them has been removed from the market and their value correspondingly enhanced. He wrote a small, round, scrupulous, almost decorative hand, characterized somewhat by artificiality. He usually embellished his signature with an elaborate paraph. There is little variation in his handwriting throughout his life. Values: A.L.S., $50 upwards; L.S., $25 upwards; D.S., $25 upwards; all scarce.

Zachary Taylor: Twelfth President; born, 1784; died, 1850;

President, March 5, 1849, to July 9, 1850. Until recently, Taylor shared with Johnson and McKinley the distinction of being the rarest of the Presidents in holograph letters. The election of Harding somewhat changed the situation. But Taylor was and still is rare in L.S. and D.S. as well as in A.L.S., which is not true of Johnson, McKinley or Harding. The reason for this is obvious. He enlisted in the Army in 1808 and served continuously up to the time of his nomination. The fact that he spent the greater part of his life as a soldier accounts to some extent for the scarcity of his letters. If he had been a lawyer and statesman, as were Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, he might have been a more profuse correspondent, but he had no "paramount issues" that he could not handle with a regiment or two of infantry, and his constituents were compelled by virtue of his rank to yield him the right of way. With him the sword was mightier than the pen.

Taylor was not a facile penman. He wrote a heavy hand and seldom blotted his writing, the lavishly applied ink corroding the paper through the years. His consumption of ink was considerable, as is evident from a glance at any of his letters, practically all of which were written with a broad quill. Taking pen in hand was to Taylor a serious and protracted business. I have had many of his letters six to eight pages in length—verbose, rambling, but generally interesting. But they hardly bear out the implied laconicism of "Old Rough and Ready."

His Presidential letters for the most part were written by his secretaries, consequently holographs of that period are scarce. He died in office fifteen months after his inauguration. Values: A.L.S., $150 upwards; L.S., $75 upwards; D.S., $50 upwards; all scarce.

Millard Fillmore: Thirteenth President; born, 1800; died, 1874; President, July 9, 1850, to March 4, 1853. Fillmore died at seventy-four, surviving his Presidency by twenty-one years, and he produced an abundance of autographs. His handwriting is a clear, straightforward, legible script, unmarked by mannerisms or eccentricities. Usually his letters are distinguished by their lack of interest. An average run of twenty-five will yield only one or two of special note. Of the hundreds of his letters that have passed through my hands I recall but one really vivid communication. In this, with singular eloquence and apparently much satisfaction, he declined a renomination to the Presidency. Three years of office had robbed it of its glamour. Values: A.L.S., $15 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; all plentiful.

Franklin Pierce: Fourteenth President; born, 1804; died, 1869; President, 1853-1857. His chirography, unlike the man, is characterized by flourish and ostentation. One is conscious of a predominance of upward and downward strokes in his large, angular handwriting, his pothooks forming a sort of calligraphic fantasy. His autographs are neither so plentiful as those of his predecessor, Fillmore, and his successor, Buchanan, nor so scarce as those of some of the other Presidents of the pre-Civil War period, such as Harrison, Polk or Taylor. Values: A.L.S., $20 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; all moderately plentiful.

James Buchanan: Fifteenth President; born, 1791; died, 1868; President, 1857-1861. Buchanan's letters are among the most attractive autographically of the Presidential group. They are legible, graceful, the size and formation of the characters most artistic and, on the whole, his letters are interesting in content, products of a long and shrewd stewardship in public life. In all

forms his autograph is plentiful. Values: A.L.S., $10 upwards; L.S., $5 upwards; D.S., $5 upwards; all plentiful.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: Sixteenth President; born, 1809; died, 1865; President, 1861 to April 14, 1865. Lincoln's handwriting is typical of the man—rugged, virile, unpretentious, suggesting strength and simplicity. Terse, never verbose, the average Lincoln letter says more in ten lines than most other Presidential letters say in fifty. Yet Lincoln was a prolific letter writer, as the great number of his published and unpublished letters attest. The high value that attaches to them is due primarily to the widespread interest in the life and works of the Great Emancipator, to the desire of the beginner, as well as the veteran collector, to acquire his autographs, and finally to the ever-growing proportion of them vanishing permanently into public archives.

It is a question whether Lincoln's autograph of the Presidential period is scarcer than of the years before. I am inclined to believe it is not, although more of the latter have appeared in the market. Legal documents drawn up and signed by him during the years of his practice at the Illinois Bar, once quite plentiful, have become scarce in recent years. These documents are almost invariably signed by him with the name of one of the law firms of which he was a partner—the first of which was Stuart and Lincoln, the second Logan and Lincoln and the third, and most famous, Lincoln and Herndon. Documents of this last partnership are the most desirable.

With rare exceptions Lincoln always signed his letters "A. Lincoln." The full signature "Abraham Lincoln" appears only on official documents, proclamations, commissions and other formal papers of the Presidential period. Due to the fact that he signed so many thousands of official documents, this form of

signature is the more common, the general belief to the contrary notwithstanding. Values: A.L.S., $250 upwards; L.S., $100 upwards; A.D.S., $150 upwards; D.S., $75 upwards; all moderately plentiful.

Andrew Johnson: Seventeenth President; born, 1808; died, 1875; President, 1865-1869. Johnson, the tailor who became President, did not learn to write until he grew to manhood. His devoted wife was his tutor. Not long ago an arithmetic and spelling book of the type in use in primary grades which was used by Johnson while in the White House came to light. These facts undoubtedly explain to some extent the scarcity of his letters. Johnson wrote a somewhat labored, angular hand that was not conducive to facile penmanship. Until quite recently, when Harding, the rare President of the typewriter era, challenged his supremacy, Johnson was regarded as the rarest of the Presidents in full A.L.S. The collector should study his Johnson autographs carefully. The son, Andrew Johnson, Jr., who frequently acted as the President's secretary, wrote a similar hand. His letters have at times passed as those of the senior Johnson.

Documents signed by Johnson during the Presidency are moderately plentiful. Another word of caution: Johnson was the first President to adopt the rubber stamp in signing official papers, and so good was the substitute that these facsimiles frequently pass muster for pen-written autographs. Values: A.L.S., $150 upwards; L.S., $35 upwards; D.S., $20 upwards; the first very rare, the second moderately plentiful, the third plentiful.

Ulysses S. Grant: Eighteenth President; born, 1822; died, 1885; President, 1869-1877. His letters of pre-Civil War days are rare, due doubtless to his obscurity at that time. During the

Civil War, however, he produced a large quantity of autograph material in the form of dispatches, orders, and the like. The production curve falls off during his Presidency. He wrote a free-flowing, angular hand which is quite legible and empty of ostentation and decorative flourishes, a handwriting characteristic of the man. Values: A.L.S., $35 upwards; L.S., $15 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; all plentiful.

Rutherford B. Hayes: Nineteenth President; born, 1822; died, 1893; President, 1877-1881. His letters, written in a small, scratchy, somewhat feminine hand are perhaps the most plentiful of all Presidential autographs. Values: A.L.S., $10 upwards; L.S., $5 upwards; D.S., $5 upwards; all very common.

James A. Garfield: Twentieth President; born, 1831; died, 1881; President, March 4, 1881, to September 19, 1881. Garfield's letters are scarce; during the brief period of his Presidency they are very rare. Those available are usually of the Civil War and pre-Presidential period. He wrote few letters during the four months of his Presidency prior to the attempt on his life which proved fatal more than two months later. His penmanship was fine and fluent, the characters beautifully rounded and legible.

In the year preceding his election Garfield employed a secretary who took pains to cultivate a similar style of handwriting. That his secretary's letters were intended to pass for the writing of the candidate is evident from the fact that he deliberately simulated Garfield's habit of running words together in the body of the letter, an unusual characteristic. Such letters, actually L.S., frequently pass for A.L.S. It is well to be on the watch for them. Values: A.L.S., $35 upwards; L.S., $20 upwards; D.S., $20 upwards; the first two moderately scarce, the last scarce.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR: Twenty-first President; born, 1830; died, 1886; President, September 21, 1881, to March 4, 1885. He wrote, in a bold, open style, a large, striking hand in which are combined strong shading and delicacy of touch. His full autograph letters are among the scarcest in the Presidential series. Seldom did he write a letter of more than a page or two in length, and few apparently of historical import. Owing to a profusion of documents signed by Arthur while Collector of the Port of New York his autograph in documentary form is plentiful. Presidential documents, however, are moderately scarce. Values: A.L.S., $75 upwards; L.S., $15 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; the first very scarce, the second and third plentiful.

GROVER CLEVELAND: Twenty-second and twenty-fourth President; born, 1837; died, 1908; President, 1885-1889 and 1893-1897. One of the most virile of the Presidents, Grover Cleveland wrote a small, delicate, almost feminine script. The contents, however, seldom leave any doubt as to the masculinity of the author. His forceful, trenchant communications are almost always interesting. In all forms his autograph is common, for he lived to an old age and was in active touch with affairs to the end. Values: A.L.S., $25 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $10 upwards; all plentiful.

BENJAMIN HARRISON: Twenty-third President; born, 1833; died, 1901; President, 1889-1893. Harrison's letters are moderately scarce. The reserve which characterized his public life is apparent in them. He seldom wrote, and when he did it was usually briefly and with restraint. There is a resemblance between his style of penmanship and that of Cleveland's, but Harrison's is somewhat heavier. Values: A.L.S., $40 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $15 upwards; the first scarce, the second fairly plentiful, the third moderately scarce.

William McKinley: Twenty-fifth President; born, 1843; died, 1901; President, 1897-September 14, 1901. In full autograph letters McKinley ranks with Taylor, Johnson and Harding as one of the rarest of the Presidents. He is the first of the Presidents the scarcity of whose letters may be attributed to the typewriter. Although both Cleveland and Harrison occasionally made use of the typewriter, they never employed it sufficiently to diminish their holographic output. But McKinley seems to have resorted to it with eager satisfaction. Typewritten letters signed by him are very common. The number of such letters which he dictated as Governor of Ohio and as a member of the House of Representatives in the 'eighties and 'nineties seems to stamp him as one of the first extensive users of the typewriter in public life. His early letters are signed "William McKinley, Jr.," but the suffix was dropped just before he was nominated for the first term. His chirography is vigorous and forceful—at least these are the characteristics of his later letters. Those of an earlier period were written in a more restrained, a more precise hand. Values: A.L.S., $100 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $15 upwards; the first very scarce, the second and third plentiful.

Theodore Roosevelt: Twenty-sixth President; born, 1858; died, 1919; President, 1901-1909. One of the most popular of the Presidents, Roosevelt carried on a voluminous correspondence. It has been estimated that he dictated or wrote more than 150,000 letters during his busy life. His typewritten letters are very common, but many of them have a unique value. It was Roosevelt's custom to make marginal and interlined corrections and additions to his letters that were often quite as extensive as the original letters themselves. Such letters are on the border line

of holographs. Since the majority of his letters were typed, Roosevelt's A.L.S. may be considered moderately scarce.

Most of his manuscripts, with the exception of those of his last years, are in his own hand—a sprawling, immature style, which has been likened to that of a school-boy. Values: A.L.S., $50 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $20 upwards; the first moderately scarce; the second and third plentiful.

William Howard Taft: Twenty-seventh President; born, 1857; died, 1930; President, 1909-1913. Pictorially, his is one of the most attractive of Presidential handwritings. One of his single-page letters presents a most orderly and agreeable appearance, and in this respect his hand may be compared with Washington's, the younger Adams' and Woodrow Wilson's. Taft's holograph letters are scarce despite his many years in public service. Of typewritten letters, however, there are plenty. Values: A.L.S., $100 upwards; L.S., $10 upwards; D.S., $20 upwards; the first scarce, the second and third plentiful.

Woodrow Wilson: Twenty-eighth President; born, 1856; died, 1924; President, 1913-1921. Were premiums to be awarded to the Presidents for beautiful calligraphy, Woodrow Wilson would surely be a formidable contender for first honors. His epistolary performance has hardly been equaled, certainly not surpassed by any other President. Although he served as President for eight years and is but recently dead, there is a great scarcity of full autograph letters of Wilson. Those that are available generally date from the period prior to his first inauguration. He wrote few A.L.S. while he was in the White House—at least, very few holographs of that period have made their appearance. Wilson was another early user of the typewriter, but he differed from other Presidents in that he operated it himself, even after

he reached the Presidency. As early as when he was a professor at Bryn Mawr in the late 'eighties he personally typed many of his letters.

Commander Byrd, who was at one time attached to the Presidential yacht *Mayflower,* has told of observing President Wilson typing in his cabin on week-end cruises down the Potomac and of hearing the clatter of the keys well into the night. Some of his great war messages were products of his typewriter. I have been asked whether personally typed letters have not more significance and value than letters executed by a stenographer. Undoubtedly, but the difference is not one to get excited over.

As an author, as president of Princeton, as Governor of New Jersey and as President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson had a voluminous correspondence, and it is probable that his personal use of the typewriter is the chief reason why his holograph letters are not more plentiful. Rarest of all are the letters he wrote during the short period intervening between the expiration of his second term and his death. He signed very few letters then owing to his illness, and it is doubtful if he wrote any at all at that time in his own hand. Values: A.L.S., $150 upwards; L.S., $15 upwards; D.S., $20 upwards; the first very scarce, the second plentiful, the third moderately scarce.

Warren G. Harding: Twenty-ninth President; born, 1865; died, 1923; President, March 4, 1921, to August 3, 1923. In his later years, particularly during his brief Presidency, Harding was not a liberal penman. Such autographs of that period as I have had were hastily written, careless, never very legible. His is the handwriting of a newspaper man or a busy executive. There is more form and precision in his early letters—those of the *Marion Star* days. The rarity of Harding's holographs,

however, has been somewhat overstressed. It is true that few of them have thus far made their appearance. Of Taylor, Johnson and McKinley it may be said that most of the letters that they wrote have either come to light or else are irretrievably lost, whereas time may unlock the vaults where many unknown Harding letters now repose. It is said that Mrs. Harding destroyed a great part of the personal papers of the President following his death.

On the other hand Harding was a nationally known newspaper man. He had many friends and must have written many letters. These are steadily coming into circulation—a quiet infiltration, as it were—but not yet in sufficient quantities to indicate whether their rarity will remain as definite as it is at present. I have had a dozen or more holograph letters of Harding since his death, but these, with two exceptions, were written before he became President. The rarity of Harding holographs of the Presidential period, the most important period in the autograph sense, cannot be too strongly emphasized. During the busy days of his two and a half years as chief executive, he wrote few letters in his own hand, and of these only a small number have made their appearance. In typed form his letters are plentiful both before and during his Presidency. Few documents signed by him as President are yet available, but this is not surprising—it holds true of all the recent Presidents. They will come out in time. Values: A.L.S., $250 upwards; L.S., $20 upwards; D.S., $35 upwards; the first rare, the second plentiful, the third scarce.

Calvin Coolidge: Thirtieth President; born, 1872; President, 1923-1929. Mr. Coolidge apparently uses a very fine pen, for he produces a scratchy scrawl that is at times far from easy to decipher. It is a style that did not readily lend itself to the cele-

brated economy program. A large sheet of White House stationery was barely sufficient for a dozen words, but he probably balanced the budget in the end, because he wrote few letters, long or short. His early handwriting was much firmer and far more legible. The signature of Calvin Coolidge, Governor of Massachusetts, was clear and distinct. As President, the first name especially is frequently almost indecipherable. His holograph letters are very scarce, in the White House period as well as before, but typed letters are plentiful. Now and then a document signed by Coolidge as Governor of Massachusetts turns up, but very few of Presidential date have appeared. Values: A.L.S., $100 upwards; L.S., $20 upwards; D.S., $20 upwards; the first very scarce, the second plentiful, the third scarce.

Herbert Hoover: Thirty-first President; born, 1874; President, 1929–. It is too early to predict what place Herbert Hoover's will occupy among Presidential autographs. Owing to his widespread activities and the many important public positions he has held, his autograph will undoubtedly be moderately plentiful in all forms. Thus far I have not seen many A.L.S. There seem to be many typewritten letters already on the market, however. His calligraphy is graceful and legible. Values: A.L.S., $100 upwards; L.S., $20 upwards; D.S., $20 upwards; the first and third moderately scarce, the second moderately plentiful.

A U T O G R A P H S

U ndoubtedly are
T he most fascinating
O f all collected things.
G reat captains, statesmen,
R ulers, poets live
A nd breathe again, perpetuating their
P ersonalities, in the faded sheets they once
H eld and
S igned

T. F. M.

INDEX

A

Adams, John, 119, 124, 245, 274
Adams, John Quincy, 16, 233, 246, 276
Adams, Samuel, 119, 124
Addison, Joseph, 214
Ainsworth, W. H., 217
Alba Amicorum, 21
Alden, John, 80
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 226
Alexander I, Czar, 159
Alexander VI, Pope, 239
Allen, Ethan, 83, 85, 86
Allenby, Lord, 32
Aloysius Gonzaga, Saint, 55
Alsop, John, 106
André, John, Maj., 91, 92
Anne, Queen, 214
Antonelli, Cardinal, 238
Arnold, Benedict, 86, 91-93, 242
Arthur, Chester A., 284
Audubon, John James, 246
Augereau, Marshal, 168

B

Bacon, Lady Alice, 25
Bacon, Sir Francis, 25, 170
Balzac, Honoré de, 247
Barrie, Sir James M., 212
Bartlett, Josiah, 119, 121, 124
Beauregard, P. G. T., Gen., 94
Beethoven, Ludwig van, 247
Bellarmine, Blessed Cardinal, 56
Bernadotte, Marshal, King of Sweden, 168
Bessières, Marshal, 169
Billings, Josh, 45
Bismarck, Prince Otto von, 247
Blake, William, 214
Bliss, Leslie E., 26
Boerum, Simon, 234
Boker, George H., 187
Boleyn, Anne, 170
Booth, John Wilkes, 56, 57
Boucicault, Dion, 187
Boswell, James, 28, 214, 247
Bradford, William, 80
Braxton, Carter, 119, 124
British Museum, 21
Brontë, Charlotte, 245
Brooke, Rupert, 32
Brown, Charles Brockden, 178
Brown, John, of Osawatomie, 101-103
Browne, Hablôt K., 24
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 59, 217
Browning, Robert, 59, 217, 247
Brownell, Frank, 99
Brummell, Beau, 26
Bryant, William Cullen, 200
Buchanan, James, 281
Bulwer-Lytton, E.; original ms. of "The Last Days of Pompeii" in Morgan Library, 24
Buonaparte, Letizia, "Madame Mere," 168
Burgoyne, John, Gen., 48, 50, 242
Burke, Edmund, 214, 245, 247
Burns, Robert, 214-216, 247; original mss. of "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" in the Morgan Library, 24
Burroughs, John, 181
Butterfield, Justin, 144
Byron, George Gordon, forger of Byron letters and mss., 69
Byron, Lord, 31, 69, 216, 248; Galignani facsimile, 71, 72

C

Calkin, Arthur E., 241
Carlyle, Thomas, 217, 248; Emerson on, 189-192
Carr, Clark E., Col., 261
Carrier, J. B., 173

Carroll, Charles, of Carrollton, 105, 113, 116, 119, 124, 235
Carver, John, 80
Cary, Alice and Phoebe, 226
Catherine II (the Great), 248
Cavell, Edith, 32-35
Cervantes, Miguel de, 245
Chamberlain, Mellen, 114
Charles I, 170
Charles II, 170-172
Charles V, 26
Charles VII, 172
Charles X, 171
Charles Borromeo, Saint, 55
Chase, Salmon P., 236, 246
Chase, Samuel, 105, 113, 119, 124
Chasles, Michel, 66-68
Chatterton, Thomas, 68
Chesterfield, Lord, 26
Cist, Louis J., 23, 114; sale of his collection, 123-125
Clark, Abraham, 119, 124
Clark, Champ, 271
Clay, Cassius M., 150, 151
Clay, Henry, 138, 246
Clemens, Samuel L., "Mark Twain," 45, 181-183, 246
Clement VII, Pope, 238
Clements, William L., 86
Cleveland, Grover, 151-153, 246, 285
Clinton, George, Gen., 82, 106
Clinton, Sir Henry, 84
Clymer, George, 105, 119, 124
Cobbett, William, 40
Coffee, Titian J., 233
Coggeshall, Edwin W., 17
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 216, 222
Collins, Wilkie, 217
Colonial governors, 80, 81
Columbus, Christopher, 245
Composers, American, 45-47
Condition of autographs, 249, 250
Contents of autographs, 250
Coolidge, Calvin, 11, 137, 289
Cooper, James Fenimore, 180, 229
Corday, Charlotte, 174-176
Cornwallis, Lord, 87
Cottonian Mss. in the British Museum, 21
Coudray, Philip de, Gen., 82
Cowper, William, 214
Crane, Stephen, 187
Cromwell, Oliver, 170, 248
Cruikshank, George, 24
Cuneiform writing, 20

D

Damien, Father, 50-55
Danforth, Elliott, collection, 108, 123-125
Danton, G. J., 28, 173
Darwin, Charles, 248
Davis, Jefferson, 138, 246
Decatur, Stephen, 93
Defoe, Daniel, 214, 215
De Kalb, Baron, 82
Demand for autographs as element of value, 250
De Quincey, Thomas, 216, 222
Desmoulins, Camille, 173
Dickens, Charles, 12, 29, 195, 203-205, 208, 234, 241, 248; original mss. of "A Christmas Carol" and "The Cricket on the Hearth" in Morgan Library, 24; Thackeray on, 212
Dickens, Charles, Jr., 75
Disraeli, Benjamin, 248
Douglas, Stephen A., 148
Drake, Joseph Rodman, 226-229
Dumas, Alexandre, 245, 248
Dunne, Finley Peter, 45

E

Edison, Thomas A., 40, 41, 245, 246
Eliot, George, 12, 217, 245, 248
Eliot, John, 79
Elizabeth, Queen, 25, 170, 248
Ellery, William, 119, 124
Ellsworth, Elmer E., Col., 97-100
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 187, 188, 199, 200, 246; on Carlyle, 189-192
Emmett, Daniel E., 45
Emmett, Dr. Thomas Addis, 23, 92, 112, 114, 234; his four complete sets of the Signers, 23; A.L.S. of Thomas Lynch, Jr., in his collection, 109; his invocation, 242, 243
English Kings, 25, 169-172
Essex, Earl of, 170
Extra-illustrating, 240-242

F

Facsimiles, 71-75
Faded handwriting, 253
Fairfax, Sally, 28
Farragut, David G., 246
Field, Eugene, 31, 45, 183-186, 246
Fielding, Henry, 214, 215
Fillmore, Millard, 280
Fiske, John, 186
Fitch, Clyde, 187
Floyd, William, 119, 124
Foch, Ferdinand, 32, 248
Fogg, Dr. John H., 114
Forgeries, 63-71, 77
Foster, Stephen C., 45-47
Framing of autographs, 253
France, Anatole, 186
France, Kings of, 171-173
Francis I, 172
Francis II, 172
Francis de Sales, Saint, 55
Franklin, Benjamin, 5, 56, 69, 104, 118, 119, 124, 234, 235, 246; his epitaph, 39; on the death of a pet squirrel, 36-39
Franklin, William, 39
Frederick II (the Great), 248
Freneau, Philip, 178
Fulton, Robert, 41, 42, 246

G

Gable, William F., 28, 186
Gabriel of the Sorrowful Mother, Saint, 56
Gainsborough, Thomas, 245, 248
Galignani Byron facsimile, 71, 72
Galloway, Joseph, 234
Gardner, John, 234
Garfield, James A., 58, 284
Garibaldi, Giuseppe, 238
Garrett, John W., 29, 121
Garrick, David, 26, 214, 248
Gates, Horatio, Gen., 48-50, 82, 242
Gerry, Elbridge, 105, 119, 124
Gibbe, Robert, 115
Gibbon, Edward, 214, 248
Gilman, Dr. Samuel, 115
Gilmore, Robert, 22, 114
Gimbel, Richard, 40
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 248
Goldsmith, Oliver, 75, 205, 214
Granger, Dr. James, 240
Grangerizing, 240-242
Grant, Ulysses S., 26, 75, 94, 246, 283
Greeley, Horace, 10, 246
Greene, Belle Da Costa, 25
Greene, Nathanael, 81, 86, 87, 246
Greenough, Charles P., 114
Gregory XIII, Pope, 239
Greville, Charles, 60
Guiney, Louise Imogen, 226
Guiteau, Charles J., 58
Gunther, Charles F., 237
Guynemer, C., 32
Gwinnett, Button, 9, 69, 70, 80, 106-126, 234; biographical sketch of, 106, 107; D.S. in Danforth Sale, 108, 109; same D.S. in Manning Sale, 109; number of his autographs extant, 110; "new" Gwinnetts, 112; cut signatures, 115; rarity, 116, 118; prices realized in Cist, Danforth, Manning and Hollingsworth Sales, 124; also in Dr. Geo. C. F. Williams, C. F. Jenkins, J. C. Clay, Theodore Sedgwick Sales, 126.

H

Hahn Lincoln facsimile, 72, 73
Haig, Earl, 32
Hall, Lyman, 119, 124
Halleck, Fitz-Greene, 226-229
Hamilton, Alexander, 233, 235, 246
Hamilton, Emma, Lady, 28, 59-62
Hamilton, Sir William, 60-62
Hancock, John, 119-121, 124, 234, 242, 246
Hardy, Thomas, 217, 248
Harding, Warren G., 16, 17, 225, 283, 288
Hart, John, 118, 119, 124
Harte, Bret, 180, 246
Harrison, Benjamin, President, 132, 133, 285
Harrison, Benjamin, Signer, 75, 119, 124
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 187, 192-194, 246; on autographs, 129, 130
Haycraft, Samuel, 149, 150
Hayes, Rutherford B., 143, 284

Hayne, Paul Hamilton, 226
Hazard, Caroline, 59
Hazlitt, William, 216, 219, 222
Hearn, Lafcadio, 178-180
Heath, William, Gen., 154, 155
Henry VIII, 170
Henry, O., 16
Henry, Patrick, 234, 246
Henkels, Stan. V., 89
Herbert, Victor, 45
Hertz, Emanuel, 144
Hewes, Joseph, 117, 118, 124
Heyward, Thomas, Jr., 119, 124
Hieroglyphics, 20
Hindenburg, Paul von, 32, 248
Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, 3
Holcroft, Thomas, 219
Hollingsworth collection, sale of, 123-125, 234
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 187, 198-200, 246
Hooper, William, 105, 117, 118, 124
Hoover, Herbert, 11, 232, 233, 290
Hopkins, Stephen, 118, 119, 124
Hopkinson, Francis, 119, 124
Howe, W. T. H., 103
Hugo, Victor, 248
Hume, David, 214
Humorists, American, 45
Humphreys, Charles, 106
Hunt, Leigh, 216
Huntington, Henry E., Library, 23, 25, 27, 120, 229
Huntington, Samuel, 119
Hutton, Laurence, on grangerizing, 240

I

Ibsen, Henrik, 245, 248
Ink, 252, 253
Inlaying of autographs, 251
Ireland, William Henry, 68
Irving, Washington, 246

J

Jackson, Andrew, 133, 246, 276
Jackson, Thomas J., Gen. "Stonewall," 36, 94, 95, 246
Janin, Jules, 197
Jay, John, 236, 246
Jefferson, Thomas, 16, 26, 88, 104, 124, 233, 235, 242, 246, 274; on prohibition, 6; on a third term, 137
Joffre, Marshal, 32
Johnson, Andrew, 279, 282, 283, 288
Johnson, Samuel, 4, 26, 28, 214, 248; original ms. of his "Life of Alexander Pope" in Morgan Library, 24
Johnston, Joseph E., Gen., 94
Jones, John Paul, 88-91, 93
Josephine, Empress, 59, 168

K

Kahanowicz, Dr. Alexander, 169
Kearny, Philip, Gen., 95, 96
Keats, John, 216, 248; original ms. of "Endymion" in Morgan Library, 24
Kern, Jerome, Collection, 14, 29
Kilmer, Joyce, 32
Kings of England, 169-171
Kings of France, 171-173
Kipling, Rudyard, 248

L

Lafayette, Marquis de, 81, 82
Lamar, Lucius Q. C., 151
Lamb, Charles, 216, 217; his commonplace book, 218-222; 248
Lamb, Mary, 219
Lanier, Sidney, 226
Lannes, Marshal, 168
Lawrence, James, 93
Lee, Charles, 86
Lee, Francis Lightfoot, 119
Lee, Robert E., Gen., 36, 75, 76, 94, 246
Lee, Richard Henry, 105, 119, 124
Leffingwell, Prof. E. H., 114
Leland, Charles Godfrey, 12
Leo X, Pope, 238, 239
Lewis, Francis, 119, 124
Lewis, Major Lawrence, 113
Lincoln, Abraham, 26, 44, 56, 57, 241, 242, 247, 281, 282; facsimiles, 72-74; forgeries, 69; seeks appointment as Commissioner of the General Land Office, 144, 145; on Locofocoism, Abolitionism and Whig politics, 145-148;

Lincoln (*cont'd*)
famous letter to U. F. Linder, 148; letter to Samuel Haycraft, 149, 150; on his nomination, 151; the Gettysburg Address, 6, 8, 260-269; preparation of, 261-263; first draft of, in Library of Congress, 264; autograph manuscript sold at Metropolitan Fair, 264; phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people," 266, 267
Lincoln, Mary Todd, 26
Linder, Usher F., 145
Livingston, Philip, 113, 118, 119, 125
Livingston, R. R., 106
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 187, 194-199, 247
Louis XI, 172
Louis XIV, 248
Louis XVI, 171, 172
Louis XVIII, 6, 159, 171
Lowell, James Russell, 19, 187, 192, 247
Lucas, Vrain, 66-68
Lucius III, Pope, 238
Lynch, Thomas, Jr., 69, 70, 80, 106-126; biographical sketch of, 106-108; unique A.L.S. in Emmett Collection, 109, 113; number of his autographs extant, 110; rarity, 110, 118; prices realized in Cist, Danforth, Manning and Hollingsworth Sales, 125; also in Dr. Geo. C. F. Williams, C. F. Jenkins and Theodore Sedgwick Sales, 126
Lyon, Nathaniel, 95

M

Macaulay, T. B., 248
MacDowell, Edward, 45, 247
Madigan, Patrick F., 42
Madison, James, 16, 140, 233, 235, 247, 274, 275, 280
Manning, James H., collection, 29, 109, 121, 123-125
Marat, J. P., 173-175
Marconi, Guglielmo, 248
Marie Antoinette, 173
Marie Louise, Empress, 162, 168
Marion, Francis, Gen., 86
Marmont, Marshal, 169
Marshall, John, 233, 236, 247
Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, Saint, 55
Mary, Queen of Scots, 28, 30, 172
Mason, William Smith, 39, 40
Massena, Marshal, 169
Mather, Cotton, 80
McCormack, John, 31
McCutcheon, George Barr, 17
McHenry, James, 153, 154
McIntosh, Lachlan, 107, 116
McKean, Thomas, 105, 119, 125; on the signing of the Declaration of Independence, 121-123
McKinley, Wm., 16, 143, 279, 280, 285, 288
McRae, John, 32
Melville, Herman, 178
Mezzofanti, Cardinal, 238
Middleton, Arthur, 116-118, 125
Middleton, Henry, 235
Miller, Joaquin, 226
Milton, John, 22
Minuit, Peter, 80, 81
Mirabeau, Victor, 173
Monroe, James, 16, 140-143, 233, 247, 274, 275, 280
Montgomery, Richard, Gen., 86
Moore, Alfred, 236
Moore, Clement C., 230-232
More, Sir Thomas, 26
Morgan, Daniel, Gen., 86
Morgan, J. Pierpont, Library, 14, 23-25, 259
Morris, George P., 226
Morris, Gouverneur, 235
Morris, Lewis, 119, 125
Morris, Robert, 88, 116, 119, 120, 125
Morrison, Alfred, collection, 27, 28, 60, 159
Morton, John, 117, 119, 125
Muller, Joseph, 45, 47
Mundelein, Cardinal George W., 55, 82, 112
Murat, Joachim, 168

N

Napoleon, 29, 44, 59, 158-169, 234, 241, 242, 248; letter to Louis XVIII, 6, 159; letter to Marshal Savary in Russia, 160, 161; metamorphosis of his signature,

Napoleon (*cont'd*)
164-167; rarity of holographs, 167, 168; his marshals, 168
Nelson, Horatio, Lord, 248; correspondence with Lady Hamilton, 28, 59-62
Nelson, Thomas, Jr., 119, 125
Neuville, Baron Hyde de, 6
Newton, Sir Isaac, 68, 248
Ney, Marshal, 168
Nicolay, John G., 262
Norton, Robert C., 29
Nye, Edgar Wilson, 45

O

Oglethorpe, James, 26
O'Neill, Eugene, 187

P

Paca, William, 114, 119, 125
Paine, Robert Treat, 119, 125
Paine, Thomas, 247
Painter, Kenyon V., 29
Paper, 253
Parker, Theodore, 267
Parkman, Francis, 186, 247
Pascal, Blaise, letter forged by Vrain Lucas, 68
Pasteur, Louis, 248
Paston letters, 21
Paul of the Cross, Saint, 55
Paulding, James K., 226
Peck, Frederick S., 29, 92
Pencil, letters written in, 254
Penn, John, 117, 118, 125
Penn, William, 80
Pepys, Samuel, 26, 170
Perry, Oliver Hazard, 93
Pershing, John J., Gen., 32
Peter Canisius, Saint, 56
Philip II of Spain, 26
Philippe, Louis, 171
Phillips, Mary E., 257
Pickett, George E., Gen., 35
Pictographs, 20
Pierce, Franklin, 281
Pitt, William, 26, 245
Pius III, Pope, 239
Pius V, Saint, Pope, 55
Pius VII, Pope, 30, 239
Pius IX, Pope, 238, 239
Pizzaro, Francisco, 26
Pizzaro-La Gasca collection, in Huntington Library, 26
Poe, Edgar Allan, 14, 15, 29, 178, 234, 247; on autographs, 5; original ms. of "The Raven," 6, 8, 256-260
Polk, James K., 279
Poniatowski, Prince, 168, 169
Pope, Alexander, 214, 215; original ms. of his "Essay on Man" in the Morgan Library, 24
"Popes, the Lives and Times of the," 237-239, 241
Prescott, William H., 186
Presidents of the United States, Ch. VII, 129-157; Appendix, 271-290; 3, 4, 29, 44
Pulaski, Casimir, Count, 82
Putnam, Israel, Gen., 81, 83, 84, 86

R

Raffles, Dr., 30, 114
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 25, 170
Randolph, Edmund, 235
Rarity, 16, 250
Read, George, 119, 125
Reade, Charles, 217
Repairing and restoration of autographs, 250
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 26, 214, 245
Revere, Paul, 110
Richardson, Samuel, 214, 215
Richelieu, Armand, Cardinal de, 249
Riesenfeld, Dr. Hugo, 46
Riley, James Whitcomb, 45, 186
Robespierre, Maximilien de, 28, 173, 174
Robinson, Henry Crabbe, 219
Rochefermoy, M. A. de, 82
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," 47
Rodney, Cæsar, 119, 125
Rogers, John, 106
Roosevelt, Theodore, 16, 247, 286; on the Rough Riders at the Battle of San Juan Hill, 135, 136
Ross, David, 234
Ross, George, 105, 119, 125
Royal sign manual, 21

Rush, Benjamin, 105, 119, 125
Ruskin, John, 12
Rutledge, Edward, 119, 125

S

Saint-Just, A. A. de, 173
Saratoga, Battle of, 48-50
Savary, Marshal, 160
Schubert, Franz, 249
Schuyler, Philip, Gen., 82, 242
Scott, Sir Walter, 216, 249
Scott, Winfield, Gen., 94
Seward, William H., 247, 263
Shakespeare, William, 77, 245; forgeries, 67, 68
Shaw, George Bernard, 186, 249
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 216, 249
Sheridan, Philip H., Gen., 94
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 214
Sherman, Roger, 119, 125
Sherman, Wm. T., Gen., 94, 247
Signers of the Declaration of Independence, Ch. VI, 104-128; comparative rarity, 118, 119; complete sets in existence, 109; date of affixing signatures, 105, 106; prices realized in Cist, Danforth, Manning and Hollingsworth Sales, 124, 125
Smith, Alexander Howland, 69
Smith, Goldwin, 268
Smith, James, 105, 119, 125
Smith, Lloyd W., 29
Soult, Marshal, 168
Sprague, Dr. William B., 113, 114
Spring, Robert, 63-66
Standish, Myles, 80
Stanton, Edwin M., 247
Stark, John, Gen., 83-86
Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 226, 259
Steele, Sir Richard, 214
Sterne, Laurence, 214, 215
Steuben, Baron von, Gen., 81
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 11, 12, 52, 53, 249; original ms. of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in the Morgan Library, 24
Stockton, Richard, 119, 125
Stoddard, Charles Warren, 178
Stone, Thomas, 114, 119, 125
Stowe collection, in Huntington Library, 25
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 247
Stuart, J. E. B., Gen., 95
Stuyvesant, Peter, 81
Suetonius, 21
Sullivan, John, Gen., 82
Sumner, Charles 197, 268
Surratt, Mary E., 57, 58
Swift, Jonathan, 24, 214

T

Tabb, Father John B., 226
Taft, William Howard, 287
Tarleton, Banastre, Gen., 87
Taylor, George, 105, 114, 118, 125
Taylor, Zachary, 138, 139, 144, 145, 279, 288
Tefft, Israel K., 22, 114, 115
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 217, 221, 249
Teresa, Saint, 55
Thacher, John Boyd, 80, 114
Thackeray, Wm. M., 29, 208-213, 249; original mss. of "Vanity Fair" and "The Virginians" in Morgan Library, 24
Thomas, Augustus, 187
Thomas, Geo. H., Gen.. 94
Thornton, Matthew, 105, 119, 125
Thrale, Mrs., 214
Tolstoy, Leo, 249
Tyler, John, 130-132; 278

V

Van Buren, Martin, 133, 277
Van Twiller, Woerter, 80
Verplanck, Daniel, 229
Victor, Marshal, 167, 169
Vincent de Paul, Saint, 55
Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de, 26, 249

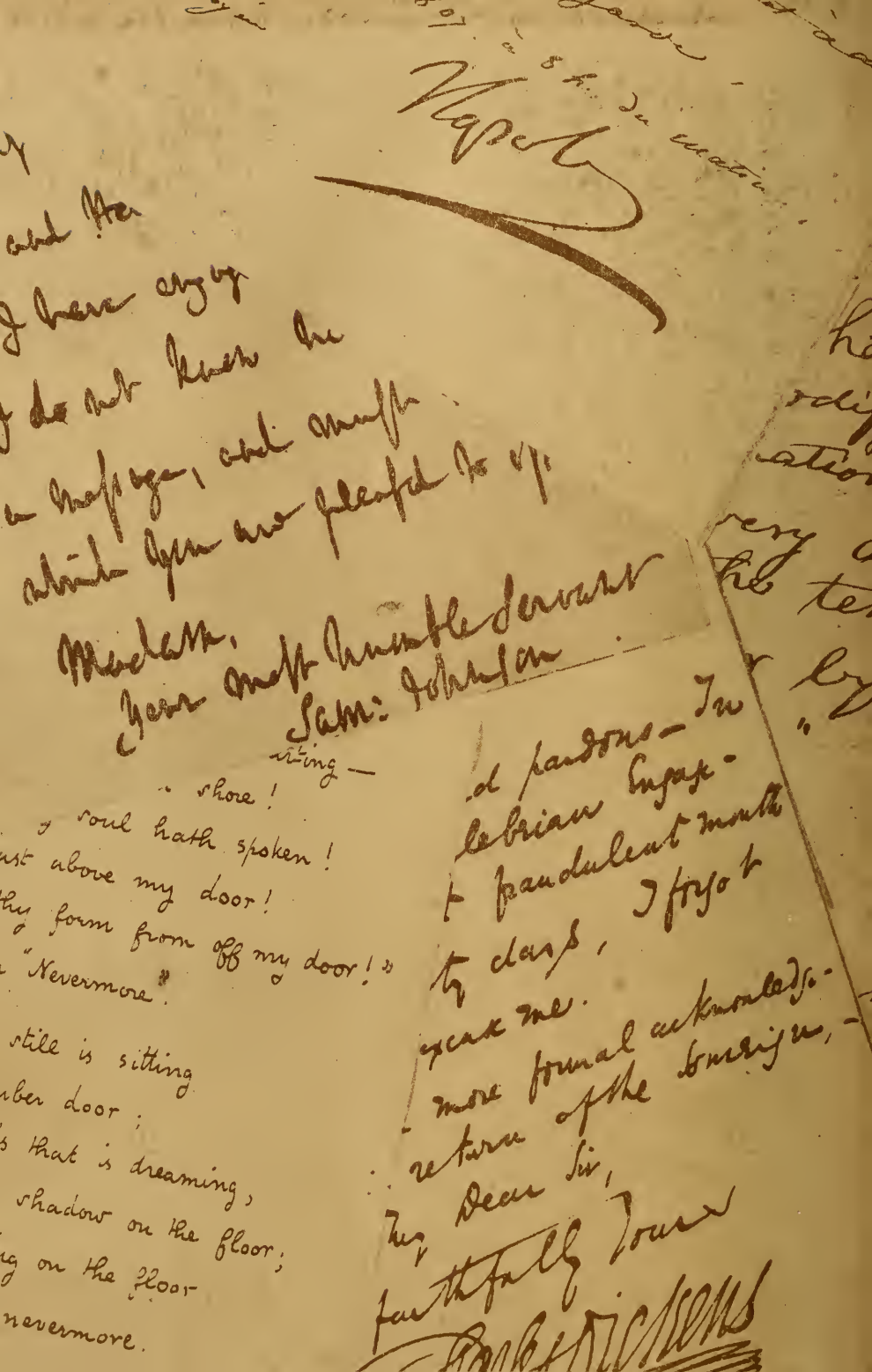
W

Wagner, Richard, 249
Walewska, Countess, 168
Walpole, Horace, 214
Walton, George, 119, 125
Ward, Artemas, Gen., 120; Washington's letter to, of July 4, 1776, 156, 157
Ward, Artemus, 45
Ward, Samuel, 194

Washington, Bushrod, 113
Washington, George, 26, 28, 29, 44, 113, 233, 234, 241, 242, 247, 266, 272, 273; letter on foreign policy, 6, 155, 156; letter of July 4, 1776, 156, 157; on preparations for war with France in 1798, 154; forgeries of Robert Spring, 64-66; forged signatures on genuine documents, 69
Washington, Martha, 173
Wayne, Anthony, Gen., 81, 87, 88
Webster, Daniel, 247; on Puritan traits, 7, 8
Wellington, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of, 249; on the Battle of Waterloo, 163, 164
Whistler, James McNeill, 247
White, Chief Justice, 236
Whitman, Walt, 181, 247
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 8, 187, 199, 200, 247
Whipple, William, 119, 125
Wilde, Oscar, 222, 223; original ms. of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" in the Morgan Library, 24
Willard, Emma, 47
Williams, Roger, 79
Williams, William, 105, 119, 125
Willing, Thomas, 106
Willis, N. P., 259
Wilson, James, 119, 125
Wilson, Woodrow, 16, 225, 247, 287
Winslow, Edward, 80
Winthrop, John, 79
Wirz, Henry, 100, 101
Wisner, Henry, 106
Witherspoon, Dr. John, 117, 119, 125
Woedtke, Baron de, 82
Wolcott, Oliver, 105, 119, 125
Wolcott, Oliver, Jr., 75
Woodworth, Samuel W., 45; "The Old Oaken Bucket," 229, 230
Wordsworth, William, 216, 222
World War, 32
Wythe, George, 105, 118, 125, 235

Y

York, Sergeant, 32
Young, Edward, 214



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